

Fifteen Cents

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY

STARTING

A New Serial

By

SIR GILBERT PARKER



"In Dry Toronto"

By

STEPHEN LEACOCK



Robert W. Service

Agnes C. Laut

Alan Sullivan

L. M. Montgomery

W. A. Craick

A. C. Allenson

B. D. Thornley

Main Johnson

Subscription Price \$1.50 a year



"Monarch-Knit"

Standard for Style, Quality and Workmanship

Made in Canada

When making your purchase of Ladies' Silk Knitted Sweater Coats, Men's, Women's, and Children's Wool Coats, Children's Suits, Toques, Scarfs, etc., and fine Hosiery for Men, Women and Children in all grades, also Hand Knitting Yarns. Ask for "MONARCH-KNIT" BRAND



DUNNVILLE

CANADA

Were you ever "fooled" by a talking machine?

If you ever *heard* a talking machine without *seeing* it, did you, even momentarily, imagine that someone was singing or playing?

Probably there are few so unmusical as to be unable to detect the talking machine tone the very instant it is heard. There is one instrument, however, from which the talking machine tone is absent, an instrument which Re-Creates all forms of music in a way that actually deceives the most highly trained ear. It is Thomas A. Edison's new invention,

The NEW EDISON

This new invention has no coined trade name. It is known by its inventor's name. It embodies a new art, the culmination of four years' research work by Mr. Edison in chemistry and acoustics, during which time he spent over two million dollars in experiments alone. It is not a talking machine. It does not give a mere mechanical and only approximate reproduction of musical sounds. It actually

Re-Creates Music

Numerous great artists—singers and instrumentalists—have sung and played in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of their work, and the musical critics of more than two hundred of America's principal newspapers, in the columns of their own papers, admit that they cannot distinguish between an artist's voice or instrumental performance and Edison's Re-Creation of it.

Watch your local papers

for the announcement of a merchant in your locality, who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention.

*Ask for the booklet
"What the Critics Say."*

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Dept. 7761, Orange, N. J.

Anna Case

The Miracle Girl of the Metropolitan, whose bewitchingly beautiful soprano voice was chosen for the first test to determine whether Edison had actually succeeded in achieving his ambition to Re-Create the human voice so perfectly that his Re-Creation could not be distinguished from the original. Since then many other great artists have made similar tests—always with the same successful result.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Anna Case's voice, and then hear her at the Metropolitan or when she is on concert tour.

This photograph shows Miss Case actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.





Cutlery

Kept
Clean
and
Bright

by

Quickly Cuts
Off Rust
and Stains



MADE IN CANADA

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President.

T. B. COSTAIN Editor.

D. B. GILLIES, Manager.

JANUARY, 1917

Contents

JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD	9
SIR GILBERT PARKER.	
A new serial story.	
<i>—Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards.</i>	
IN DRY TORONTO	13
STEPHEN LEACOCK.	
As told by a Montreal man.	
<i>—Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys.</i>	
CANADA'S BOOM IN SHIPBUILDING	16
W. A. CRAICK.	
The romantic revival of a one-time prosperous industry.	
THE MADNESS OF TRETHEVICK	20
ALAN SULLIVAN.	
A story of mystery and adventure.	
<i>—Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards.</i>	
PAYING FOR PRESENT PROSPERITY	23
AGNES C. LAUT.	
An article on conditions in United States and in Canada.	
SUGARING OFF	25
A. C. ALLENSON.	
A love story with a humorous background.	
<i>Illustrated by Dudley Ward.</i>	
PUTTING A YARDSTICK ON CANADA	28
B. D. THORNLEY.	
An article describing our north-western coastline.	
THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK OF MISS EMILY	31
L. M. MONTGOMERY.	
A charming love story.	
AT THE TOP O' THE WORLD	32
IDA RANDOLPH SPRAGGE.	
A poem.	
A VISIT TO THE WESTERN FRONT	33
MAIN JOHNSON.	
A graphic picture of conditions under the guns.	
THE WHISTLE OF SANDY McGRAW	36
ROBERT W. SERVICE.	
A stirring war poem.	
REVIEW OF REVIEWS	Starts page 38
THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK	76

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD.,
88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, 701-702 Eastern Townships Bank Building;
Winnipeg, 22 Royal Bank Building; New York, 115 Broadway; Chicago,
311 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

Copyright, 1916, by the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. All rights reserved.

AS WE GO TO PRESS

AT THE beginning of a new year there is an inevitable tendency toward retrospection; and, on casting back over the events of the past year, it becomes apparent that it has been in some respects a red letter year for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. A year of trial also, for the problems of finance in a period of uncertainty marked by gigantic advances in publication costs, are necessarily trying. Nineteen-sixteen, however, has seen the idea of gathering into one Canadian magazine the best work of the greatest Canadian writers, carried out with a degree of success that hardly seemed possible at the outset. The year has seen the gradual building up of a list of contributors that includes practically all Canada's most famous writers and poets, a galaxy of unexcelled lustre, including Sir Gilbert Parker, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Stringer, Robert W. Service, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter McArthur, Nellie L. McClung, Alan Sullivan, L. M. Montgomery, Robert J. C. Stead, Janey Canuck, H. F. Gadsby, Hopkins Moorhouse, A. C. Allenson, W. A. Craick—just to mention some of them. They have all been more or less regular contributors, too, making MACLEAN'S thoroughly representative of the very best in Canadian literature. From an editorial standpoint it has been a great year; and as a result broader ambitions have been aroused.

Naturally also it has been a splendid year from the circulation standpoint. A Canadian publication conducted on such broadly national lines has a natural appeal for the best type of Canadian readers and it has followed that the subscription lists have been strengthened by the addition of many thousands of influential representative people. In this respect the good work is just beginning, however. There are still many thousands of people we should have as readers who have not yet fallen into line with us. We aim to reach them all during the coming year.

CANADA



NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914." that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

R. B. BENNETT,
Director General.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE CARD

1. What is your full name?		2. How old are you years.	
3. Where do you live? Province.....		5. In what country were you born? - - }	
4. Name of city, town, village or Post Office }		6. In what country was your father born? }	
Street.....		7. In what country was your mother born? }	
Number.....		8. Were you born a British subject?	
10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? }		9. If not, are you naturalized?	
11. Have you full use of your arms?		15. Which are you—married, single or a widower? - }	
12. Of your legs?.....		16. How many persons besides yourself do you support? }	
13. Of your sight?.....			
14. Of your hearing?.....			
17. What are you working at for a living?			
18. Whom do you work for?			
19. Have you a trade or profession?			
20. If so, what?			
21. Are you working now?			
22. If not, why?			
23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?			
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?			

GOD SAVE THE KING

The Exact Answer Christmas Gift

A MAGAZINE is the exact answer more often than not to the perplexing question—"What can I give him (or her) at a cost of \$1.50 or so?"—This because it is just what will be liked best by the receiver of your Christmas gift.

And among magazines, MACLEAN'S is the exact answer—this because of its all-Canadian character, the exceedingly high class of its contributors (writers and illustrators), and because it is clean and decent, fit to go into every good home, and to be read by all the family.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Monthly---\$1.50 A Year

The Giver's Card A beautiful Christmas card bearing your name as donor, will be sent to those to whom you instruct us to send MACLEAN'S, to arrive on Christmas Day. Also, the January issue of MACLEAN'S will be mailed to arrive on Christmas Day. So the whole transaction is handled just as you would have it handled.

Fill in the names of your friends on the coupon below and mail it to us with \$1.50 for each name.

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited,
143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Please send a copy of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to each of the following for one year, commencing with the Christmas Number, along with one of your special announcement cards. Herewith is..... dollars to pay for the same.

Full name of one to whom the subscription is to be given.

Address

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name of Donor.....

Address.....



Powder by day as often as you like—
—but do let your skin breathe by night

If you really want to have and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch" don't, *don't*, go to bed a single night with powder flakes still lodged in the delicate pores!

They are sure to clog these wee breathing places of the skin and make them grow coarse and large. A dry rubbing or grease cleansing merely force the powder flakes, mingled with dirt and oil, deeper into the pores causing blackheads and blemishes. Instead—

Spend five minutes this way tonight

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself just as a man does with a shaving stick. Wet the tips of your fingers and work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather gently into the pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, finish by rubbing the face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. For a sensitive skin substitute a dash of ice water for the ice itself.

Use this treatment *persistently* and powder as much as you like. Your complexion *cannot* help taking on step by step that permanent clearness, freshness and charm which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get your cake today.

Write today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 472 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Try Woodbury's Facial Powder too. Four tins. Special two-part box. 25c everywhere



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

MACLEAN'S

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ MAGAZINE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Volume XXX

JANUARY, 1917

Number 3

Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers." "The Right of Way,"
"The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C Edwards

"WHAT do you think of it, Doctor?"

The Young Doctor had just stepped from his buggy in front of the drug store in the main street of Askatoon. The quizzical question was followed by a round of laughter from a half-dozen noon-timers.

"I think it's mental deficiency," satirically answered the Young Doctor who, dusty from his drive and weary of face and mind from a long vigil at a bedside and a twenty-mile journey, was cheerful and dryly playful as ever. He had no idea what they were talking about.

"Shure, it looks like it," said old Patsy Kernaghan, "for what would he be doin' here?"

"What would who be doin' here, Patsy, and what looking like what?" asked the Young Doctor, with the look of one who suffered fools gladly and for some reason suffered this fool more gladly than others.

Patsy bridled. "Bill Minden — that's who! An' the top of his head must be gone on' the inside of his mind, that he'd be settlin' here. What would he be doin' here but watchin' the wheat grow! Though to be sure there's three trains a day an' it's a sight to see y'r honor busy in the lambin' season."

This last reference to the Young Doctor's activity in shepherding the passage of new arrivals into the world and incidentally into Askatoon, produced a gale of laughter.

"Well, you'll not be thinkin' much of lambin' yourself, Patsy," responded the Young Doctor. "Whatever Mr. William Minden does, at your age and in your debased state of health yourself I'll be after thinking of black horses with long tails and a carriage for one only." He always put on a slight Irish brogue when talking to Patsy Kernaghan.

"Aw, no, Doctor dear," drawled the old man, "let him ride behind the black harses as never rode before. I'll be gettin' to me long home in a wheel-barra! There's more than one of them that's got safe past you'll be glad to help put out o' sight what you've left of me."



"No, no, I'll keep you alive just to hear you talk in the foreign language you call your mother-tongue, Patsy," smiled the Young Doctor, having tied the halter of his grey mare to the hitching-post by the sidewalk. "But who is Mr. William Minden, and where does he come from?"

TWO OR three of the group sniggered and winked at each other, for who had not heard of Bill Minden, the notorious train and stage-coach robber, who faithfully kept the Sabbath day holy, and as faithfully made unholy every other day of the week when it served his purpose so to do. They knew that the Young Doctor loved to hear Patsy Kernaghan talk, for they both had come from the Emerald Isle.

"Mr. William Minden!" remarked Patsy scornfully. "Is it ye want to insult a stranger in the place?—I ask ye that. The wide wurruld knows Bill Minden as Bill Minden, without anny handle to his name and no William at all."

"Never heard of him," retorted the Young Doctor. "What's he done? Who is he?"

"Never hard of him!" exclaimed Kernaghan. "Never hard of Bill Minden! Wasn't it two years ago he stuck up the express down in Oregon? Didn't he rob the stage-coach a year ago at Lancy, and didn't—"

"That wasn't proved," interjected a voice.

"An' the express business wasn't proved aither," declared Kernaghan; "an' after Bill left the court with tears in his beautiful eyes and not a stain on his character, didn't he own up to it, and give five hundred dollars to an orphan children's home! Always doin' that kind of thing, isn't he, Father Roche—I'll say that of him, though he's a Protis'ant," he added with the air of doing a brave thing.

He had addressed his last words to a new arrival in the group round him—a priest, the much beloved priest who guarded and guided his very small Catholic flock at Askatoon.

"Ah, yes, yes, Kernaghan. He also gave five hundred dollars to the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament for the poor of Portland at the same time," responded Father Roche, who smilingly acknowledged the respectful salutations of the crowd.

"Thoughtful William," remarked the Young Doctor, shaking hands with Father Roche. "We could find use for his sympathies at Askatoon if he came our way."

PATSY threw up his hands. "Come our way! Aw, Doctor dear, what've I been sayin' all this time, but that Bill Minden's here—here now in Askatoon! Settled here—come to stay—brought his ox and his ass an' everything that's his."

"Or not, as the case may be," rejoined

the Young Doctor. "Where is he camped?"

"Shure, he's at the Sunbright Hotel—where else would a rich man like him be stayin'?"

The Young Doctor looked at Kernaghan quizzically. "Now how do you know he's rich? Seen the inside of his till—eh?"

Kernaghan grinned. "Aw, Doctor dear, does anyone think a man that's opened as many tills as Bill Minden wouldn't have a full one of his own?"

"And what do you think he's come here for?" continued the Young Doctor. "You have a great head, Patsy. Now give it a chance. What is Bill Minden, the train robber, doing in Askatoon?"

Patsy reflected a minute scratching his head behind the ear. "Well, there's many a busy man that's never had time to look at himself, an' he just steals away somewhere to a backwater to see his own face."

Father Roche smiled broadly. "Solitude and repentance, is that it, Kernaghan?"

Before Patsy could reply Jonas Billings, the livery-stable keeper, intervened. "Say, you call Askatoon a backwater, do you? Nothin' doin', eh? You'll get yourself disliked, Kernaghan, my friend."

"Shure, wouldn't it seem like a backwater to Minden," answered Patsy. "A man that's used to stoppin' a train or holdin' up a stage-coach 'd think Askatoon was a cimetairy."

"Has anyone seen him?" asked the Young Doctor. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

ONE OR two mouths opened, but Patsy was not to be denied.

"Seen him! Isn't his face as well known as that of the Pope! Hasn't his forty-graf been in the papers for many a year? Didn't I see him meself step aff the train here, an' didn't I look to see if he'd carry it away with him, ingine and all? Didn't I see him in Vancouver? What's he like? Well, his head's as big as a cushion, as black as jet—not a grey hair annywhere. Did ye ivir see pictures of the Dook o' Norfolk? Well, Bill Minden's like him, with a big black, bushy beard, spread out more than the Dook's, with beautiful black, bushy eyebrows that the Dook 'd have too if he let his grow—shure, I saw the Dook wance when he come to Maynooth. About five foot eleven Bill is—about the height of the Dook; but whin it comes to shoulders—aw well there y'are, the Dook just draps away to nawthing at all, an' he's a fine chist too. Bill has a chist like a house and a head like the cupoly at the tap of St. Peter's at Rome. Shure, its a gran' sight to look at him. None o' your sky-scrapers, but somethin' like the fellow they called Atlas that carried the wurruld on his back—a hell of a fine fellow!"

He could get no further. A gust of laughter shook the crowd.

Patsy waved a hand at them all contemptuously. "He's a fine man that—whativir his past, he's a fine man. What was the wurrd he asked me afther he learned that I was Irish? 'Which is the way to the Cat'lic church?' he sez to me, an' I told him. 'Which is the way to the hotel?' he sez to me—to the Sunbright Hotel?" he sez to me;—an' I told him."

"Yes, but which way did he go?" asked the Young Doctor.

"He wint to the hotel—the man had to have a bed and a meal, hadn't he? But

it shows the heart of him whin he asks his way to the Cat'lic church first."

"I have not noticed him in the vicinity," interjected Father Roche with mild irony.

"Bill Minden isn't a Catholic," grunted Billings, the livery-stable proprietor. "Say, I remember him on the Siwash River ten years ago. He's a Protes'ant, but he don't hold by church goin'. I've seen him sit right out on the stoop in front of the Mosquito Hotel at Siwash Junction, on a Sunday mornin', reading his Bible with a church not three hundred yards away, holdin' his own meetings. He'd sit there ail mornin' readin' the Bible—the Old Testament it was; and p'raps sometimes he'd let out some commentary on what he read—maybe about Elijah or Nebuchednozzar or Boaz or Daniel or Abr'm; an' he wouldn't have any argyment about it. He'd just lay down the law, an' ye had to take it. He carries that little black Bible round with him wherever he goes. He'd read it on Sunday morning solemn and satisfied, an' on a Monday night he'd stick up a train all alone—walk right through a car scoopin' jewels and cash as he went. I suppose readin' on a Sunday mornin' about Saul and David havin' killed their thousands and their tens of thousands, give him the courage to spoil the Philistines on a Monday night. Nobody ever laughed at Bill for doin' what he done. It wasn't pretendin'. It suited him; he gloated on it; it was wine and milk to him. When he was in jail at Portland the learned, holy doctors used to come to convert him. Say, what a massacre it was when Bill turned his guns on 'em from Deuteronomy to Malachi! Start him on the Old Testament, get him in the gates of the holy places here in Askatoon, and see what he'll do. Why, that Bill Minden, train robber and roadman, knows the Bible from Genesees to Luke, same as I know the road to Starwalt's saloon. Ez fur ez I can make out, regardless of his religion, Bill's real—all wool and two yards wide."

"Then what's he doin' in Askatoon?" remarked Rigby, the chemist, in the doorway, at which there was further laughter.

THE Young Doctor fanned himself with his straw hat and looked musingly at Kernaghan. "Patsy," said he, "we've got a problem here; it's the problem of sitting on both sides of the fence at once. From Bill Minden's past habits I gather that here at Askatoon we'll find him painting the town red on a Monday, and visiting the hospital, the jail, the prayer-meeting and the schools on a Tuesday. So far as I can see he'll have two mottoes. One will be, 'Licenesd to drink wine, beer and other spirituous and fermented liquors,' and the other will be 'Home, sweet home.' Patsy, we shall have to keep an eye on this Minden."

Patsy nodded. "Faith, that's so. Now what was the first thing he done afther he got to the hotel? The first thing he done was to march straight aff to the school—to the Central School. So you're right, Doctor dear. An' I wint with him—that's to say I wint behind him, walkin' in his wake. There he stood and watched the children comin' out of school—shure, it was only an hour ago. An' he smiled at him an' patted their heads an' give away—aw, well he give away twenty or thirty five-cent pieces. Whin Miss Finley, the head teacher, come out—that's a fine girl,

Cora Finley, a beautiful, strappin' girl, with handsome face an' an eye that'd light up an underground cave—whin she passed him standin' by the gate, he raised his hat aginst her, an' as nice a word he spoke of good-day-to-ye as ivir was spoke annywhere. Thin he watched her and watched her afther she'd laughed back an answer at him, till she was out of sight by turnin' the carner. Now a man that'll do that, that'll just go straight to a schoolhouse almost before he's had time to take aff his boots in the town, well, that's a man ye'll have to think about twice. It's my opinion he'll be an out-standin' figure in the place."

"Let's hope he won't be a figure in an outstanding debt," remarked Father Roche quietly.

"Aw, there's many a Protis'ant that's a good man—savin' your prinsence," replied Patsy turning to Father Roche and misreading his mind.

"Do you know, Father Roche," said the Young Doctor musingly, "if we only knew exactly why a man did some certain thing in his life—perhaps some very small thing—we would know his whole character? Now, perhaps, if we knew exactly why Bill Minden went to that school this afternoon we should have a book of revelations."

"Well, there he is now. You can ask him," declared Patsy. "That's him on the other side of the street."

SLOWLY, with a kind of loose dignity and yet with a smack of assertion, owing to a curious bending of the legs, Bill Minden was approaching across the way. There was something singularly self-contained and self-sufficient about the man, yet there was nothing repellent. Indeed, there was a unique kindness—the kindness of a chieftain or a patriarch—in the expression of his hard-bitten face. He took no notice of the crowd watching him, and appeared not to see them. On the other side of the street, almost opposite the group of gossips, were a horse and buggy. On the seat of the buggy was a dog of some size and a marked ferocity of appearance. While Minden was passing the buggy he stepped towards it, hold-out his hand as though to stroke the dog. A voice behind him suddenly called out, "Don't touch him; he'll bite," as the sullen brute raised its head. Without an instant's hesitation Minden's hand went quietly out above the dog's body as he murmured something, and then slowly found the head and ears. The action had been very swift yet gentle, and the voice had been monotonously even, with a curious, rough melody. Presently the snarl left the dog's mouth, the teeth ceased to show, and he wagged his tail as Minden turned with a smile to its terrified owner.

"Like a dog I had once," he said, and moved on.

As he did so, Jonas Billings shouted,

"Hooray!" Minden turned and twenty hands were waved in greeting across the street towards him. He waved back nonchalantly and passed on his way.

CHAPTER II.

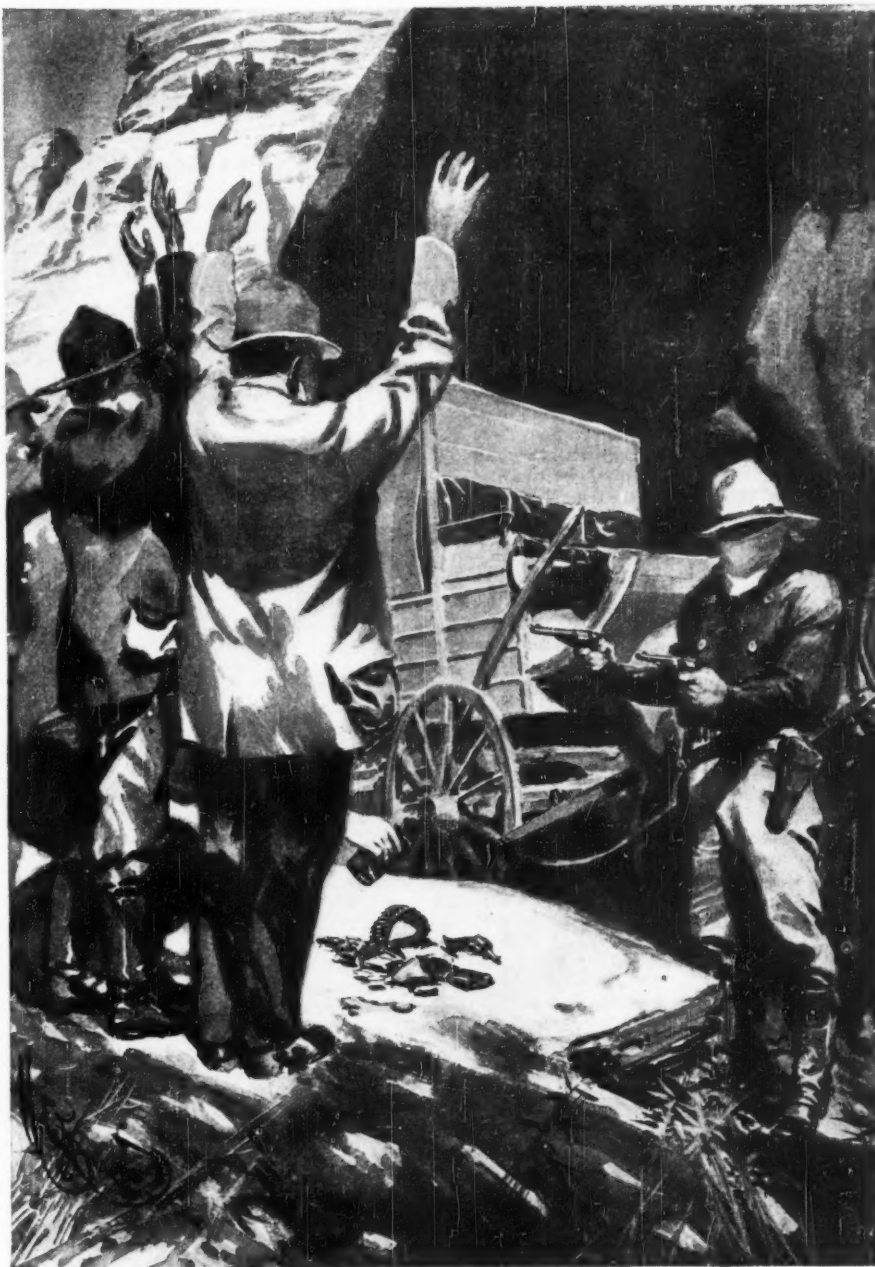
THE REASON WHY.

THE good humor which marked Minden's entrance into the life of Askatoon continued through the months that followed. His habits were commendable. He neither drank, nor chewed tobacco.

and even his enemies were forced to acknowledge that his outer conduct was above suspicion. He interested himself conspicuously in good works, though, in spite of his apparent honest sympathy, there was an inevitable feeling abroad that his entry into this field was like the invasion of a millinery shop by a buffalo. That, however, did not prevent every friend of every charity from "bleeding" him successfully. It was noted that never but once did he go to church or prayer-meeting. He had asked Patsy Kernaghan the way to the Catholic church on the day of his arrival, but there the matter ended, though Patsy still regarded the incident with almost superstitious reverence. Of a Sunday morning at the Sunbright Hotel, however, Minden sat on the verandah wearing his best coat and adorned by a collar; at other times, because of his heavy beard, he wore nothing so useless as a collar; and in the presence of all and sundry he read his black leather-bound Bible. There was no lurking irony or suggestive self-consciousness in his looks as he entered upon, or as he continued, his task. It was done as naturally as eating a meal, and he took no notice of those who gazed at him. If, however, some natural son of Adam engaged him in conversation on some scriptural topic—particularly of the Old Testament—he did not fail to lay down the sacred law according to William Minden, assisted by the prophets major and minor.

Once only a stranger ventured to scoff. He had come from the Border, had cheered himself with pregnant refreshment and had then begun to chaff the quiescent Bill. At last he asked Bill to give him a tip for the Heavenly race, and added that Jordan was a hard road to travel. Whereupon Bill rose, laid down his Bible gently and said, "You shall have the tip, my son," and with his foot catching the feet and ankle of the scoffer, tipped him over the verandah-rail into a barrel of rainwater. As the scoffer scrambled out, raging and bedraggled, Bill, leaning over the verandah, said, "You poisonous pimp of the pampas, if it wasn't the Sabbath I'd carve your cursed cuticle!"

Though the phrases Bill used were so sensationally picturesque and gave evidence of finished preparation, they were, on the contrary, impromptu. They represented a natural gift, developed by long practice, for manufacturing strange phrases and oaths. This gift had been a real asset in his life at Askatoon. It had been used at first privately, but it ultimately achieved him a reputation at a public meeting called in the interest of cheaper freight rates on the railway. There, his choice of phrases, happily emphasized by a little polite profanity, started him on a popular career as a public man. There were those who opposed his progress, but they were highly religious people, mostly newcomers from the east, who regarded his criminal career with horror, and who disbelieved that a man with such a past could be trusted until he had been officially saved by Divine Grace. Joined with them in this feeling was the mother of Cora Finley, the young teacher to whom Minden had spoken on the day of his arrival.



Bill Minden stuck up the express coach down in Oregon.

MRS. FINLEY had set her face against Minden ever since Cora came home telling of the strange but interesting man who had watched her and the school children leave the school, the day's work done. Mrs. Finley's agitation when she afterwards saw Minden, and her subsequent marked antipathy, might reasonably have been due to the fact that she was very religious and resented the interest he took in the schools, and, incidentally, in her popular offspring.

There was nothing pronounced in Minden's interest in the girl. He was always respectful to her, indeed almost ostentatiously so; and though he visited other schools regularly, he visited the Central School, at which she taught, far more often than any other. Recitations were part of each Friday's programme in the schools, and he not only listened to these recitations, but at last told stories him-

self—yarns of his own life, expurgated and edited for the occasion. They were adventures of surprising interest—sensational incidents clothed in his own vernacular, decorated by his alliterative facility. A close observer would have noticed that while he was thus engaged, though he appeared not to look at Cora (who welcomed his coming each week with almost unreasonable pleasure) he seemed yet to be conscious when her eyes were on him, or when her attention was diverted, apprehending all she did by feeling rather than by sight.

There were parents who objected to these visitations, but the majority were tickled, as they colloquially said, at an ex-criminal and notorious adventurer playing the part of school visitor, cheerfully supported him and put to rout his critics.

One day, however, something made him more than ever the talk of the

town. It was the announcement that he would stand for the office of school-trustee. It was made only a few days before the election for trustees, and not in all the days that Askatoon had known was there such a day as that in which the election occurred. He was determined to have the right to visit the schools with or without the approval of the "pious pedantics," as he called them.

"I see what's in his mind," said Patsy Kernaghan to the Young Doctor.

"You have a wonderful eye, Patsy," responded the other. "There's no good of us wearing clothes at all; you see right through folks."

Patsy scratched the top of his head with his thumb. "Aw, Doctor, it's only a flea-bite to what Bill Minden means to do. If he gets in as trustee—an' he will—for there's not twenty women in the place 'll go agin him, an' ivry man as is a man will go for him, then he'll stand for mayor an' run the dam place like a switchman at a junction. He won't talk; he'll just pull the lever, and there it'll all be done what he wants to be done, as aisy as aisy. He'll want the Education Committee to go on this track; he'll want the Lightin' Committee to go on that track; an' the Sanitary Committee on another track; an' he won't talk; he'll switch the lot of them where he wants them. He'll be Mayor—that's what he'll be; but man alive, won't it be fun whin, mebbe, the Judge that thried him for stickin' up a coach 'll visit the place, an' the Governor that signed his pardon 'll be here to pay us a visit! Who'll be receivin' thim—who'll be receivin' thim? Why, the new school-trustee, the man that's goin' to be Mayor—Bill Minden, who's stuck up as many trains an' coaches as he's got fingers an' toes; Bill Minden, that's got money in more banks than wan, and God help thim if they don't take care of his monney!"

The Young Doctor smiled and patted Kernaghan's shoulder. "You're a wonderful little fellow, Kernaghan. You've got a long eye, and see far ahead; and Minden wouldn't make a bad Mayor either. I think he'll make a good school-trustee, too; but have you forgotten they're going to elect a Bishop when the Diocesan Synod of the English church meets here next month? Come now, Patsy, why shouldn't he stand for Bishop?"

Patsy scratched his head again. "Aw well, for a Protis'ant Bishop that 'd be all right. It doesn't require anny larnin' to be a Protis'ant Bishop. There's no layin' on of hands for wan av thim. They just talk of grace of Hivin an' the out-pourin' of the spirit. Then the women weep and the men cough in their hands when they're lectured—an' why not Bill Minden? I'd as leave see him a Bishop as a Mayor."

The Young Doctor's eyes twinkled. "Well, so would I, Kernaghan. I wouldn't draw much distinction. I'd trust Minden just as much in one office as the other."

"Well, y'r honor, that's not saying how much ye trust him, is it?"

The Young Doctor's lips gave a quirk. "Do you hear anything against him, Patsy; anything you can lay your hands on since he came to Askatoon?"

"That's it, that's it," answered the little man from Cork; "there's nawthin' that annybody can lay hands on. Wipin' out his past, what he's doin' now needs no pinince; but leadin' the life that he's

leadin' now, isn't it a burnin' shame they won't take him as he is—I mean the Methodies, the Protis'ants and the new comers! They won't believe in him till he's been saved at the 'marcy seat,' as they call it."

THE TWINKLE quickened in the Young Doctor's eye. "Well, but won't there be a chance for that? Doesn't the big Methodist Camp-meeting begin soon out at Mayo—Nolan Doyle's place? What are all the big tents for? Isn't the Rev. Ephraim Masterman, the great revivalist, coming to save our souls and put Father Roche's nose out of joint?"

Kernaghan sniffed. "D'ye think Bill Minden 'd bellow out his pinince at what they call a 'prothtracted meetin'?' Aw no, Doctor dear. We'll just go back to the idee I started with, and it's this; Bill Minden 'll be elected school trustee and when that's done he'll be elected Mayor, and whin that's done—"

"Whin the town's done—brown, goodbye to William Ecclesiasticus Minden," remarked the Young Doctor provokingly.

Kernaghan protested with hands and head. "D'ye think Minden 'll go back to the ould ways of him—to the train robbin' and sticking up the coach? D'ye think he hasn't enough money to live on without that? I've hard he has a hundred thousand dollars in the bank. That's a lot o' money. Can't a man stay honest on a hundred thousand dollars?"

At that moment several wagons went trailing past, carrying great piles of tent cloth, stakes and ropes. Kernaghan stared at them with swiftly-rising color. In religion he was a fanatic, and would have gone to the stake to defend the doctrine of transubstantiation or papal infallibility. The usual course of religious life in the town did not disturb him, but there was something so aggressive in this special spectacular effort of the heretics to advance their cause that a sudden anger flamed up in him.

"Look at it—look at it!" he snarled, "makin' a circus of the Christian religion, doin' the heavenly acrobatic!"

His color deepened, his fingers opened and shut convulsively; then opened again. "Aw, look, Doctor dear, there's Minden now on his way to the school—to the Central School! It's a Friday afternoon, an' he'll be lettin' himself go to the boys an' gurls."

The Young Doctor looked quizzically at Kernaghan. "And showing off before Miss Finley, eh?" he remarked.

"Aw, that! There's no showin' aff about it. Shure he drops his eyes whin he looks at her, like a bit of a boy tin years old."

The Young Doctor laughed inwardly. "Oh, Patsy Kernaghan, what Irish bulls you make and what an Irish calf you are! He drops his eyes when he looks at her!"

THE Young Doctor was, however, thinking of what he himself said on the very first day of Minden's arrival in Askatoon, when the crowd gossiped about the notorious one in front of Rigby's drug store. He had said to Father Roche then, "If we only knew exactly why a man did some certain thing in his life, perhaps some very small thing, we would know his whole character. Now perhaps if we knew exactly why Bill Minden went to that school this afternoon we should have a Book of Revelations."

The Young Doctor was a man of insight and understanding, and he had never ceased to wonder why the ex-bandit interested himself so in the Central School, or why he had come to Askatoon. Somehow the two things seemed one in his mind, as though each depended on the other. That Minden should show such interest in the town itself, and that he should become school trustee, seemed one piece in which Cora Finley was part of the mosaic. He was sure there was an association with a mystery in the background. Bill Minden, the ex-criminal, the notorious highwayman, turned peaceful, pious citizen, dropping his eyes when he looked at a girl, could only be explained by a law at work and not as one of life's vagaries.

The Young Doctor had seen and heard nothing which gave him a clue, and the fact that Mrs. Finley was the most implacable of Bill Minden's critics added another twist to the knot.

MRS. FINLEY was sitting alone in her little parlor, looking out of the window into the increasing darkness, through which faint stars twinkled, when she was startled by a heavy footfall on the gravel path without. Rising, she stood for a moment hesitating what to do, possessed by fear, though she was alone, Cora having gone to choir practice. She had the sense of safety of the elect who believe in the foreordained, for the footstep had an ominous sound, she knew not why. It was the particular nature of the footstep that startled her, for somehow it recalled a night twenty-two years before, when her life took a turn in a new direction and had so continued. Now her brain cleared and she hastened into the hallway as the heavy footstep stopped, and a hand knocked on the lintel of the open door.

"Come in," she said. "What do you want?" she added quickly in slight agitation.

"It's Bill Minden," was the reply.

"What do you want?" she persisted, her voice a little querulous now.

"A word with you—just a word or two," was the answer.

"There were to be no more words forever," she rejoined.

"It's twenty-two years, and I want you to let me break my promise. We're getting old and you never can tell what'll happen," Minden urged.

She gave a great sigh. "Then wait till I pull down the blinds and light up," was her response.

"No, don't light up," he pleaded, stepping inside the hallway. "I haven't come here to do any harm, as you know. It's quieter in the dusk; the mind keeps steady-like when there's no light. It's like a blanket. Blind people are always quiet, and I've had to keep my eyes so wide open, and I've been going so hard for so long, that I can stand more dark than light. Eighteen hours dark in a day wouldn't be too much for me now."

"You talk like a poetry-book," Mrs. Finley replied with hardness in her tone. "Seems like Askatoon makes you a bit childish."

An almost animal-like grunt came from Bill Minden's lips. It had protest, agreement, anger and friendliness all in one; but he did not retort in words.

"I'm going to light up," she repeated,

Continued on page 79.



"All clergy drunk at seven in the morning? Deplorable!"

IT MAY have been, for aught I know, the change from a wet to a dry atmosphere. I am told that, biologically, such things profoundly affect the human system.

At any rate I found it impossible that night—I was on the train from Montreal to Toronto—to fall asleep.

A peculiar wakefulness seemed to have seized upon me, which appeared, moreover, to afflict the other passengers as well. In the darkness of the car I could distinctly hear them groaning at intervals.

"Are they ill?" I asked, through the curtains, of the porter as he passed.

"No, sir," he said, "they're not ill. Those is the Toronto passengers."

"All in this car?" I asked.

"All except that gen'lman you may have heard singing in the smoking compartment. He's booked through to Chicago."

BUT, AS is usual in such cases, sleep came at last with unusual heaviness. I seemed obliterated from the world, till, all of a sudden, I found myself, as it were, up and dressed and seated in the observation car at the back of the train, awaiting my arrival.

"Is this Toronto?" I asked of the Pullman conductor, as I peered through the window of the car.

The conductor rubbed the pane with his

finger and looked out. "I think so," he said.

"Do we stop here?" I asked. "I think we do this morning," he answered. "I think I heard the conductor say that they had a lot of milk cans to put off here this morning. I'll just go and find out, sir."

"Stop here!" broke in an irascible-looking gentleman in a grey tweed suit who was sitting in the next chair to mine. "Do they stop here? I should say they did indeed. Don't you know," he added, turning to the Pullman conductor, "that any train is compelled to stop here. There's a by-law, a municipal by-law of the City of Toronto, compelling every train to stop!"

"I didn't know it," said the conductor, humbly.

"Do you mean to say," continued the irascible gentleman, "that you have never read the by-laws of the City of Toronto?"

"No, sir," said the conductor.

"The ignorance of these fellows!" said the man in grey tweed, swinging his chair round again towards me. "We ought to have a by-law to compel them to read the by-laws. I must start an agitation for it at once." Here he took out a little red notebook and wrote something in it, murmuring: "We need a new agitation anyway."

PRESENTLY he shut the book up with a snap. I noticed that there was a sort of peculiar alacrity in everything he did.

"You, sir," he said, "have, of course, read our municipal by-laws?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Splendid, aren't they? They read like a romance."

"You are most flattering to our city," said the irascible gentleman with a bow. "Yet you, sir, I take it, are not from Toronto."

"No," I answered, as humbly as I could. "I'm from Montreal."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, as he sat back and took a thorough look at me. "From Montreal? Are you drunk?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think so."

"But you are suffering for a drink," said my new acquaintance, eagerly. "You need it, eh? You feel already a kind of craving, eh, what?"

"No," I answered. "The fact is it's rather early in the morning."

"Quite so," broke in the irascible gentleman. "But I understand that in Montreal all the saloons are open at seven, and even at that hour are crowded, sir, crowded."

I shook my head. "I think that has been exaggerated," I said. "In fact, we always try to avoid crowding and jostl-

ing as far as possible. It is generally understood, as a matter of politeness, that the first place in the line is given to the clergy, the Board of Trade, and the heads of the universities."

"Is it conceivable!" said the gentleman in grey. "One moment, please, till I make a note. 'All clergy' (I think you said *all*, did you not?) 'drunk at seven in the morning.' Deplorable! But here we are at the Union Station—commodious, is it not? Justly admired, in fact, all over the known world. Observe," he continued as we alighted from the train and made our way into the station, "the upstairs and the downstairs, connected by flights of stairs—quite unique and most convenient—if you don't meet your friends downstairs all you have to do is to look upstairs. If they are not there, you simply come down again. But stop, you are going to walk up the street? I'll go with you."

AT THE outer door of the station—just as I had remembered it—stood a group of hotel bus-men and porters.

But how changed!

They were like men blasted by a great sorrow. One, with his back turned, was leaning against a post, his head buried on his arm.

"Prince George Hotel," he groaned at intervals, "Prince George Hotel."

Another was bending over a little handrail, his head sunk, his arms almost trailing to the ground.

"King Edward," he sobbed, "King Edward."

A third, seated on a stool, looked feebly up, with tears visible in his eyes.

"Walker House," he moaned. "First-class accommodation for—" Then he broke down and cried.

"Take this handbag," I said to one of the men, "to the Prince George."

The man ceased his groaning for a moment and turned to me with something like passion.

"Why do you come to us?" he protested. "Why not go to one of the others. Go to *him*," he added, as he stirred with his foot a miserable being who lay huddled on the ground murmuring at intervals, "Queen's! Queen's Hotel."

But my new friend, who stood at my elbow, came to my rescue.

"Take his bag," he said, "you've got to. You know the by-law. Take it or I'll call a policeman. You know me. My name's Narrowpath. I'm on the council."

The man touched his hat and took the bag with a murmured apology.

"Come along," said my companion, whom I now perceived to be a person of dignity and civic importance. "I'll walk

up with you, and show you the city as we go."

WE HAD hardly got well upon the street before I realized the enormous change that total prohibition had effected. Everywhere were the bright smiling faces of working people, laughing and singing at their tasks and, early though it was, cracking jokes and asking one another riddles as they worked.

I noticed one man, evidently a city employee, in a rough white suit, busily cleaning the street with a broom and singing to himself:

"How does the little busy bee improve the shining hour."

Another employee who was handling a little hose was singing:

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Prohibition's grand."

"Why do they sing?" I asked. "Are they crazy?"

"Sing?" said Mr. Narrowpath. "They cannot help it. They haven't had a drink of whiskey for four months."

A coal cart went by with a driver, no longer grimy and smudged, but neatly dressed with a high white collar and a white silk tie.

My companion pointed at him as he passed. "Hasn't had a glass of beer for four months," he said. "Notice the difference? That man's work is now a pleasure to him. He used to spend all his evenings sitting round the back parlours of the saloons beside the stove. Now what do you think he does?"

"I have no idea."

"Loads up his cart with coal and goes for a drive—out in the country. Ah, sir, you who live still under the curse of the whisky traffic, little know what a pleasure work itself becomes when drink and all that goes with it is eliminated. Do

you see that man, on the other side of the street, with the tool bag?"

"Yes," I said. "A plumber, is he not?"

"Exactly, a plumber—used to drink heavily—couldn't keep a job more than a week. Now, you can't drag him from his work—came to my house to fix a pipe under the kitchen sink—wouldn't quit at six o'clock—got in under the sink and begged to be allowed to stay—said he hated to go home. We had to drag him out with a rope. But here we are at your hotel."

WE ENTERED. But how changed the place seemed. Our feet echoed on the flagstones of the deserted rotunda.

At the office desk sat a clerk, silent and melancholy, reading the bible. He put a marker in the book and closed it, murmuring, "Leviticus Two."

Then he turned to us.

"Can I have a room," I asked, "on the first floor?"

A tear welled up into the clerk's eye.

"You can have the whole first floor," he said. And he added, with a half sob, "and the second, too, if you like."

I could not help contrasting his manner with what it was in the old days, when the mere mention of a room used to throw him into a fit of passion, and when he used to tell me that I could have a cot on the roof till Tuesday, and after that, perhaps, a bed in the stable.

Things had changed indeed.

"Can I get breakfast in the grill room?" I inquired of the melancholy clerk. He shook his head sadly.

"There is no grill room," he answered.

"What would you like?" "Oh, some sort of eggs," I said, "and—" The clerk reached down below his desk and handed me a hard-boiled egg with the shell off.

"Here's your egg," he said. And there's ice water there at the end of the desk."

He sat back in his chair and went on reading.

"You don't understand," said Mr. Narrowpath, who still stood at my elbow. "All that elaborate grill room breakfast business was just a mere relic of the drinking days—sheer waste of time and loss of efficiency. Go on and eat your egg. Eaten it? Now, don't you feel efficient? What more do you want? Comfort, you say? My dear sir: More men

have been ruined by comfort—Great Heavens, comfort! the most dangerous, deadly drug that ever undermined the human race. But, here, drink your water. Now, you're ready to go and do your business, if you have any."

"But," I protested, "it's still only half-past seven in the morning—no offices will be open—"

"Open!" exclaimed Mr. Narrowpath. "Why! they all open at daybreak now."

I HAD, it is true, a certain amount of business before me, though of no very intricate or elaborate kind—a few simple arrangements with the head of a publishing house such as it falls to my lot to make every now and then. Yet in the old and unregenerate days it used to take all day to do it. The wicked thing that we used to call a comfortable breakfast in the hotel grill room somehow carried one on to about ten o'clock in the morning. Breakfast brought with it the need of a cigar for digestion's sake and with that, for very restfulness, a certain perusal of the *Toronto Globe*, properly corrected and rectified by a look through the *Toronto Mail*. After that it had been my practice to stroll along to my publishers' office at about eleven-thirty, transact my business, over a cigar, with the genial gentleman at the head of it, and then accept his invitation to lunch, with the feeling that a man who has put in a hard and strenuous morning's work is entitled to a few hours of relaxation.

I am inclined to think that, in those reprehensible by-gone times, many other people did their business in this same way.

"I don't think," I said to Mr. Narrowpath musingly, "that my publisher will be up as early as this. He's a comfortable sort of man."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Narrowpath. "Not at work at half-past seven! In Toronto? The thing's absurd. Where is the office? Richmond Street? Come along, I'll go with you. I've always a great liking for attending to other people's business."

"I see you have," I said.

"It's our way here," said Mr. Narrowpath with a wave of his hand. "Every man's business, as we see it, is everybody else's business. Come along, you'll be surprised how quickly your business will be done."

Mr. Narrowpath was right.

MY PUBLISHER'S office, as we entered it, seemed a changed place. Activity and efficiency was stamped all over it. My good friend the publisher was not only there, but there with his coat off, inordinately busy, bawling orders (evidently meant for a printing room) through a speaking tube. "Yes," he was shouting, "put WHISKEY in black letter capitals, old English, double size, set it up to look attractive, with the legend *Made in Toronto* in long clear type underneath—"

"Excuse me," he said, as he broke off for a moment. "We've got a lot of stuff going through the press this morning—a big distillery catalogue that we are rushing through. We're doing all we can, Mr. Narrowpath," he continued, speaking with the deference due to a member of the City Council, "to boom Toronto as a Whiskey Centre."

"Quite right, quite right!" said my companion, rubbing his hands.

"And now, professor," added the pub-



They were like men blasted by a great sorrow.

lisher, speaking with rapidity, "your contract is all here—only need's signing—I won't keep you more than a moment—write your name here—Miss Sniggins will you please witness this so help you God how's everything in Montreal good morning."

"Pretty quick, wasn't it?" said Mr. Narrowpath, as we stood in the street again.

"Wonderful!" I said, feeling almost dazed. "Why, I shall be able to catch the morning train back again to Montreal—"

"Precisely. Just what everybody finds. Business done in no time. Men who used to spend whole days here, clear out now in fifteen minutes. I knew a man whose business efficiency has so increased under our new regime that he says he wouldn't spend more than five minutes in Toronto if he were paid to."

"**B**UT WHAT is this?" I asked as we were brought to a pause in our walk at a street crossing by a great block of vehicles. "What are all these drays? Surely, those look like barrels of whiskey!"

"So they are," said Mr. Narrowpath, proudly. "Export whiskey. Fine sight, isn't it? Must be what?—twenty—twenty-five?—loads of it. This place, sir, mark my words, is going to prove, with its new energy and enterprise, one of the greatest seats of the distillery business. In fact, the whiskey capital of the North—"

"But I thought," I interrupted, much puzzled, "that whiskey was prohibited here since last September?"

"Export whiskey—*export*, my dear sir," corrected Mr. Narrowpath. "We don't interfere, we have never, so far as I know, proposed to interfere with any man's right to make and export whiskey. That, sir, is a plain matter of business; morality doesn't enter into it."

"I see," I answered. "But will you please tell me what is the meaning of this other crowd of drays coming in the opposite direction? Surely, those are beer barrels, are they not?"

"In a sense they are," admitted Mr. Narrowpath. "That is, they are *import* beer. It comes in from some other province. It was, I imagine, made in this city (our breweries, sir, are second to none), but the sin of *selling* it—" here Mr. Narrowpath raised his hat from his head and stood for a moment in a reverential attitude—"rests on the heads of others."

THE PRESS of vehicles had now thinned out and we moved on, my guide still explaining in some detail the distinction between business principles and moral principles, between whiskey as a curse and whiskey as a source of profit, which I found myself unable to comprehend.

At length I ventured to interrupt.

"Yet it seems almost a pity," I said, "that, with all this beer and whiskey around, an unregenerate sinner like myself should be prohibited from getting a drink."

"A drink!" exclaimed Mr. Narrowpath. "Well, I should say so. Come right in here. You can have anything you want."

We stepped through a street door into a large long room.

"Why!" I exclaimed in surprise. "This is a bar!"

"Nonsense!" said my friend. "The bar in this province is forbidden. We've done



As a matter of politeness the first place in the line is given to the clergy, the Board of Trade and the heads of the universities.

with the foul thing, forever. This is an Import Shipping Company's Delivery Office."

"But this long counter—"

"It's not a counter, it's a desk."

"And that bar-tender in his white jacket—"

"Tut! Tut! He's not a bar-tender. He's an Import Goods Delivery Clerk."

"What'll you have, gents?" said the Import Clerk, polishing a glass as he spoke.

"Two whiskeys and sodas," said my friend. "Long ones."

The Import Clerk mixed the drinks and set them on the desk.

I was about to take one but he interrupted. "One minute, sir," he said.

THEN he took up a desk telephone that stood beside him and I heard him calling up Montreal. "Hello. Montreal. Is that Montreal? Well, say, I've just received an offer here for two whiskeys and sodas at sixty cents, shall I close with it? All right, gentlemen, Montreal has effected the sale. There you are."

"Dreadful, isn't it?" said Mr. Narrowpath. "The sunken, depraved condition of your City of Montreal; actually *selling* whiskey. Deplorable!" And with that he buried his face in the bubbles of the whiskey and soda.

"Mr. Narrowpath," I said, "would you mind telling me something? I fear I am a little confused, after what I have seen here, as to what your new legislation has been. You have *not* then, I understand, prohibited the making of whiskey?"

"Oh, no, we see no harm in that."

"Nor the sale of it."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Narrowpath, "not if sold properly."

"Nor the drinking of it?"

"Oh, no, that least of all. We attach no harm whatever, under our law, to the mere drinking of whiskey."

"Would you tell me, then," I asked, "since you have not forbidden the making, nor the selling, nor the buying, nor the drinking of whiskey—just what it is that you have prohibited? What is the difference between Montreal and Toronto?"

Mr. Narrowpath put down his glass on the "desk" in front of him. He gazed at me with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Toronto?" he gasped. "Montreal and Toronto! The difference between Montreal and Toronto—my dear sir—Toronto—Toronto—"

I stood waiting for him to explain. But as I did so I seemed to become aware that a voice—not Mr. Narrowpath's, but a voice close to my ear was repeating, "Toronto—Toronto—Toronto—"

I sat up with a start—still in my berth in the Pullman car—with the voice of the porter calling through the curtains, "Toronto—Toronto—"

So! It had only been a dream. I pulled up the blind and looked out of the window and there was the good old city, with the bright sun sparkling on its church spires and on the bay spreading out at its feet. It looked quite unchanged, just the same pleasant old place, as cheerful, as self-conceited, as kindly, as hospitable, as quarrelsome, as wholesome, as moral and as loyal and as disagreeable as it always was.

"Porter," I said, "is it true that there is prohibition here now?"

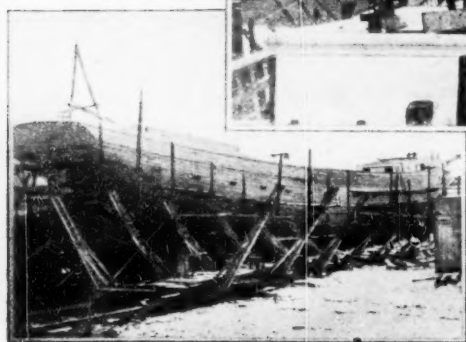
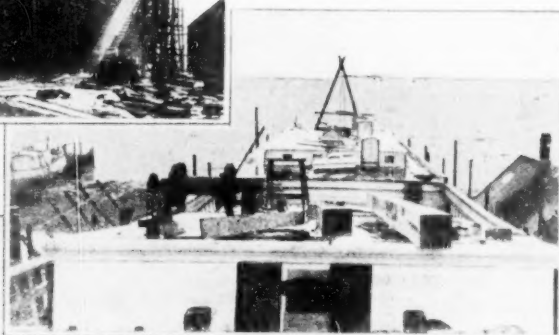
The porter shook his head.

"I ain't heard of it," he said.

Canada's Boom in Shipbuilding

The Romantic Revival of a One-Time Prosperous Industry

By W. A. Craick



Views of the big five-masted schooner "Letitia L. Mackay," one of many similar ships being built on the coast of Nova Scotia.

IT IS never wise to make absolute statements. Just before the war a writer in a monumental work on the history of Canada set down in cold type the following emphatic assertion:

"Shipbuilding in Canada is an industry that in one sense has passed away, but in another is just beginning. Wooden shipbuilding is gone beyond recall; the building of steel vessels is in its infancy. The ship's carpenter has departed forever from the once busy shipyards of Quebec and Maritime Provinces, but the Atlantic and the Pacific ports and the ports on the Great Lakes, where iron and coal can be cheaply assembled, are beginning to resound with the clang of the ship foundry and the incessant din of the pneumatic riveters. The story of Canadian shipbuilding is thus both a retrospect and a prospect."

Strange that these words, penned with such assurance three years ago, believed at the time to be absolutely correct not alone by the author, but by every one who gave the subject a moment's thought, should so soon be controverted in so far at least as they applied to the building of wooden ships. For this supposedly defunct industry has been revived. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts wooden ships are again being built. And in numbers and in tonnage the vessels of 1916 will not fall far short of those of the banner years of the nineteenth century.

No, in spite of the judgment of the historian of three years ago, wooden shipbuilding has not receded on the swift-moving current of time beyond the point where its recall has proved an impossibility, nor have the ship's carpenters departed forever from those famous old shipyards that once on a time dotted the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Temporary the revival may prove—an expedient to serve the pressing needs of wartime—but here it is, a

lusty, stirring enterprise, one of the most interesting developments of the present day in Canada.

SHIPBUILDING is an industry as old almost as the history of the country itself. Back in the romantic days of the French regime, many a stout vessel, fashioned from wood, hewn from the virgin forests of Quebec, was launched into the current of the lordly St. Lawrence. The Royal shipyards at the mouth of the St. Charles became scenes of vast activity. Not alone were merchantmen of goodly tonnage constructed, but men of war, mounting some of them as many as seventy-two guns, were designed and built for the service of His French Majesty.

Quebec continued to be a famous shipbuilding centre after the conquest, for it possessed all the resources necessary to maintain such an industry. The number and the tonnage of the vessels constructed in the yards up and down the river grew steadily. By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, ships of four and five hundred tons were no longer marvels. By the end of the second quarter the number of establishments engaged in the building of ships had increased to twenty-five; the annual output to between fifty and sixty large sailing vessels; and the number of artisans employed to five thousand. Only towards the end of the third quarter did serious evidences of decay in what had developed into such a picturesque and thriving industry begin to appear.

Meanwhile a similar industry had sprung into existence in what are now known as the Maritime Provinces. Wherever timber could be floated down rivers to the coast, there a shipbuilding enterprise not infrequently developed. At the end of the Petitcodiac, where the City of Moncton now stands; at Pictou and New Glasgow; at Halifax, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Shelburne, on the south coast of

Nova Scotia; at Yarmouth, Digby and St. John on the Bay of Fundy; at Dalhousie, Newcastle and Bathurst on the New Brunswick coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, flourishing shipyards were presently in operation.

THE output was astonishingly large. For instance, in the year 1860 in the county of Lunenburg alone twenty-two vessels of a gross tonnage of 3,138 tons were launched. Between 1840 and 1883, over two hundred ships were built at New Glasgow. At Bathurst in the heyday of the industry it was no uncommon sight to see from five to ten of the largest class of merchant ships on the stocks at the same time. St. John in the early seventies ranked as the fourth port in the British Empire in respect of the ownership of vessels. And in 1865 it is reported that 294 ships worth two and a half million dollars were built in Nova Scotia. These are disjointed facts, but they serve to give some idea of the really remarkable extent of the shipbuilding industry on the east coast of Canada in the middle of the last century.

There is a fascinating story to be written of the palmy mid-nineteenth-century days of Nova Scotia shipping, and wrapt up with the tales of how bluenose clippers, sailed by bluenose crews, raced into practically every port in the world, there is the scarcely less absorbing account of how these fine sailing vessels were fashioned in the shipyards of the east coast. In thousands of homes in Maritime ports and fishing villages hang quaint pictures of these old ships, now vanished forever from the ocean tracks. But the memory of the adventurous sailing days still lingers in the minds of the veteran skipper and their crews, many of whom are still living in hale and hearty old age.

IT SEEMS almost incredible that an almost exact replica of these former activities is again being staged in Nova Scotia. The evolution of the steel freighter apparently sounded the death knell of the wooden ship years ago. Yet abnormal conditions have been created by the war. Not alone has there been serious loss of shipping through submarine warfare, necessitating the rapid substitution of new vessels, but the cost of construction of steel ships has advanced enormously. In Great Britain the requirements of the Admiralty take precedence and the ability of the British shipyards to turn out merchantmen is correspondingly limited.

Of course the immediate influence which has impelled old-time shipbuilders in the Maritime Provinces to clear up and repair their dismantled and grass-grown yards and to resume once again the occupation of their earlier years has been the high freight rates on ocean tonnage resulting from the scarcity of shipping. So high have these rates climbed that a single trans-Atlantic voyage is often profitable enough to make good the cost of a ship.

It is estimated that there are at least two score good-sized wooden sailing vessels under construction at present at various points in the Maritime Provinces. In the county of Digby alone, seven ships, ranging in size from three hundred to five hundred and fifty tons are being built—two at Meteghan, one at Meteghan River, one at Grosse Coque, one at Little Brook and two at Belliveau's Cove. These are all small French Acadian villages lying along the Bay of Fundy shore, inhabited by stout fisherfolk, who are exceedingly handy at everything connected with boats and the sea.

Moving around to the south shore, one finds on the stocks at Shelburne six ships; at Liverpool about the same number, and at Lunenburg, four. Smaller points will account for some six or seven more, giving for the western counties of Nova Scotia, a total of thirty. In the counties of Cumberland and Colchester on the St. Lawrence side of the province several more vessels are being built, so that the estimate of forty all told is about correct.

One of the largest of these east coast ships is the "Letitia L. Mackay," which was launched at Meteghan in December. She is being built to the order of A. B. Mackay, the Hamilton shipowner. A description of this fine large vessel will give some idea of the general run of the ships on the ways in Nova Scotia.

IT MAY be asked how such a ship compares with the old-time vessels launched from the Nova Scotia shipyards. As a matter of fact, it is considerably under the average. In the early days of shipbuilding, vessels as large as 2,400 tons or six times bigger than the "Letitia L. Mackay" were sometimes constructed. To-day such giants could not likely be produced because it would be difficult to obtain the timber. At the same time Maritime shipbuilders believe that it would be possible to import wood from British Columbia and still build ships as cheaply as they could be constructed on the Pacific Coast—this, because of the cheapness of labor. Its dimensions are 165 ft. length, 36 ft. beam; 14 ft. hold, with 568 net tons register and 1,150 tons dead weight. With the exception of the spars, booms and bowsprit, which are of Oregon fir, and the stem and stern post and rudder stock, which are of imported oak, all the wood used in construction was obtained in the neighborhood. The frames are of birch; the planking and decks of spruce and the knees of hachmatack. The canvas will be made in Yarmouth and all the iron and steel required will be obtained in Sydney. The wire rigging, anchors and chains come from England and the copper from the United States. The schooner, which carries four masts, will be equipped with a gasoline engine for handling the sails and cargo.

The labor question is an interesting one. When shipbuilding was at its height between 1850 and 1875, nearly everybody in the Maritime Provinces worked in the shipyards or at some of the trades connected either directly or indirectly with them. To-day comparatively few of the old workmen are alive. It has been necessary to hunt all over the country for such of them as are still able to work. And worried shipbuilders have had to trace others to the United States and induce them to come back. Then to supplement this skilled labor, new hands have had to be broken in, all of which has taken

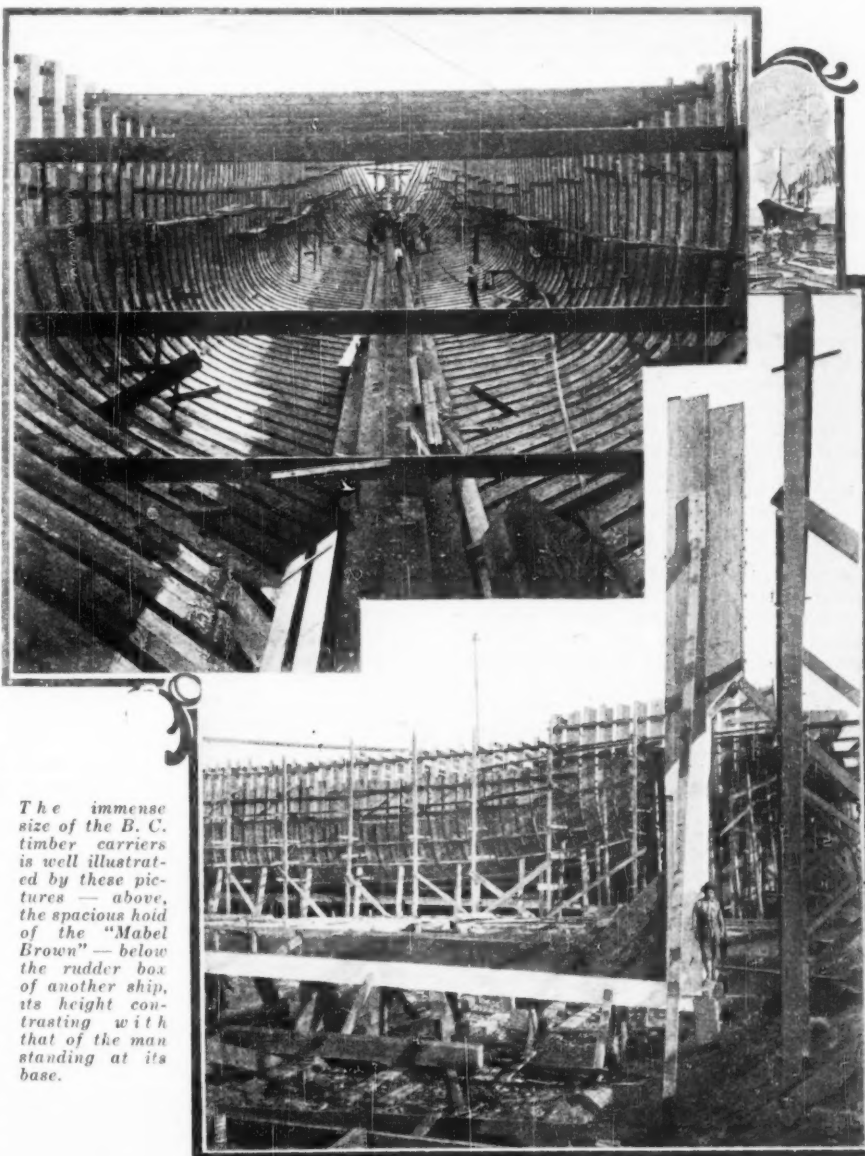
time and delayed construction. In the case of the "Letitia L. Mackay," it was over seven months between the keel-laying and the launching.

BUT THE revival of wooden shipbuilding has not been confined to the Atlantic coast. It has its exemplification as well on the Pacific coast. There the shipping famine has made itself even more severely felt. An absolute lack of bottoms in which to carry British Columbia timber to the antipodes and other distant markets has completely paralyzed the Western province's foremost industry. The great coast sawmills have been closed down; thousands of lumberjacks have been thrown out of employment; every occupation dependent on lumbering has suffered loss—all because it has been impossible to keep the output moving freely from British Columbia producer to Antipodean consumer.

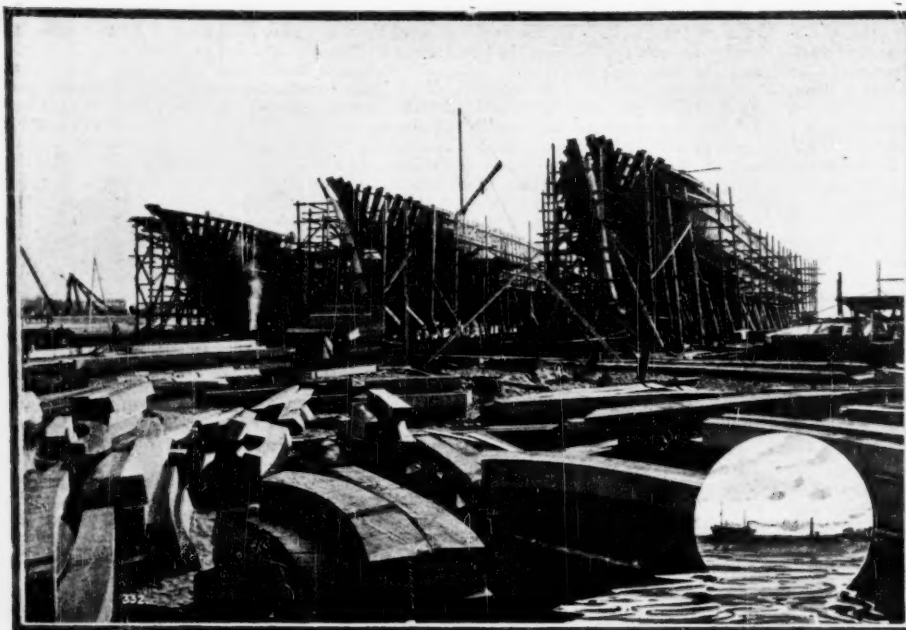
In the east, the building of wooden ships has been wholly the result of individual enterprise. In the west it is an undertaking in which the whole population of a great province is vitally interested. The welfare of the entire com-

munity was dependent on the obtaining of adequate shipping facilities and, to compass this desirable object, the legislature itself took action to bring about the construction of a fleet of timber carriers. To-day that fleet is being rapidly evolved. The first of twenty-five vessels is to be launched in December and from then on, until the complement is complete, from one to three sister ships are to be put in the water monthly.

Big men in the Canadian transportation field have come to the assistance of British Columbia in its emergency. They were on the ground when the shipping bill was enacted into law in the dying moments of the last legislature. They immediately set in motion machinery that within a month turned idle shipyards at North Vancouver and at Victoria into hives of industry. One of them was James Carruthers, head of the Canada Steamship Lines; another was J. W. Norcross, managing director of that important organization. James Whalen, president of the ship-building company operating at Port Arthur; M. J. Haney, the well-known contractor; and Roy M. Wolvin, grain operator and great lakes



The immense size of the B. C. timber carriers is well illustrated by these pictures—above, the spacious hold of the "Mabel Brown"—below the rudder box of another ship, its height contrasting with that of the man standing at its base.



Three mammoth wooden vessels, being built at North Vancouver.

transportation man, were all interested; and so, too, was Sir Trevor Dawson, managing director of the famous Vickers shipyards in London and Montreal.

ORGANIZATION of a powerful corporation that would build and operate a fleet of ships under the terms of the B.C. Shipping Act was a trifling affair. There emerged, under the aegis of the Secretary of State, the Canadian West Coast Navigation Company, Limited,—capital, two and one-half million dollars; purpose, to engage in business as a shipping and transportation company. Within a month, the keel of the company's first ship, the Mabel Brown, was laid in the new yards of the Wallace Shipbuilding Company at North Vancouver. As quickly as the ground could be prepared and equipment assembled, the work of construction of five sister ships was begun, while across the straits in the yards of the Cameron-Genoa Mills at Victoria, two more vessels of identical design were laid down.

What was the magic that has wrought such marvellous works? It is evidently to be found in the long-winded legal phraseology of the British Columbia Shipping Act. This notable measure contains three significant provisions. First, it offers a bonus or subsidy on each of the first twenty-five ships built in the province after the passing of the Act. Second, it makes available government loans on the security of the vessels thus constructed. Third, it extends the privileges of a governmental guarantee to any bond issue that may be made by companies organized to engage in the construction of vessels intended for British Columbia export trade.

It is the first of these three provisions that has attracted eastern capital to the province. Look at it a little more closely. Clause 53, it is called, and it runs in this

fashion: "In aid of the shipbuilding industry of the Province there shall be paid to the owner of each ship up to a number of ships not exceeding twenty-five or such further number as the Legislature shall provide for—these vessels to be built after the act comes into effect—a subsidy in ten annual instalments, each of which instalments shall be so computed as to bring the net earnings of the ship up to 15 per cent. of the actual cost of construction, but so that the amount of subsidy paid in any one year shall never exceed an amount equal to \$5 a ton dead weight capacity of the ship. The first instalment shall be payable the first year after the declaration of peace. This subsidy is subject only to the "bona fide" uses of the ship in British Columbia trade for outward borne cargoes returning to some British Columbia port of reloading with liberty to carry return cargo to any port along the general practical line of return. Moneys for these subsidies shall be paid to the Commission from the provincial consolidated revenue fund. Subsidies shall only be payable to the owner who actually paid for the construction of the ship and not to any middleman or promotor. Subsidies shall not be liable or subject to assignment, attachment, garnishment or process of execution."

THE section further stipulates that the subsidy or bonus will lapse if later on the Dominion Government should decide to pay a subsidy equalling or exceeding \$5 a ton. More than that, if in any year the profits of operating a ship exceed fifteen per cent. of the cost of its construction, then no subsidy shall be paid for that year, nor is any subsidy to be paid unless the ships trade continuously to and from British Columbia ports and under the direction of the Shipping Commission appointed under the terms of the Act.

Note how neatly this legislation gets around that obstacle to shipbuilding enterprise—the uncertainty of after-war conditions. To-day ocean rates are high and the operation of ships is profitable. To-morrow, who knows, rates may be cut to pieces and the business of ocean transportation be conducted at a loss. Guarantee a shipowner's profits for ten years and the proposition of building and operating ships takes on quite a different aspect. And the Province of British Columbia is doing. It is guaranteeing Messrs. Carruthers, Norcross, Haney, Wolvin and their associates a profitable investment while incidentally it is making sure that these that is precisely what gentlemen will employ their boats to the advantage of the industrial and commercial interests of the province.

IMMEDIATELY upon the enactment of the Shipping Bill, the shipping commission was appointed. It consists of H. B. Thomson, formerly M.P.P. for Victoria, who stood sponsor for the measure in the Legislature last spring; Frederick Buscombe, of Vancouver, and W. J. Goepel, Deputy Minister of Finance, the latter appointed under the Act by virtue of his official position. The members of the Commission serve without salary.

The part played by the Shipping Commission is an important one. They must approve the plans and specifications of the ships built under the Act. They are required to determine the rate of wages to be paid both in the construction and operation of the ships. Every charter of a ship shall be subject to their approval when such ship is operated under a loan from the Commission, and in all such cases the superintendent of the Commission is required to act as the managing owner of the ship until the loan is repaid. More than that, the Commission is to see that the actual rates paid on British Columbia shipments shall never exceed rates paid on similar commodities at even dates in the States of Washington and California.

This, then, is the machinery that has been provided by the legislators of British Columbia for bringing a fleet of merchantmen into being. It is the magic touch that is responsible for the awakening of such unwonted activity in the shipyards of the province. And now, let us see what type of vessels are being evolved as a result.

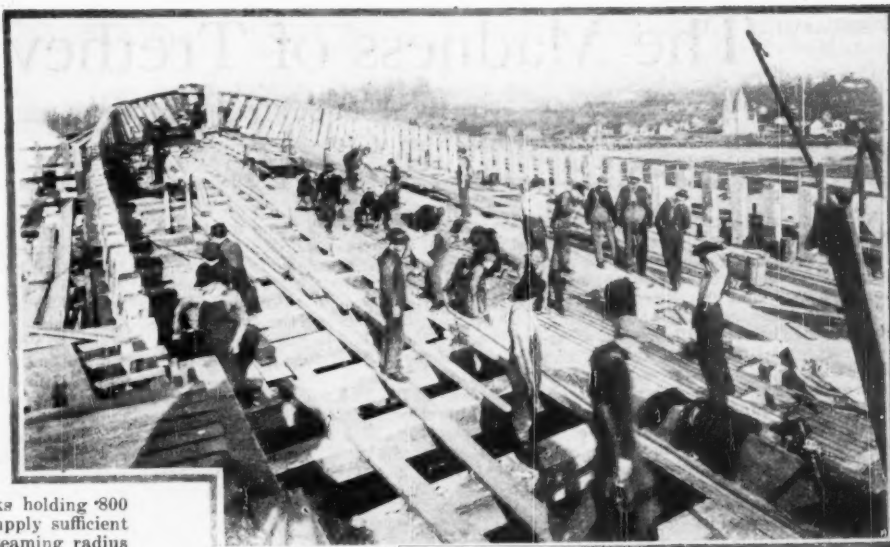
THE EIGHT ships under construction for the Canada West Coast Navigation Company and a ninth vessel being built independently by the Cameron-

Genoa Mills Shipbuilders, Limited, are all identical in design. They are five-masted schooners, 225 feet in length, 45 feet beam and 19 feet depth of hold. The ships will have a deadweight carrying capacity of 2,500 tons and will carry a cargo of approximately 1,700,000 feet of lumber, which is a good average quantity for any one consignee at any one time. An important feature is the inclusion in the equipment of each ship of two 240 h.p. Bolinder-Diesel internal combustion engines. These are of Swedish build and the most efficient engines of their class in existence. They are capable of driving the boats at a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. Tanks holding 800 barrels of distillate will supply sufficient fuel to give each ship a steaming radius of 11,000 miles.

It is astonishing to learn that over a million feet of fir lumber is consumed in building one of these mammoth wooden ships. For the knees alone four hundred trees must be sacrificed to the woodman's axe. These knees are thick, angular pieces of wood used in supporting the deck beams. Securing and preparing them is perhaps one of the most picturesque operations in the whole process of building the ship. First, fir trees averaging thirty inches in diameter are selected. Then these are thrown. Next the stump is torn from the ground by dynamite and donkey-engine, rough-hewn on the spot and hauled to the shipyard. There it is sawed to the required dimensions.

COMMISSIONER THOMSON gives some interesting facts in connection with the actual building of the ships. He estimates that fully a thousand men are now employed directly in the shipyards and sawmills connected with the yards and in the lumber camps, where the knees are obtained. Indirectly many more than these thousand men are given employment. The lumber used in the construction of the ships at present under way will keep three mills, each cutting 50,000 feet of lumber daily and employing in logging camp and millshed 200 men each, busy for a year. But, he adds, only a comparatively small percentage of the cut can be utilized in ship construction and so the 25,000,000 feet used in the schooners probably represents a total cut of 200,000,000 feet and the employment for a year of a dozen mills and between two and three thousand men.

A sentimental touch is imparted to the new industry by the names selected for the eight ships of the Canada West Coast Navigation Company. The first of the eight to be launched in December will be christened the Mabel Brown, in honor of Mrs. H. W. Brown, whose husband is general manager of the H. W. Brown Company Limited, the firm in charge of the actual construction of the ships for the Navigation Company. The next vessel to be completed and launched at North Vancouver will be known as the Geraldine Wolvin, in honor of the wife of the pre-



Workmen caulking the main deck of the first of the B. C. freighters.

sident of the new shipping corporation. The first of the Victoria-built ships, which will be launched in the middle of January, will bear the name of the Margaret Haney, after Mrs. M. J. Haney, of Toronto. Then will come the Jessie Norcross; the Janet Carruthers; the Mabel Stewart, and so on, each of the principals of the company gallantly naming a ship in honor of his better half.

Already the company is lining up skippers and crews to man the fleet. They will be secured from the hardy sea-faring folk of the east coast. Thus, built of Canadian wood, fashioned by Canadian workmen, registered at the Canadian capital; flying the Canadian flag; manned by Canadian crews, and carrying cargoes of Canadian products, they will be in every detail a credit to the Dominion. Their completion will be an achievement of which the people of Canada may well be proud.

SURVEYING the shipbuilding activities on both coasts, one cannot but admit that the revival of the old wooden industry is a picturesque development of the present day. But it is obviously ephemeral. The steel ship will soon come back into its own when once the conclusion of peace releases millions of tons of

shipping from military and naval uses. And that is why no Canadian should lay too much stress on the present flurry in wooden ships. Rather should he inquire into the resources of the country in the matter of facilities for building steel vessels.

Apart from a few small steel freighters built at one or other of our ocean ports, construction of steel steamers in Canada has been limited very largely to vessels designed for lake navigation. Our shipyards are not located at Halifax, Sydney, or St. John, but at Port Arthur, Collingwood and Toronto. When it comes to trans-Atlantic service, the British-built freighter has had the field to itself, even when operated by a Canadian company. To-day, oddly enough, Canadian shipyards are not engaged in a feverish effort to build ships for a national marine, but they are practically all busy turning out steel freighters for neutral shipowners. Norway in particular, a country that has suffered very serious losses as a result of the submarine activities of the Germans, has placed orders for ships that will keep Canadian builders occupied for many months. Already two, three-thousand ton freighters for Norway have been launched at Port Arthur and two more are under construction at the same shipbuilding plant, that of the Western Drydock and Shipbuilding Co. The Polson Iron Works at Toronto are at work on two similar ships and have orders for two more of larger size. The Thor Iron Works, also of Toronto, have two freighters under way; and the Canadian Vickers plant at Montreal is building two 7,000-ton vessels.

These Norwegian freighters are of the single deck type, with poop, bridge and fore-castle. They have two cargo holds with hatches in each hold. The propelling machinery is located amidships. The 3,000-ton type are 261 feet long, 43 feet 6 inches wide and 28 feet two inches deep. They are built to take the highest class in Lloyd registry and under their special survey. The government has issued per-

Continued on page 87.



The planking of a new vessel.

The Madness of Trethevick

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Soul of Nanook," "Porteous, V.C.," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

FROM a side lane he turned into St. Catherine Street immediately in front of me, a distinctive figure that one picked automatically from the over-groomed crowd that sauntered eastward in the bland sunshine of a June morning. He was rather below middle height, dressed in soft grey, well-worn tweeds, and walked with an easy, deliberate roll, that even without his sun-baked skin and loose, powerful hands would have marked him as a sea-faring man. For the rest of it, I saw a bronzed neck, a broad, smooth shoulder and legs slightly bowed. He sent out curious suggestions that he was a citizen at large, foot-loose and unhampered with this world's goods. He displayed no particular interest in either the place or the crowd.

So tempting was he to one's speculative fancy, that I fell in behind him, and it was not until we were opposite the window of a famous jeweller in Phillips Square that I saw his face. Here he wheeled abruptly and stood staring. I had a glimpse of rugged features, a short nose, an enormous mouth and a skin that resembled soft, brown leather. The eyes were small and green-grey. The visage was dotted with tiny scars, none of them disfiguring, but producing, in a multitude of fine, white cicatrices, an extraordinary impression of exposure and of innumerable hazards. He was not only weather-beaten, but world-beaten, and on him rested the sign of the seven seas.

IN THE middle of the shop window, backed by a fold of white velvet, glowed a ruby. It was perhaps a third of an inch in diameter and shaped irregularly like a Maltese cross. Such at least was my first impression. But, looking closer, one perceived that it was owing to a curious refraction of light that this form presented itself. No words can describe the vivid purity of its color, the cardinal gleam of its blood-like depth. It lay in the white folds so extraordinarily alive that it seemed capable of motion. What it was worth was impossible to guess.

From the stone I glanced at the stranger. His lids were half closed, but behind them his stare was cloudy with some intense emotion. Thrusting his hands into his pockets I noticed the great fists clinch and bulge. He paid no attention to me, but stared and stared. Presently his lips parted, and a sound, half sigh, half exclamation escaped him, while, to my imagination, the green of his eyes and the glow of the ruby mingled in a mysterious and mutual recognition. He glanced at me almost truculently and resumed his scrutiny.

FOR SEVERAL moments we stood thus, till I found myself curiously loth to break away. I seemed to have touched the edge of a charmed circle in the centre of which gleamed this amazing stone, while round it swung the orbit of this stranger. It was his affair, but his with an intensity that anchored me

there, while to my ears came the pounding of surf on distant shores and the babble of strange and melodious tongues.

"It's a wonderful stone," I ventured.

He nodded with a touch of impatience. It seemed that, lacking the language of his experience, I had begun without point. Presently he yielded to a communicable impulse.

"Like 'em?" The voice was deep with a quality that rumbled far down in his throat.

"They fascinate me." I tried to explain what I felt about rubies, but with this man listening, it sounded thin and amateurish.

"Got any?"

"A few," I said. "Nothing unusual—nothing like that." I turned again to the great gem. "Shall we go in and look at it?"

His eyes opened wider. "Mean that?"

"Of course."

A MOMENT later the ruby was laid in his wide hand. Its blood-red pyramid rested just above a long white line that ran straight across from the thumb to the base of the little finger. When that gash was made it must have laid open his palm. For a long time he peered, the salesman eyeing him curiously. He gave it back with reluctance.

The jeweller, I learned, had only just received it; had picked it up, it was explained, quite at random. It had not come through a recognized dealer. They thought of mounting it, but in the meantime had that very morning exhibited it for the first time. It might remain till the end of a week or a month, they could not tell.

The stranger listened with an intentness that would have been stolid were it not for an occasional swift flicker in his green eyes. Finally I felt a tug at my sleeve. "Come on."

Regaining the street we saw the gem replaced in its velvet fold. My companion watched it grimly and glanced at me with a sudden change of expression.

"I'll tell you something. Have a drink!"

"Alright," I nodded. "Where?"

He glanced up and down the street. "Not here, come over east." Hesitating, he surveyed me with a quiet and pondering eye. "Don't know you—you don't know me—just as you like." He stood waiting while little, scimitar-shaped wrinkles puckered into being and the corners of the wide mouth twitched quizzically. I seemed to catch the faintest possible appeal. "Stay with me and you're alright—anywhere," he jerked out, half turning. Now for the first time I noted, not the breadth, but the enormous thickness of his chest.

NODDING quite automatically, I followed him down town to the waterfront. Here, plunging through a maze of streets unknown to me, he entered a small saloon, behind which was a large, low-

roofed room. From the walls projected short partitions. These, curtained in, made a ring of semi-private cubby-holes. In each was a small table and two short wooden benches. Half were empty, but from behind the drawn curtains of the others I caught fragments of Spanish and Italian and heard snatches of strange lingoes, sibilant and musical. Amid this suggestive murmur men lounged in and out. I observed a constant procession of olive faces, dark eyes and hair, loose, comfortable garments, noiseless movement, bright-colored neckcloths; but it was a procession that lacked any communication. There were no greetings. It seemed rather a place for the discussion of affairs that must not be mooted outside. Here, too, my companion lost much of his former distinction. The seamed face, the green eyes and nameless atmosphere of him were all of one nature with his surroundings. It was I who appeared out of place.

He pounded on the table. A Chinaman shuffled in with a bottle of rum, and looked at me blandly. My companion, waiting till I was served, thrust a horny finger into the bowl of a bulldog pipe, and stared at me keenly over the spurting flame of a match.

"That ruby," he said. "It's mine."

I put down my glass. "Yours?"

HIS LARGE mouth was tightly compressed. Presently he began again, blurring out his words with an accumulated explosive force as though they had been gathering within him for months. "It's because you asked me if I'd like to see it—that's why. That's—that's why I talked. We're different—not many would have asked that—know that yourself. My ruby just the same. Didn't know I'd find it there. Don't know if this interests you—say so if it doesn't. You said you liked rubies. Look!"

He thrust a hand inside his shirt and pulled out a small leather pouch. This was fastened to a fine steel chain that ran round his neck. "Put down your handkerchief, it's cleaner than mine."

I did so, wondering. He tilted the pouch and there slipped out half a dozen rubies, not large, but of the very finest quality. I could see at a glance that they were all pigeon blood. He picked one up, holding it between finger tips of polished parchment worn white. It glowed there, a living flame. "You like 'em—I love 'em. That's the difference. Don't care for size—quality counts. Same thing all through. Eh?"

I nodded, rather breathless. On the table were thousands of dollars. My eye wandered to the top of the partition.

"That's alright," he interjected. "Most of 'em have something stowed away. Besides, no one next door. I looked. My name's Trethevick, should have told you. Twenty years ago I started." His eyes lingered on the gems. "That's as far as I got. All except the big one. My God!" He toyed with his glass, his brows fur-

rowed into sudden lines. "Know Burmah?"

"I wish I did."

"Stay where you are. Never mind about Burmah. All mad there—natives I mean—whites get like that too. Slow, lazy madness—wakes you up in the middle of the night. It's like the flowers and orchids—beautiful and damnable. Air's thick and heavy. Don't want to sleep in case you miss something that's coming. Like that in Burmah—always something coming. By and by you go look for it. Mustn't do that. I did it."

HIS VOICE trailed out and he examined the edge of his glass. I had visions of him examining the edges of countless other glasses in queer places, with just that same deliberate interest. His hand dropped over the cluster of gems and a smile worked slowly along his lips. But his eyes did not smile.

"Best way to find rubies is to get lost up country. Mogok's fair and I've seen pretty stones at Kyat Pen. Mostly worked out now. Drifted back from there to Mandalay. Say, this interest you?" He checked himself and stared at me.

"Tremendously. Please go on."

"Only talking because you were decent and like rubies. Shut me up if you get tired, eh! Started out from Mandalay again and got over into the South Shan States. Rough country, all shot to pieces, with a little paradise dumped into every wrinkle of the hills. Got over near Paug. It's a stone's throw out of China. That's where I found Nyali."

I sat motionless. It seemed somehow natural that he should have found Nyali. He was just the man. Leaving him there with his discovery I groped back and saw her waiting, wondering, even, why he did not come. Trethevick's voice blended with this, sounding husky and distant. He had begun to talk about black earth, brown skins, green leaves and blue—no not blue, but purple skies. Subjectively I plucked him out of his dissertation, and he went on in a jerky sequence.

"You see I was mad and went to look. Found her in village—sort of queen—worshipped all round that district—kind of incarnation of Krishna. She took to me. After a while I started to worship too—different way—you understand. Village all boxed in with big timber—like a hole in green, velvet carpet. Nyali sat all day in a little temple. Villagers came in with presents and kissed her feet. One day I kissed her lips instead—that started it."

A SILENCE followed, broken by his pounding again on the table. "Have another drink. Come on. You don't know what it is to have a white man to drink with." He spoke rapidly to the Chinaman in a language I could not follow.

"It's alright. Some of the stuff they keep here is loaded. But," he added significantly, "they know me. Now to get back. It went on like that, then the heavy scent and orchids and incense all got in my blood. She understood—used to wait and have me worship alone. One day I told her—sign language—looks—eyes—lips—old yarn. But, as I say, she understood. Tired of having feet kissed. Then Sukotai found out."

Trethevick's hand turned over and he glanced thoughtfully at the white scar that ran across his palm. "Didn't tell you about Sukotai. Big man of village, plenty of wives, crazy about rubies. Had a good lot. He used to show 'em to me. Told me about an old mine he found. Used to go there at end of rainy season and

secretly aspired. But, and the question baffled me, had I this man's terrible and inborn fixity of purpose? What ravages would his experiences have made in my own face? Would I have come through like him, or would the mysterious East have smothered and straightway forgotten me? All this was at work in my brain till, in fancy, I entered that dusky temple and kissed Nyali on the lips. Trethevick's voice sounded again.

"I was the only white man there. That was it. Some half-castes—but blood runs down in the Orient when you mix it. Don't know how Sukotai found out, but he did. Taxed me with it next day. He could talk Portuguese, so could I. Told me many men had tried for what I wanted, all white men, and all dead now."

I laughed. Told him Nyali was tired sitting on a teak throne and having her feet tickled. He didn't like that—none of 'em liked it. As I say, I was mad. Then I fixed it up with Nyali. Scheme was to get over to the head waters of the Menam River and raft it down to Bangkok.

"How far was that?" I ventured.

"Nothing much. Four or five hundred miles. We struck out one morning for Patung—that's just inside the Laos States border—footing it, of course. Nyali had a couple of sarongs and that's about all. I carried food and a rifle. We made a good get-away. That night we slept in the bush. You don't know what that is. Bush is quiet by day, alive at night. It creaks, crawls, groans, laughs and cries. It moves, it all moves. Understand that? The leaves move and the ferns, and the palms. You hear things creeping where there aren't any. Smell of the orchids is thick and chokes one. Butterflies as big as your hat, and bats that suck you dry. Nyali didn't care—she was too happy—and I was mad. That night she plaited orchids and crowned me. I looked like a sacrifice. But I wasn't the sacrifice." He broke off abruptly.

"Nyali sat all day in a little temple. . . . After a while I started to worship too—different way—you understand."

wash for 'em. Time was nothing to him. As I see it now, we were all crazy. Strange desires and love—mostly ended with a stab in the back. Never went first on the trail—always sent other fellow. Didn't like to hear 'em pad, pad along behind. Just between the shoulders—that's the place."

He paused, regarding me with a new interest. "That's it, just occurred to me. You ought to be thankful for what you've not got. People here are sane—no strange desires—damned lucky for them."

AT THAT moment Trethevick took on new and compelling proportions.

In a flash I saw in him the man I had wanted to be, and read in his rugged lineaments the history of those flights and passions to which I myself had long and

IN THE silence that followed I could hear the Chinaman shuffle past our cubby-hole and the rattle of curtain rings as he entered one further along. Trethevick had gathered up the rubies and scattered them along the white scar that crossed his palm till it seemed to have spurted bright and symmetrical drops of blood. He began again, more jerkily than ever, drifting into pauses that he bridged with hard, searching glances, from his grey-green eyes.

"That night made a bunk in the moss. Just before she went to sleep, took out a little parcel. It was round her neck. Told me to open it. The ruby slid out."

My pulse leapt. "What ruby?"

"Mine. You saw it in the shop." His tones shook in spite of him.

"Go on." My own voice was unsteady. "It was this way. Sacred stone—pro-



perty of Krishna—worth a heap. Nyali knew that, she supposed to be descendant of Krishna—don't know if I've got right end of it, doesn't matter anyway. Sukotai knew too. I didn't. That's why she loved me, because I didn't know. Wanted me to take it. Wouldn't, and left it round her neck. Told her we'd sell it outside, then I'd buy a place in Canada—come from here—and settle down. That night I heard a sound—like a sigh and a soft blow. Saw something. Grabbed at it, then swung the rifle. Too dark to see."

He delivered these words with abrupt velocity, palpably hurrying to get the thing over. What it cost him to say them he only knew, but I could see the muscles rise in ridges on his jaw and his eyes were like flint.

"Struck something—yelped like a dog. Nyali was dead—creese in her left breast—look here."

He tugged at his belt and laid on the table a Malay knife with a blade ten inches long. The steel rippled into a slow wave and on either side was a fine tracery of lines. The haft was of ivory. In the end of it a lump of jade shone pale and green.

"It's Sukotai's. He got the ruby. They told me afterwards I'd knocked one of his eyes out." He leaned forward intently. "Sukotai brought it to Montreal and sold it. Now listen. Sukotai won't leave it. It's sold, I know, but he loves it. Bigger thing than Krishna to him. Understand? He'll follow it—always. It's like that with rubies and some men. Now I know, and this," he patted the handle of the creese, "he'll get this too. He never loved her—only wanted the ruby. I'm telling you. You're decent—got me into that shop."

TILTING his brown hand, the string of gems dripped along the furrow of the white scar and back into the little pouch. Trethevick bent forward to thrust the creese into its sheath and, as he did so, I heard or thought I heard a sound from above. Glancing at the top of the partition immediately behind him, I blinked and stared fixedly.

Projecting above the boards were a man's head and shoulders. The hair was black and oily, the face smooth and copper-colored. The eyes, or indeed, as I noted marvelling, the one eye was black and lustrous, shining malevolently between a slit of narrowed lids. The other was but a blank and gaping hole, grotesquely horrible. Around his throat an orange colored cloth, twisted loosely. He stayed immovable for an instant, then ducked. I heard a soft thud as his feet reached the floor.

Trethevick started. "What's that? What are you staring at?" His hand moved swiftly to the creese.

"Sukotai, I think." My voice trembled and broke.

ON THE instant he plunged through the curtain. There followed a crash. Immediately outside had been moved one of the small tables. Into this he stumbled, cursing. Other curtains were snatched open and strange faces protruded. At the sight of Trethevick, someone chuckled. He had the ring to himself. His lips had lifted like a dog's. "Alright," he said grimly. "I know now. I tell you it's alright. He's here—it may take a while, but—Have another drink." He shook himself and breathed deeply.

I had sudden longings for air and sunlight. On the way out, he asked no questions of any one, for this was not a place where they were answered. As we struck back towards the Square he talked with a sort of blunt assurance as though to convince me that this was his affair and I must in no way intervene. He needed no advice—no help.

"It's this way," he went on. "I know this city. Only about eight places he can go to and be at home. I've got eighty. See? He'll just trail between those and the shop. Can't get away from that ruby. You won't see that. No use telling you. Now he knows that I know. Don't want you mixed up—anything happens to me, you never heard of me. Understand? A bit of up-country Burmah you sort of tripped over in Montreal. Best way to find it, believe me. Let the tropics sweat along without you. They're rotten. Folks go rotten there too. I know—I've seen 'em. Don't be sorry for any one. Nyali found out what love was before she died. That's more than most of 'em do. If we meet we don't know each other. What's your address? If I get through you'll hear. You like rubies, I'll remember that. You're decent—got me into that store. So long."

He sheered off and was instantly lost.

OF THE days that followed it is not necessary to speak save that again and again, as though magnetized, the great ruby drew me into its glowing presence. I stared through the window till, had my identity not been known to the jeweller, he might well have regarded me with suspicion. At night I looked from my high windows over the city, pondering that somewhere in its twinkling depths Trethevick moved inexorably towards his self-appointed task. I even saw him oc-

asionally, and always in the vicinity of our first meeting, but only by a twinkle in the grey eyes did he proclaim our acquaintance. Having spoken and unburdened his lonely soul, he seemed now to be conserving himself absolutely for his grim pursuit, and it was this silence, this imperturbable fixity, that convinced me the end was not far off.

It might have been two weeks after we parted that when nearing the jeweller's shop I became aware that the glance of those who approached and passed was directed almost invariably to someone who walked behind me. I seemed, as it were, preceding a personage in comparison with whom I was negligible, and these oblique glances, this continuous diverting of the gaze of the oncoming stream of pedestrians, aroused in me a strange feeling of discomfort. I turned sharply to look into a window. In its polished surface I saw the face that so lately had glared over the partition. The black hair was hidden beneath a white turban. I could perceive no eye, only an appalling cavity. With a thrill I remembered that it was Sukotai's right eye that was missing. Instinctively I shivered, knowing that on me was bent the baleful glare of the other and now invisible orb.

Falling in behind, I followed at a little distance. Sukotai had bought European clothes, but they did not disguise the extraordinary suppleness of his body. He walked easily and rapidly, apparently unconscious of an almost universal scrutiny. A moment later my heart beat violently. On the opposite side of the street, and a little to the rear, moved Trethevick's broad, thick-set figure. It gave me an amazing sense of something permanent, resourceful and infinitely determined, which filtered into this walk of death and carried me so far that at last I caught a swift signal to desist. This, it said, was Trethevick's affair and he wished to be left to it. Then the crowd swallowed them both.

HOW OR where it happened I do not know. There was nothing in the papers about it. Montreal only absorbed in her teeming bosom another mystery. But Trethevick came through. I know that. I have often wondered whether his brown hands trembled at all when he wrapped up a small parcel that I received soon afterwards. In it I found an orange colored neckcloth, worn thin and stained with long use. In one fold was a small ruby, pigeon blood.

"From Mogok," pronounced my jewellers. So crimson is it, so lustrous, that it might have ebbed from the very heart of Nyali herself.

A Complete Novelette Next Issue

A feature of the February Number will be a complete novelette "DANTON OF THE FLEET," by A. C. Allenson.

Paying For Present Prosperity

By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Canadian Commonwealth," etc.

THIS article deals with conditions in the United States; but much that is said, with regard to industrial matters, applies also to Canada. The Dominion is also enjoying an era of high wages and its inevitable accompaniment, higher cost of living. Canada also has to look carefully forward to the future with the knowledge that both wages and food prices must come down.

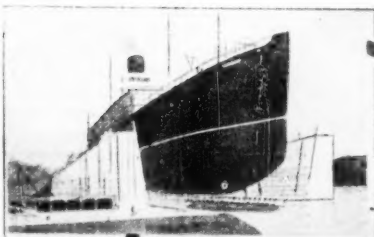
But there the analogy ceases. Canada has not plunged riotously into the orgy of speculation that has vibrated the whole American nation. Canada has been laying something aside for the uncertain future. And Canada, having borne a noble part in the world war, is not perplexed with the political difficulties that darken the future of the United States.

However, future developments in the United States are of very grave interest to Canadians, so close are the business relations between the two countries. Consequently the facts that must be presented have a closer significance for Canadians than might at first appear.

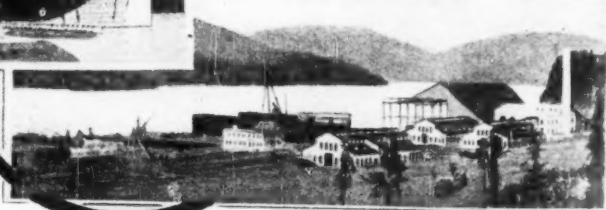
THE United States is in the midst of the most riotous prosperity it has ever known in all its history. There is literally not an unemployed worker in the country from Atlantic to Pacific. Wages have doubled, trebled, quadrupled in three years. Cases are on record of hotel porters at \$25 a month going to munition factories at \$35 and \$40 a week. In the case of expert piece workers in munition factories, men, who formerly earned only \$2 a day, are now making from \$11 to \$30, not a week, but a day. Day workers are netting more in 8 hours than their foremen net in a week. They are netting more in a week than their bankers net in a month. The increases in wages in the United States total in one year more than \$300,000,000—that is, the wage increases of factory hands equal half the value of a year's wheat crop.

When one comes to consider dividends in industry, the picture is not so rosy. High wages and high cost of raw material lower dividends; but in the case of exports to warring nations, the selling price has taken care of high wages, high priced raw material and high dividends. There are certain steel products selling at an advance of 200% over the price of 1914.

Consequences are evident in a wild and runaway stock market. The stock market has been on a something worse than a stampede. It has been on what the street calls a wild "bust." Copper, cotton, steel, wheat, are 200% higher than in 1914. Industrials, munitions, utilities, railroads—all are soaring on a wild volta-plane joy-ride in the clouds, above the



clouds, among the kites and other high explosives that go up to come down; and



add that the price Uncle Sam is paying now is a mere bagatelle compared to the price he is going to pay for the war in the almost immediate future.

Yet look at facts! Look at them hard and take in what they mean!

At the present date of writing—November 1st—the cost of bread, the cost of milk, the cost of meat, the cost of clothing, rent, fuel—each and all are 100% higher in the United States than in Germany or in Austria.

Surely I am mistaken! No, not by as

much as a cent! Five cents to-day will buy a loaf of white bread in Germany twice as large as the 5-cent loaf in New York. Food is cheaper to-day in a Berlin restaurant than in New York. How is that? Because when the price manipulators of Germany began to jack up prices, the Government put on screws and forced them down. This was done in the case of milk, meat, bread, and potatoes—the staple wholesome foods. If any one doubts this, he can get the exact lists of prices from the U.S. Department of Labor and Commerce. Don't confuse points! This does not mean there is not scarcity of food in Germany and Austria. There is great, growing and dreadful scarcity; but for such food as does exist, the price is lower in Europe than in the United States. How is it possible that Europe can pay \$2 plus for American wheat and sell bread cheaper than Americans do? Simply because in time of war the European Governments regulate the price of food. Americans are at peace; and the Trusts in Food Products—beef, pork, milk, wheat, corn—have worked their will unchecked—because, gentlemen, Americans are neutral and are "too proud to fight," and they thank God they are at peace, though a prophet once declaimed about "a peace—peace that was no peace."

I want you to take a few figures on bread! The 5-cent loaf to-day is just half the size it was before the war. Or put it differently! The same sized loaf costs 10 to 12 cents. A housekeeper recently wrote to the New York press that the 6-cent loaf only weighed one-half pound, where it used to cost 5 cents and weigh a pound. She said that loaf just lasted her family of eight one meal. Put it in this way! One 6-cent loaf equals 8 people one meal. Put the population of the United States at one hundred millions! On the basis of 8 people equal one loaf, they require per meal 12,500,000 loaves at 6 cents—or cost per meal in bread \$750,000. Before the war that loaf would have lasted 2 meals and cost only 5 cents. In other words, one-half loaf at 5 cents equals 8 people 1 meal. Total country requires 6,250,000 loaves at 5 cents—or cost per meal in bread \$312,500. We'll suppose at dinner, bread is elimin-

when the coming down time is due, there is a scatteration with ruin and fragments. I hear people who are ordinarily sane predicting how cotton, nickel, copper, wheat, steel—are bound to be—can't possibly miss being—second Bethlehem steels.

And gold continues pouring into the country in volumes to swamp the avarice of Midas. In 1914, there was in the United States a reserve of \$1,890,000,000 of the yellow metal. In 1916, the gold had increased to \$2,700,000,000—an increase of \$800,000,000. Gold is coming to the United States from abroad at the rate of \$65,000,000 a month. Though the country has loaned abroad one and a half billions since the war began, the loans have been chiefly in the forms of credits for goods bought and to be bought; so that as the credits come to be paid, the loans have really increased the yellow floods of inflowing gold. In other words, this country is yearly importing as much gold as the entire world produces in a year.

Exports are to-day four times greater than in 1914.

IS ANY more proof needed of the fact that Uncle Sam is redundantly, riotously prosperous? Could he be any more prosperous and not blow up like the deep sea fish that brought suddenly to the upper rarer airs instantaneously fly to pieces? Is it surprising that the impoverished nations of Europe, taxed to the hilt and battling to the death for freedom, should have a glowing and growing resentment to this democracy larded in opulence, wallowing in wealth, at ease, at peace, safe, while the rest of the world fights for the principles of democracy?

General Wood has declared—and no one has disputed him—that the end of the war would see the United States the most envied, the most hated, the most despised nation of the world; and Theodore Roosevelt has added that Americans will be just about as able to defend themselves as any other fat man with a protruding bay window, or as a huge cheese attacked by maggots.

In the face of all this, it seems almost preposterously incredible to say that Uncle Sam is paying for the war through his pockets and through his nose. It seems one of Shaw's absurd paradoxes to

ated by meat and vegetables and pastry—though flour goes into the cooking of these, too; but put the increased price of bread for two meals a day only, this increase totals \$875,000 a day for the nation. Deduct fast days, though I don't personally know any one in the United States who is fasting. Restaurants and banks and employers say this nation is not fasting—it is riotously feasting and wasting enough to feed another nation; but deduct 65 days in the year; and on a basis of 300 days in the year, the increased cost of bread totals \$262,500,000 for the year. Now America sold Europe in 1914-15 only 338,000,000 bushels of wheat at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$1.75, and in 1915-16 only 250,000,000 bushels at a slightly lower figure. (Europe paid higher by 40 to 50 cents; but that was freight. I am quoting New York and Chicago prices.) In other words, the increased cost of bread to the American consumer for 1916 exceeds all the profit made on American wheat in 1915-16.

AND THE war has caused similar increases in meat, metals, lumber, clothing. Cotton is at 20 cents where it was 10 and 11 cents. Copper is at 24 to 28, where it was 12 to 17 cents. Beef is at 28 to 32, where it was 17 to 22 cents. Oil for motors has almost doubled. Paper prices have quadrupled. Take a look at this list of wholesale prices:—

	1912	1916
Flour (bbl.) ...	\$4.95	\$9.45
Potatoes (bus.) ..	1.50	2.75
Sugar (bbl.) ..	4.90	6.47
Lard (lb.)10½	.15½
Pork (lb.)17	.30
Wheat (bus.) ..	1.06	1.89
Veal (lb.)14	.25
Butter (lb.) ..	.25	.36
Eggs (doz.) ..	.30	.44
Salmon (can) ..	.10	.14
Steak (lb.)18	.32
Lumber (M) ..	\$15 to \$25	\$25 to \$60
Firewood (cord)	\$4 to \$5	\$8 to \$10
Coal (ton) ..	\$5.75 to \$6	\$6 to \$7.75

IT IS all very well, and very misleading to say food has increased in England 55%, in Germany 100%, in Norway 63%—what percentages do you work out the increases for America? Of 210 brands of bread sold in the United States, only 14 in remote sections close to the wheat belt sell at the same price as in 1915. It is also all very well to say the short crops would have sent the price up without the war. They would; but without war, there would not be a universal world shortage; for fifty million men, dead or fighting on the line, would have been at work in productive fields. Also it is no consolation to know that in food products, prices cannot come down much for at least 2 years, for the simple reason, labor is so short and seed so short, there is no possibility of making up the shortage within two seasons.

Statisticians have figured that the war has imposed a tax of 20% on every householder's pocket in the United States. And who get the profits—just a group of highly paid artisans—say 280,000 on the railroads, possibly another 500,000 in steel and allied products. Then as to dividends and surplus gold, an inner group of an inner ring in control of—

- (1) The banks;
- (2) The munition factories such as steel, oil, motors;

(3) The food products such as beef, condensed milk, wheat, flour, etc. The hundred million people pay the tax. The inner group of the inner ring gather the big profits.

BUT THE reaction of the war goes deeper under the skin of things than prices. If I were asked what price Uncle Sam is paying for his joy ride of prosperity, I would answer:—

- (1) In a higher and higher cost of living.
- (2) In a higher and higher cost of labor.
- (3) In a higher and higher cost of capital. (Interest rates used to be 2% to 4%. They are now 5% to 8%.)
- (4) In a surplus abundance of gold that will end in panic.
- (5) In a conspiracy of silence that has entered into the very vitals of the integrity of the nation.
- (6) And finally, there is the aftermath, which no living soul may predict. The aftermath may be a "Feed America First" clamor in the next Congress, deliberately designed to catch the popular ear and to involve the United States in friction with the Allies. Such a plan or plot is now under way among the German propagandists; and the very extortionate cost of living will give it tremendous impetus.

AS TO the increased cost of living, bread is typical. You can work the figures out for yourself in lumber, fuel, beef.

As to labor—consider a moment! Where America formerly had one million immigrants a year, she now has only 100,000—which barely fills the depletion in ranks by mortality and age. Dock laborers are to-day getting \$6 where before the war they got \$1.75; and this is typical of the entire scale. Ford's much heralded \$5 per day would rank only as a moderate wage in many factories. The consequences are apparent. As soon as abnormal profits slacken, capital will be so near the dead line of a topple over, that it will be safer to shut down than to go on. Though the war last another two years, the day of big munition orders is past in America. Europe will need raw material to the end of the war; but

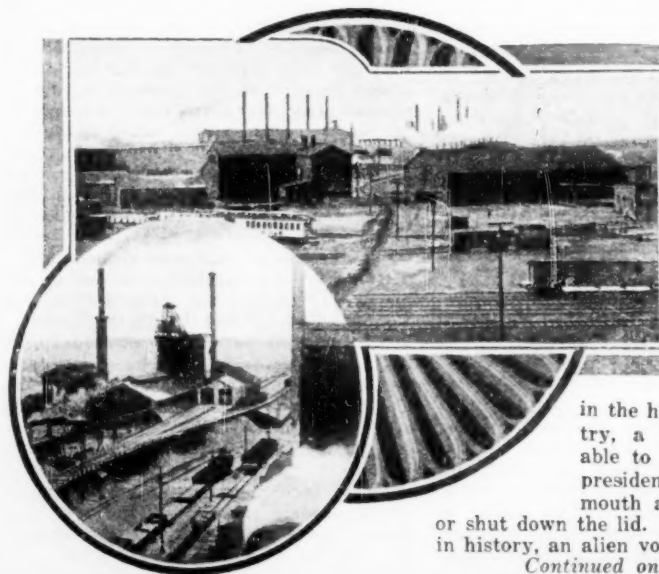
she can amply supply her own munitions from now on. This is true of even Russia. The American stock market still booms, but it booms because dividends are being paid on past orders; and "the inner group of the inner ring" will hold prices up till as usual they have unloaded at top notch prices on the gullible, eager public. Meanwhile, what is happening out in the factories? Let us acknowledge that steel, oil, wheat, flour, copper and beef will "boom" to the end of the war! In munition factories, as many as 5,000 men are being warned in single concerns they will be laid off by Christmas. The labor "slump" has not begun; because no big industry—as the railroads amply demonstrated—would risk a strike before the elections. Nor will the factories risk a strike after elections. They will simply follow the lead of the powder concerns—lay off in batches of 2,000 and 5,000.

HOW does surplus gold in a country bring about a panic? Gold in itself is not worth as much as steel or iron. It is less useful, less durable. It is only valuable as a universal medium of exchange and international barter. Before the war, we'll say, a man was earning \$2 a day and flour was worth \$5 a barrel. The equation stood thus—2½ days' work equals a barrel of flour. But suddenly the gross of gold in a country increased two-fold. Flour increased to \$10 a barrel. The equation stands thus: 4½ days work equals a barrel of flour. But just as the gold increased, the world's supply of flour shrank by half. The equation becomes this: 4½ days work equals one-half barrel of flour. Suddenly labor awakes and scratches its bewildered head. Why is it the purchasing power of the \$5 gold piece shrinks with increasing gold and decreasing flour? So labor demands double wages; and the equation stands thus: 2½ days work equals one-half barrel of flour. Even with double wages, labor gets only half as much flour as before the war; and if you are neither the laborer with the double wages, nor a member of the inner group with the double supply of gold, it isn't hard to explain why you feel the pinch. That is why a "bulge" of gold always means to the street "a bust," or in dignified language, points the way to panic.

OF THE conspiracy of silence which Uncle Sam pays as the price of his prosperity, no better example could be given than the 1916 election. It has been a thing to make every true American hang his head in shame and silence. For the first time

in the history of the country, a foreign vote was able to dictate whether a president should open his mouth and tell the truth, or shut down the lid. For the first time in history, an alien vote was able to dic-

Continued on page 72.



Sugaring Off

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Bluewater Prodigal,"
"In the House of Rimmon," etc.

Illustrated by
Dudley Ward

SPEAKING in legal phrase, one must regard the proximate cause of it all as Mr. Mactavish. Doubtless the Spring season and Mrs. Slingsby were implicated as accessories before the fact, but Mr. Mactavish, general manager of the chain of country banks that dot one section of the province, in sending Philpott to manage the branch at Bramhope, originated the affair. You would scarcely have suspected him of it either, judging from the outward appearance. Tall, thin, grim, dry, with coldly shrewd, blue eyes, he looked much more like an abstract of banking law, bound in parchment, than an agent of the fat little boy with the deadly arrow. Still, as the sapient Mr. Shaw observes, you never can tell.

Those who had to tackle Mr. Mactavish on a tricky bit of personal finance would scarcely have believed that the gimlet eyes could twinkle, but they could, and sometimes did, for behind the gruff exterior he was quite human. Had he been merely the offspring of an elaborate system of accounting, he would not have attained the position he held. He was a student, post-graduate, of men and conditions, and nothing akin to human interest was foreign to him. To the ordinary person, unilluminated by the spark that makes genius, love and ledgers stand at opposed poles. Mr. Mactavish was not an ordinary person; he knew that love jeers at geography, as at most serious things, and he had moments of positive inspiration.

Bramhope, for a country town, was a hustling business centre, and had quite a lively social circle. There was the upper ten, and, mind you, extremely upper too. Then came the middle class, the "bourgeoisie" as those who had travelled on a Cook's excursion as far as Paris, called them. Then the proletariat, herd, mob, unwashed. Radiating from the town were numerous prosperous villages, with quite a number of lively young people in them.

HITHERTO Mr. Mactavish's managers had been snug married men, who being matrimonially disposed of, were supposed to add gravity to the banking business. They were usually the kind who had evolved from the stage at which their figures were slim and hair wavy, to that in which their hair had become slim and their figures wavy. They pottered round their gardens, pipe in mouth, in the hours of summer leisure, and in winter stuck their feet in warm slippers and slept over a newspaper, adjacent to the radiator, when the toils of day were over.

Business was not increasing and a brisk rival in a near by town was running Mactavish's men off their legs, and skimming a lot of nice thick banking cream. It was



"For goodness sake, Archie, get that wet coat off!"

then that the general manager came round on what was called one of his sniffing tours. The result was the arrival of Mr. Archibald Philpott, a dapper, industrious, highly conscientious bachelor. Naturally there are bank clerks and bank clerks — some roystering blades from whose spirits dry finance has not evaporated all the joy of life, and others, who obviously believe that Fate has ordained them to carry forward the pleasing burdens borne by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Philpott took himself quite seriously, as all men of the new efficiency should, was reserved, slightly suspicious that the world might be hyphenating plots against him, correct to modishness in apparel with a distinct taste in ties. Moreover he sang a sweet if mild tenor in Church, played a rather dashing hand at Five Hundred and did not mind being "mothered" by good-natured ladies with marriageable daughters. If there was one flaw in Mr. Philpott—mind I say "if"—it was a shyness with the opposite sex, so far as its unappropriated members were concerned, that amounted almost to priggishness at times.

THIS day there was a delicious, seductive whisper of Spring in the air. The woods were swaying in decorous gladness at its invitation, the lakes and

streams snapping their icy fetters. Customers at the bank seemed to feel the delightful exhilaration. Mr. Philpott felt it too, the subtle, wooing call of the re-awakening world. When a sedate young manager, typing chill notices about notes to come due, finds himself at eleven in the morning humming a syrupy thing about "Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,"

with a luscious "Yum! Yum! Yum" chorus to it, one may fairly argue an abnormal condition of mind. Ordinarily, Mr. Philpott, who had a refined taste in literature, would have despised the doggerel. To-day he merely regretted that his familiarity with the song's sentiment was purely academic and second-hand. There was something, perhaps, to account for this unusual state of his tenderer emotions. A week before he had escorted Miss Emma Carey to a dance, thereby proclaiming his preference to all whom it might concern, for her above other girls. She had responded to this by dancing a quite unnecessary number of times with one Charlie Denison, a mere mine clerk. When she returned, looking deliciously pink and joyous, to the lounge where Mr. Philpott sat moodily ruining a neat little black moustache, he artfully inveigled her into the dim conservatory. So far, so good. One would have supposed, that,

having at least the sense of an average tomtit, he would have evened up on Mr. Denison, the mere mine clerk. Instead, he proceeded to chide the spirited lady rather sulkily. There was a curt request that he mind his own business, the flutter of a defiant fan, the swish of indignant skirts, and he was left in pathetic desolation 'neath the sheltering palm.

The question now was, Could he forgive her? He decided that perhaps he might.

"**H**I! THERE, Mr. Philpott!" The voice, exploding in the midst of his pleasant reflections, startled him. Looking up, he saw a stout lady, with snub nose flattened against the window, her good-natured face wreathed in smiles. Ordinarily the greeting "Hi! There" would have annoyed him, as impinging upon managerial dignity, but Mrs. Slingsby was a privileged person. Her husband had a substantial balance at the bank, and was, moreover, a stockholder. She herself was a cordial soul of the mothering kind. She had one consuming passion in life, being a philanthropic hunter of the biggest of big game—men. Gun or rod over her shoulder, she ranged the woods or whipped the streams for the amphibious creatures.

She had a wide circle of female relatives, and was always on the lookout for suitable young men upon whom she might bestow, or unload, specimens of her friends. She made no secret of it, but laid her plans, sometimes spreading the net, and not vainly, in sight of the bird—for the wise man of the Old Testament did not know everything—and then went after her quarry with bold, good-humored shrewdness that was a lesson in the refinements of the diplomatic game. Had Mrs. Slingsby been sent to the Balkans she would have had the various royal wobblers roped and hog-tied in less time than Downing Street could turn round in.

Having discovered the unattached young man, she decided to whom he ought to belong and then started after him with dinners, picnics, parties, cosy corners and shrewd throwings together, till she netted him. Then she struck him off her calendar. No need to run after the bus you've caught. She made a young man so appreciate the homey comforts of home that he just had to have one of his own. Sometimes, later, the young man—But never mind, that's a different story. And they're fickle anyway.

PHIPLOTT was a superior kind of fish, and, while at times her bluntness distressed his finer sensibilities, he felt she was quite unique, and capable of slapping the President of the Bank on the back, or poking Mr. Mactavish in the ribs. She was that kind of a woman. She now came in, grasped his hand in a wrestler's grip, and held it while she searched his face eagerly for indications of ill-health that would furnish excuse for more coddling. He was vastly relieved when she let go, a horrible feeling at his heart that she might give way to her feelings and kiss him.

"And how be ye?" she asked, squeezing herself into an armchair. "Kind o' peeked looking, and no wonder, with all that germ-breeding money round. Ain't it the darling day? Stock's all out at grass, and folks busy as bees sugaring. I came to ask you out for Friday. It's a holiday, so I've fixed up a sugaring-off

for afternoon, with a dance at night. You'll come?"

"I'll be glad to, thank you, Mrs. Slingsby," he replied. "There's a sort of spring feeling in the air."

"Ain't there now?" she agreed. "Well, I'm glad you can come Friday. But, mind, you've got to bring a girl."

"A girl!" he repeated, his pale face becoming very pink.

"Huh! Huh!" she nodded. "Capital G-i-r-l, Girl." She leaned over the flat-topped desk, and whispered in a hoarse rumble the most distant clerk could hear. "There's Emma Carey." There was a chuckle in the outer office and Mr. Philpott coughed sternly. He thought Mrs. Slingsby unusually indelicate.

"Had a spat, ain't ye?" she grinned. "That's nothing at all. Love without spats is like turkey without cranberry." And the dear old ruffian winked understandingly and departed. Really, thought Archibald, she had odd manners and speech, but her heart was all right.

AFTER she had gone, he made a valiant effort to settle down to work, but in vain. Emma Carey's face seemed to be framed in the middle of his ledger pages; and such illustrations are not conducive to accurate accounting. He went to lunch, but even boarding house fare could not down the ethereal feeling. He returned, singing snatches he had caught from the warblings of his clerks, about honey girls, and beautiful dolls, and such-like unmanagerial vanities. He pined for first hand knowledge of these things that seemed so amazingly familiar to the most ordinary youth in the office.

When the bank closed he went out for a walk. Feeling like revelry he turned into the Greek's for an ice-cream soda. There, at the counter, buying chocolate, was Emma Carey, dainty as Spring itself, merry-eyed, pink-cheeked, with delicious little curls about her temples that the wind, whispering Spring messages, had ruffled distractingly. His first impulse was to bolt, a second and worthier one drove him on. She turned and gave him a smiling nod, and a wave of delight engulfed him. He remarked the extraordinary weather, she commented on the unprecedented earliness of Spring. Thus they found themselves at a little corner table, with ice cream sodas before them. She was gathering her packages, preparatory to departure, when he determined to grasp opportunity.

"Miss Carey," he began. He had only dared to call her "Emma" in the brilliant duologues he sustained in the privacy of his room.

She looked up with a smile of expectancy.

"There is to be a sugaring-off at Mrs. Slingsby's on Friday. May I—? That is, would you—? Er! I mean would you give me the pleasure of your company?" she stammered.

"I'd really love to, Mr. Philpott," she replied. His spirits winged the empyrean. "If I hadn't made another engagement." There was a momentary sparkle, almost vicious, in the corner of her eyes. He had been an idiot about the dance, sulking, of all detestable things, and making stupid demonstration that gave publicity to what might have been just a temporary, bitter-sweet secret for two. "I promised to go to the sugaring-off with Mr. Denison."

The blow caught him full on the point of the jaw. He vaguely hoped that

young Mr. Denison might call at the bank one of these early mornings, seeking a little trifling accommodation. He'd accommodate him all right.

Before he could disentangle himself from the astronomical confusion, Miss Wyndham entered the store. Her arrival brought him to, as a spray of ice water may have done. Miss Wyndham was not pretty, according to popular standards. But then it isn't every man who cares for sugar and candy. There are those, good judges of what they like, too, who fancy an acid dash in their sweets. Prudence Wyndham had disconcertingly direct eyes. Sometimes Mr. Philpott fancied he could see them laughing at him behind their demure grey veil. He thought she lacked the soothing sweetness of true womanliness. His preference was for the clinging type, who rely, or make a bluff at it, on the grand masculinity of the sterner sex, and turn it to account after marriage in making him lug coal hods and wheel baby carriages. He could not fancy Miss Wyndham as a real bit of ivy. Indeed, he suspected her of being quite capable of turning the shafts of ridicule upon the sensitively tender sentimentalities of love. Really, he was afraid she was satirical, which is an unfeminine thing that no truly loving woman should be guilty of.

"Prudence!" said Emma to the new arrival. "Will you come with us to Aunt Slingsby's on Friday? There is to be a sugaring-off, dance, and moonlight drive home. It will be ripping fun. I'm sorry I can't stay now, but you and Mr. Philpott can fix things up. Thank you for the soda, Mr. Philpott. It was delicious. I'd have one if I were you, Prue. They are scrumptious." And so the traitress abandoned him.

MISS WYNDHAM looked after the flying Emma, then surveyed the downcast man. A ghostly smile flickered about her expressive lips.

"I think I will have a soda, lemon, please." And she took the vacant chair. Mr. Philpott roused and politely gave the order.

"Charming girl, Emma," she observed. "A trifle impulsive and casual, perhaps. The soda is excellent. Please do not mind disentangling me from your arms, Mr. Philpott."

He gasped and blushed vividly, the girl regarding him absently.

"I mean, of course, metaphorically," she explained primly. "Emma flung me into them so very unceremoniously. Horribly embarrassing, and all that kind of thing—but I love sugaring-offs, don't you?"

He returned to the bank wrathfully. "Spring!" The man who said so was a liar. Philpott descended to the cellar and coaled up the furnace.

III.

MR. PHILPOTT was not an expert horseman, and the livery people always gave him a horse purged of earthly passion. This day the beat was an unqualified plug. Timid as was the driver, he wished it a snorting, thunderbolt of an equine dragon. Two hours, as we all know, may be a prolonged eternity, or the fraction of an instant. So much depends on the girl. Between Miss Wyndham and himself was a six inch gap, efficient as

one of six miles to bar the *entente cordiale*, fitting, if not proper, on such occasions.

He recollected rides with Emma, and the bumps on the joggly bits of road. It was not at all the same now. Prudence was thinner. Lashed by memory he passed it on to the horse.

But things were all right after their arrival. Emma was there already, and seemed disposed to be nice to him. A sugaring-off has no formality, and Prudence displayed no desire to retain her escort. She knew everybody, was popular, and so promptly dropped him. He bustled about with Emma through the snowy bush, as if he had been an ordinary young man, fetching buckets of sap. He sat with her on the log bench while the boiling was going on, shared the excitement at the critical moment, dashed out with her to cool the "wax" on the snow, and ate out of the same tin. At the dance, too, he monopolized her with an artful boidness that amazed himself. The fun was at its height when Slingsby came in.

"Guess you folks will have to stay the night. The river's full and rising fast. It may go out any time, and the snow on the road is rotten," he said

FOR a week the sun had been melting the snow crust and, after the sugaring-off, rain had come in warm torrential showers. Emma said she must get home, if at all possible, so Denison started with her at once.

Mr. Philpott slept over the bank, though what he would have done had an enterprising burglar appeared, was matter for speculation among his acquaintance. Off he went with Miss Wyndham, the horse, homeward bound, putting on a speedier shuffle. The rain was not so heavy now, but they could hear the river, ordinarily a rivulet, thundering down in spate to the lake.

Twice it had to be crossed, and the bridges were rickety, wooden make-shifts, built to go out at Spring flood, and furnish neat little jobs for near-by farmers to top off the hard winter with. The first bridge they crossed safely, though the waters were running bank high, with logs and trees smashing against the crazy supports. Halfway across the flat to the second they met the flooding waters, and the horse began to flounder badly.

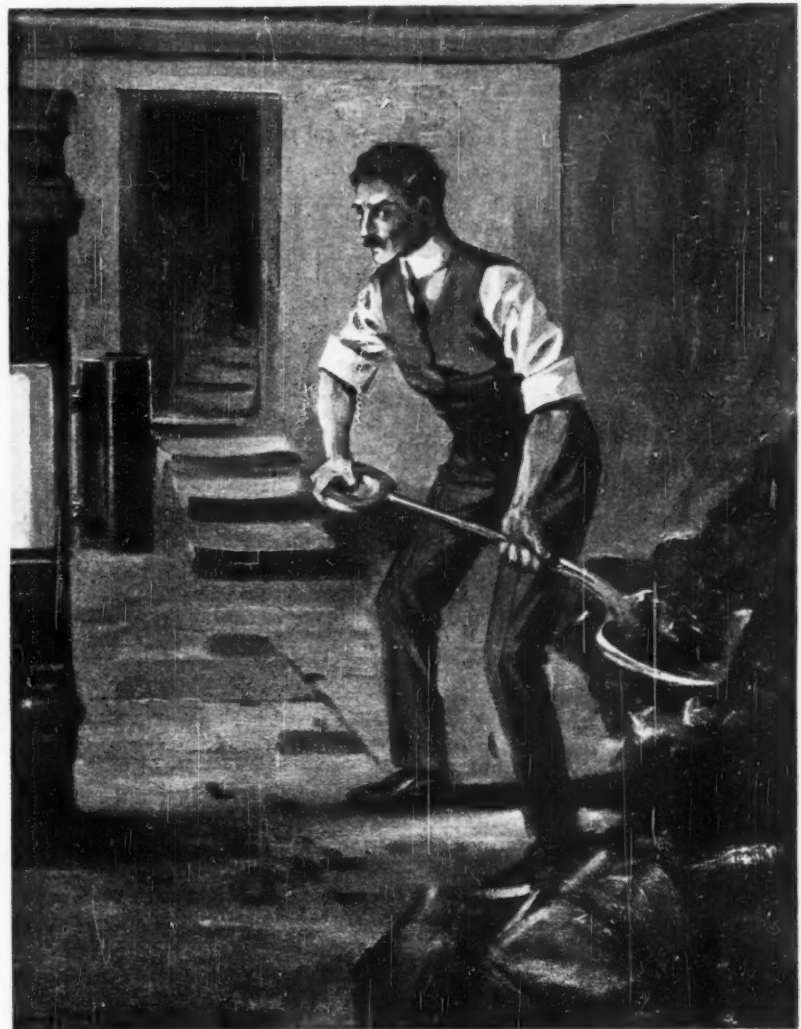
"I'm afraid we can't make it," said Mr. Philpott gloomily.

"Mr. Denison got through," replied Miss Wyndham, pointing to a swiftly moving light on the hill beyond. "Still, if we can't, we can't."

He turned the horse, and back they splashed dismally. They had not gone far when, with a rending of timbers, the bridge went out.

"Whoa!" groaned Mr. Philpott, the full horror of the situation coming upon him. They couldn't get back, and they couldn't get home. The same thought seemed to occur to Miss Wyndham at the same moment, and she laughed a hard, irritating laugh. There was silence for some moments, except for the roaring of the river, and the splashing of waters about the sleigh. Then she began to hum. He recognized the tune, "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring." The Tra-la-la-la part annoyed him excessively.

HE TURNED to look at the strange girl who could be frivolous at such a moment. There was a pensive look,



He went to the stove and built up a comfortable fire.

negating the thought of frivolity, on her pale face, as he viewed it in the wan moonlight. The thought then flashed across his mind that she was probably in love with him, and regarded drowning in his company as next door but one to perfect bliss.

"It occurred to me that it is so spring-like and balmy," she explained, waving her hand at the watery wastes. "The flood will dry up, probably, in about two weeks, if that's what you are waiting for." Thereupon he concluded she did not love him. Her tones assured him on this point; there was frost in them.

"I am considering," he replied, a trifle petulantly.

"Oh, very well. Don't let me disturb you," she said, pulling the rug more closely about her. "The water is up to my ankles now, and when I arrange to drown, I'd like to do it pleasantly with warm water."

"There's Dampier's Camp on the hill," he suggested desperately. "It is furnished, though unfortunately unoccupied at this early season. They have a telephone, though, and we might call up Slingsby."

"I'm not pining for either company or

conversation," she observed. "I'm afraid that that sounds rude. I mean I don't want company or conversation other than yours. Gracious me! Whatever is the matter with my tongue? What I am trying to say is that I want a roof over my head, and to be dry. Bother the company and the telephone. There's nothing to wait for here that I can see, but a better land by a cold and wet route. Please shake up the thunderbolt."

THEY made the Camp safely. He stabled the horse, climbed through a window and let the lady in. There was oil in the lamps, so he lighted the place up, and went out to give the horse hay, so he said, really to ponder the situation calmly. When he got back she was crimping her hair before the kitchen mirror, her mouth full of hairpins. The familiar domesticity of it fascinated Philpott.

"There!" she said, giving her hair a final pat, and straightening her waist. "I feel so homelike and comfortable. For goodness sake, Archibald, get that wet coat off. Look how you're messing up the floor."

There was an air of finality about her, *Continued on page 69.*

Putting a Yardstick on Canada

By B. D. Thornley

Who wrote "Putting the Crop Across," etc.

Illustrated by Photographs of Our Western Coast

"GOING to the Coast" is an old story to the Canadian of to-day.

He's accustomed to put the yardstick of his diner bills against the Forty-ninth Parallel of latitude until he realizes in his pocketbook that the Dominion of Canada is three thousand miles across as the crow flies, and even more than that as Lord Shaughnessy follows.

But the Canadian who says casually, "I'm just back from Fort St. John—or Fort Liard—or the Mackenzie River," is

a man to be listened to. If you can make him talk. North-travellers haven't the garrulity that grows close to the border. Unfortunately, too, for us ordinary mortals who might desire to trek and find out for ourselves, the Great Bear, which is a lake, is almost as hard to get at as its namesake that swings in the night sky. It's little more than a thousand miles due north of Calgary, to be sure, but much of the space between is as uncharted for common folk as the mountains of the moon.

The only way for the decorous and be-suit-cased traveller to find out the north and south extension of this cream-of-the-Empire dominion—which the Germans were so thoughtfully willing to skim off for themselves—is to take ship at Vancouver for the thousand mile coastline trip to Skagway, topping it off with a five hundred mile run to Dawson, or a thousand mile jaunt to Fort Yukon to see the midnight sun, if the sight-seer isn't so strictly all-red in his proclivities as to object to sailing down the vast Alaskan artery into American territory for a convenient glimpse at also-Canadian conditions.

In this way the be-suit-cased will gain the horizon-broadening advantages enjoyed by the chap with the dog team who goes to the Mackenzie, without experiencing an hour's discomfort. He can get his hot bath, have his clothes pressed, turn on the electric fan and enjoy his chef-cooked dinner at any and all stages of the trip. Also he can save an immense amount of time and the harrowing long chances of doctorless wastes and treacherous rapids and the

combat with that blind uncertainty which is the untamed North.

WE STARTED on the liner *Princess Charlotte*, the biggest boat that ever takes the Alaska run, from either north or south of the border. Here and there among the passengers you could pick out a man to whom this trip was an old tale—a steady-eyed coastwise captain, a new York mining engineer, a capitalist from Washington interested in the Tread-

Some of them danced and tea-ed and bridged just as they'd have done in Muskoka or Newport. More of them, let us hope, felt the loom of that immensity which is Canada, that wonder of vast forest, unknown mineral tract, ungauged river-depth, that lay to the right of them through all the sombre, unforgettable miles that stretched toward the shaking fingers of the Northern Lights.

British Columbia is the biggest province of Canada. You could take the

whole boiling German Empire and lose it in B.C. You could throw in France afterward and there'd be very little to spill over into the Yukon. Or you could make three Great-Britain - and - Irelands, with enough left over for a couple of Switzerland. According to the 1914 report of the Minister of Lands, one little survey party was sent out in the current season to reconnoitre a trifling area the size of New Brunswick (previously unexplored) in the extreme upper right hand corner of the official map, which proved to be quite incorrect when checked up with the result of the summer's work.

British Columbia has the greatest compact area of merchantable timber on the continent and her coal measures would supply the world for centuries. The ever-lengthening chain of solemn mountains fading into the south will mean more to the ocean-going observer who realizes the banked possibilities of the four hundred east-and-west miles of practically untouched hinterland.

IF YOU'RE wise on shipboard, you're up betimes in the morning. There is a grey chill-spring nip in the air. Put on a sweater and a big coat too if

your blood runs slowly and come out on deck.

There isn't any Chicago where you sweltered through dog-tired, dust-cursed office hours last week. There isn't any Toronto where the mercury climbed up to the top of the tube and broke through, according to yesterday morning's paper. There's just this clear, healthy tingling air, cold from the mighty refrigerating



A view just "inside" the "Panhandle of Alaska," in the vast division of Cassiar.

well properties, a representative of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate going to Cordova, three red-coated dare-devils of the Mounted Police bound for Dawson. These were the exceptions, however. The rest were Americans who couldn't play around in Europe this year, and Canadians—physically unfit, over age or women—who were too restless to stay at home.

plant at the North Pole—no artificial fan-stuff—just the air to walk in, to walk faster, head up, chest out, arms swing—faster! By the time you've been round the deck for the third lap the only reason you don't fly is because walking is so much more fun!

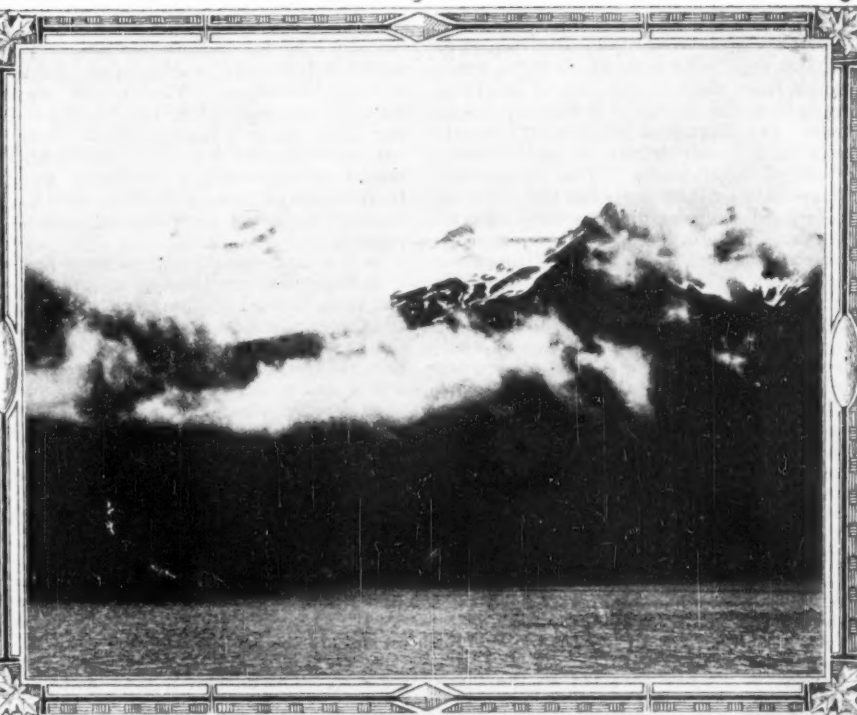
There are mountains on both sides of you, sheeted up in spider-grey veiling. They're miles away, but they're there, mainland and island, and they'll be there, rugged or sloping, silent, tree-covered, utterly unresponsive, immemorably sad, straight up to Alaska. The water between is as smooth as a lake. It just *breathes*, in a long, slow pulsation, the echo of the island-broken wide Pacific roll.

You wouldn't know there were so many shades of grey in the world—slate of the sea, burnished here and there with bright calm and darkened with ripples—purplish-grey velvet of the nearer mainland — misted-blue-grey of the farther mountains—and the sky, everything from silver back to slate again.

By and by the mist lifts and the sun pours down over the hills and into the green depths below you. And yet the scene is never what a city-bred southerner could call cheerful. It's too big.

It's commonplace to talk of the mystery of the North, and yet that's all that you can say. The same tones are endlessly repeated, like an unknown, ominous word. There is the utter silence, the movelessness of it, too—not even a whirling gull with his lone call, not a prowling animal on the lifeless shores, not a single settlement hacked into the forest, not a fisher-boat heading into the wind. The land is asleep.

YOU'RE almost glad to get into Alert Bay with its salmon cannery toned up three degrees redder than a blue-blooded lobster, its square-built Esquimaux houses and its totem poles that



... Mountains sheeted up in spider-grey veiling
... utterly unresponsive, immemorably sad.

scream gaudily in an unknown tongue. This is Sunday and the whole town is on the wharf, preparatory to going off to the little Anglican church whose bell calls from the lower end of the one street there is.

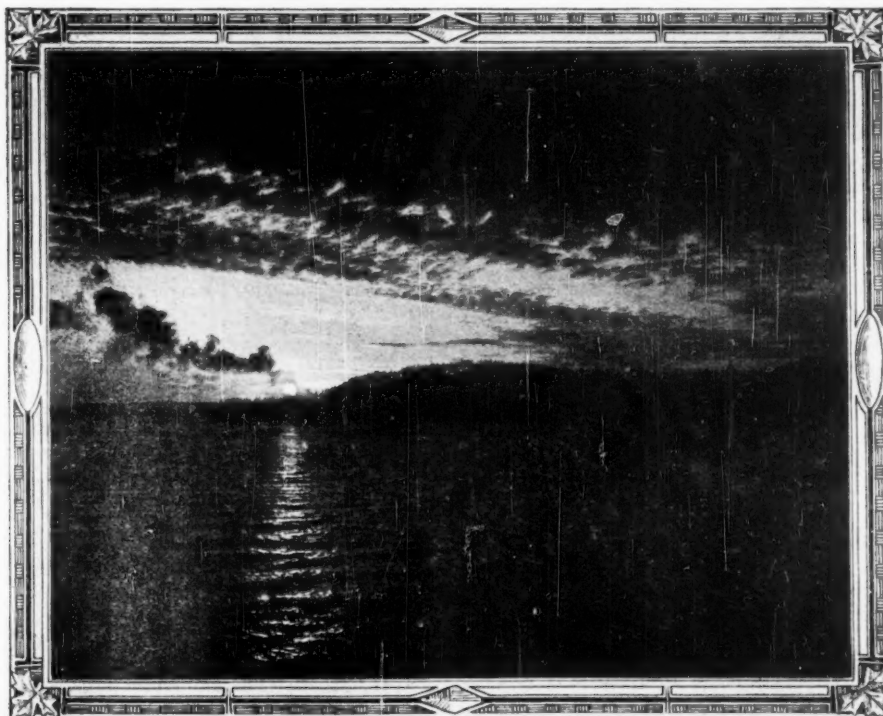
Nobody who hasn't seen a real totem growing in its native queerness can imagine the effect of these more than man-size birds and beasts, standing atop one

another to a height of thirty or forty feet, to form the genealogical tree of the carver. There is the bear clan, and the wolf clan, the clan of the crow, the fish, the man—so far, so good. But what, O friend, is the meaning of a well-started family tree that suddenly sprouts bare pole for twenty feet and ends with a lonesome eagle? Did the family hibernate during the uneventful period, or is it the Alaskan's way of signifying the necessity of silence about the life and character of his maternal grandfather?

On the wide board flooring that is sidewalk and street for the village we meet two Indian belles in their Sabbath bravery. They wear pale blue China silk skirts trimmed with the flimsiest of Valenciennes lace, and crimson sweaters. Their hair is as sheeny as a blackbird's wing and their shy brown eyes under the big black shawls gaze curiously at all these other women—especially at Miss Montreal, whose high-pitched giggle proclaims that she's having the red-and-goldest time of her life with the three Dawson Mounties all in tow. The Indian girls find her as strange, as full of novelty and unreasonability, as she finds the kayaks, bright-painted and curved up like gondolas, that lie beached on the sand. And yet when you come to think of it, observers and observed, they're all Canadians together.

Not long after the cable is cast off at Alert Bay—the town Tige hanging growling onto the end of it till the last exciting minute—we begin to feel the freshening breeze and the long roll that tells the initiated that we've reached Queen Charlotte Sound, and for an hour or more, until we find the lee of Calvert Island, it may be a trifle rough, though not enough to bother any one who considers himself even a fair sailor.

You remember the ancient dictum



... With a full moon that turned the water into a great polished steel mirror.

that never a law of God or man goes north of Fifty-Three? Well, Prince Rupert is an appreciable distance above Fifty-Four, and a more respectable town it would be hard to locate outside of a Sunday School book. It's stark and it's new; it's mostly rock and water where it isn't twenty miles of board-walk. The sixteen-foot streets are built on posts but they're quite safe and satisfactory enough for all comers, including the first object seen which happened to be a busy little motor car chugging around under the toes of the solemn-cedared mountains that slide up two thousand feet behind the town.

Prince Rupert has a cute little baseball park made by blowing chunks off the top of one of these hills at a cost of \$25,000. The grandstand is a ring of other hills and when Ketchikan comes down to play the home team they pass the hat around to reimburse the players, in lieu of dividing the gate receipts, there not being any gate. Incidentally Prince Rupertites are stuck up whether they win or lose. Their park is some park compared to Ketchikan's, where the diamond is laid out on the beach so that at high tide the kids fish on it.

There is a magic in that word "fish" all up and down these waters. Prince Rupert has \$5,000,000 invested in the business; she has thirty-five canneries and seven cold storage plants; and when she isn't looking over her left shoulder up the three hundred miles of the Skeena and planning where to locate farmers along the Grand Trunk Pacific, she's scowling due north at Ketchikan, whose halibut industry she intends to hook and hang on to. To date \$220,000,000 worth of fish has been taken out of Alaskan waters. The shipping question would be greatly simplified and much time saved, by putting the catch through a rail-connected port, argues Prince Rupert, instead of letting it go south by water to Seattle. Whereat Ketchikan gnashes her perfectly good teeth. For Ketchikan has no less than five canneries.

NOT far above Prince Rupert the vessel sails out of red-and-white-and-blue waters into a star-spangled sea, and nobody who hasn't his immigration papers made out to the last uncomfortable question will be allowed to go on shore at Ketchikan. The scenery changes, too, showing more and more of that strange northern formlessness, that callous indifference to waste of material. It looks as though the Great Architect had grown

tired and left Alaska just as it happened. All the mountain-stuff not needed elsewhere in the world, was dumped onto this endless shoreline. The forest waves washed over some of it, but for the most part it is just as it tumbled out of chaos—vast burnt-cinder chunks of rubble, whose height is impossible to estimate unless there happens to be a drifting gnat of a fishboat to put a tape line against immensity.

In the late evening the steamer draws into Ketchikan and ties up to take on—not coal, but oil in fat black pipes that slide over the side like snakes and allow the vessel to get the equivalent of two hundred tons of the old fuel in a couple of clean, unhurried hours. All the coastwise Pacific steamers now draw their motive power out of the drums that make such cosy stoves when they're empty. The first year that the *Charlotte* became an oil burner she saved forty thousand dollars and carried twelve less in her crew.

While the ship gets her stock of lunch on board, the tourists dance down the gangplank for the first chance at a real Alaska basket in its native—and expensive—haunts.

Ketchikan is like Prince Rupert, only more so. The part of it that isn't going upstairs is sliding down again; the roads

nothing of a model village with Dr. Duncan in the centre of it, an eighty-four year old Santa Claus of a man who has lived with and for them for some sixty years.

Thirty years ago their civilization had advanced to its present high-water mark, but they were Canadians and the doctor was—now what do you suppose?—a Scotchman of course. Unluckily, however, for their future adherence to the Land of the Maple, the Church of England made the mistake of sending out a Bishop who knew not Joseph, a Bishop moreover who was said to be scandalized at his subordinate's use of unfermented wine in the communion service. The missionary held that it was criminally tempting to the man who had forsworn fire-water during the week, to put it before him on Sunday, so, as this was but one disputed point in a long series, Dr. Duncan appealed to the United States to please send him an island for Christmas, and, as soon as he could read his title clear to Annette, he and his flock moved across with the aforementioned results. Many of the baskets for sale in Ketchikan come from the hands of his protégés, and exhibit a high degree of skill in the odd designs seen nowhere else on the coast.

That word coast reminds me that we

musn't forget that, though the shoreline is American, fifty miles would see us through into British Columbia again, for all this strip of territory is just the famous "Panhandle of Alaska" which many Canadians believe should never have come under the stars and stripes at all. Behind it lies the vast division of Cassiar, with Peace River farther on across the mountains.

But the tourists are straggling back onto the boat, bearing little Ketchikan totem poles, baskets and picture postcards. Some of them won't spend money so far south, however. They're warily saving up for the shops in Skagway, White Horse or Dawson toward which we

continue our journey throughout the night

PASSING the mouth of the Stikine River north of Wrangell with its totems and its "chief's house" we ran into a most picturesque phenomenon known as a "Stikine River fog." It was a misty night with a full moon that turned the water into a great polished steel mirror. Blue and white Japanese mountains blocked their way into the black velvet sky. Slowly they were blot-

Continued on page 73.



A typical scene in the White Horse where the railroads have been broken through.

are all plank over hard rock and high tide; there are Indian belles with rouge on their cheeks; and cedar baskets for sale on the street corners by squaws whose faces would assay a hundred wrinkles to the square inch.

NOT FAR from Ketchikan lies Annette Island, the home of Dr. Duncan, the veteran Anglican missionary to the formerly-cannibal Tsimpsean Indians, who now own the biggest church in Alaska and one of the best brass bands, to say

The Little Brown Book of Miss Emily

By L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc.

WHEN old Miss Emily Leigh died Don and I bought Maywood from her nephew. I had had a fancy for Maywood through all the six years we had lived beside it. It was such a quaint, pretty old house, with its low eaves and dormer windows; lovely firs and poplars grew thickly all round it, with gaps to let in a glimpse of sunset, or a moon-rise sheen on the sea; and there was an old box-hedged garden with prim, shady walks and dear, unworldly, sweet-scented posies.

I must frankly confess that we had never liked Miss Emily. She was fussy and rather meddlesome; she liked to poke a finger into every pie and she was not at all tactful. She talked in a rather silly fashion and was quite bitter against young folks and their love affairs. We thought that it was because she had never had a lover of her own. Somehow, we could not think of lovers in connection with Miss Emily. She was stout and pudgy, with a face so round and fat and red that it seemed quite featureless; her hair was scanty and faded. She walked with a waddle and was always short of breath. It was hard to believe that Miss Emily had ever been young; yet old Mr. Murray, who was her sole contemporary in Langdon, not only expected us to believe it but assured us that she had been very pretty.

We had been living for four months at Maywood before it occurred to me to give the garret an overhauling. I went up and explored it one stormy autumn afternoon when the rain was thudding against the funny little hooded windows and the wind was whistling through the great swinging boughs of the firs. The garret was just as Miss Emily had left it, full of boxes and broken furniture, but very neat. I found nothing of any interest until I came to a shabby little black horsehair trunk, all studded with brass nails, under the eaves near one of the windows. In it there was a quaint, pretty, old-fashioned gown, not at all faded, made of muslin with a little blue flower in it, and quite fragrant with some quaint, spicy perfume. Then there was a sash and a yellowed white feather fan with carved ivory sticks, and a box full of withered flowers. Down underneath all I found a little brown book.

It was small and thin, like a school-girl's exercise book, with leaves that had once been blue and pink but were now quite faded and stained in places. On the fly-leaf was written in a very delicate hand, "Emily Margaret Leigh," and the same writing covered the first few pages of the book. The rest were not written on at all.

I read the first page and then I went and called Don. We sat down on the broad ledge of the west window and read the contents of the brown book together.

"June 15, 18—.

"**I** CAME to-day to spend the summer with Aunt Janet at Maywood. It is so lovely here. The spruces and the poplars are so pretty and Langdon

is such a nice place—ever so much nicer than at home on the farm. I have no cows to milk here or pigs to feed, and the housework seems just like play. Aunt Janet has given me such a lovely blue muslin dress and I am to have it made to wear to a garden party next week. I never had a muslin dress before—nothing but ugly prints and stiff alpaca. I wish we were rich like Aunt Janet. Aunt Janet laughed when I said this and declared she would give all her wealth for my youth and beauty and light-heartedness. I am only eighteen and I know I am very merry; but I wonder if I am really pretty. It seems to me that I am when I look in Aunt Janet's beautiful mirrors. They make me look very different from the old cracked one in my room at home, which always twisted my face and turned me green. But Aunt Janet spoiled her compliment by telling me I look exactly as she did at my age, if I thought I would ever look as Aunt Janet does now I don't know what I would do. She is so fat and funny."

"June 29.

"**L**AST week I met Paul Osborne at the garden party. He is a young artist who is boarding near here, and he is the handsomest man I have ever seen—very tall and straight, with dreamy dark eyes and a pale, intellectual face. I have not been able to keep from thinking about him ever since, and to-day he came over here and asked if he might paint me. I felt very much flattered, and so pleased when Aunt Janet gave her permission. He says he wants to paint me as 'Spring,' under the poplars. I am to wear my blue muslin gown, with a wreath of flowers on my hair. He says I have such beautiful hair. He has never seen any of such a real pale gold. Somehow it seems prettier than ever to me since he praised it.

"I had a letter from home to-day. Mother says the blue hen has stolen her nest and come off with fourteen chickens, and that father has sold the little spotted calf. Somehow those matters do not interest me as they did."

"July 9.

"**T**HE picture is coming on very well. Mr. Osborne says. I know he is making me far too pretty, although he persists in saying he cannot do me justice. He is going to send it to some great exhibition when it is finished, but he says he will make a little water-color sketch of it for me.

"He comes over every day to paint and we talk a great deal, and he reads me lovely things out of his books. I don't understand them all, but I try to, and he explains them so nicely and is so patient with my stupidity. And he says that anyone with my hair and eyes and coloring does not need to be clever. He says I have the sweetest, merriest laugh in the world. But I will not write down all the compliments he has paid me. I daresay he does not mean them at all.

"In the evenings we stroll among the spruces or sit in the garden on the bench under the acacia tree. Sometimes we do not talk at all, but I never find the time long. Indeed, the minutes just seem to fly—and then the moon will come up, round and red, behind the poplars, and Paul will sigh and say he supposes it is time for him to go."

"July 24.

"**I** AM SO happy. I am frightened at my happiness. Or, I did not think life could ever be so beautiful for me as it is!

"Paul loves me! He told me so to-night as we walked in the spruce avenue and watched the sunset; and he asked me to be his wife. I have cared for him ever since I met him, but I am afraid I am not clever and well-educated enough for Paul's wife. Because, of course, I am really only an ignorant little country girl and have lived all my life on a farm. Why, my hands are quite rough yet from all the work I have done. But Paul just laughed when I said so and took my hands and kissed them and looked into my eyes and laughed because I couldn't hide from him how much I love him.

"We are to be married next spring and Paul says he will take me to Europe. That will be very nice, but nothing matters much so long as I am with him.

"Paul's people are very wealthy and his mother and sisters are very fashionable. I am frightened of them, but I did not tell Paul so because I think it would hurt him, and, Oh, I would not do that for the world.

"There is nothing I would not suffer if it would do him any good. I never thought any one could feel so. I used to think if I loved anybody I would want him to do everything for me, and wait on me as if I were a princess. But that is not the way it is at all. Love makes you very humble and you want to do everything yourself for the one you love."

"August 10.

"**P**AUL went away to-day. Oh, it is so terrible. I don't know how I can bear to live even for a little while without him. But this is silly of me, because I know he has to go and he will write often and come often to see me. But still it is so lonesome. I didn't cry when he went away because I wanted him to remember me smiling in the way he liked best, but I have been crying ever since and I cannot stop, no matter how hard I try. We have had such a beautiful fortnight. Every day seemed dearer and happier than the one before, and now it is ended, and I feel as if it could never be the same again. Oh, I am very foolish—but I love him so dearly and if I were to lose his love how could I live?"

"August 17.

"**I** THINK my heart is dead. But no, it can't be for it aches too much.

"Paul's mother came here to see me to-day. She was not angry or disagreeable. I would not have been so frightened

if she had been. As it was, I felt that I could not say a word. She is very beautiful and stately and wonderful, with a low, cold voice and proud dark eyes. Her face is like Paul's, but without the loveableness.

"She talked to me for a long time and she said terrible things—terrible, because they were all true. I seemed to see everything through her eyes. She said that Paul was infatuated with my youthful bloom and prettiness, but that it would not last and what else had I to give him? She said Paul must marry a woman of his own class who could do honor to his name and position. She said that he was very talented and had the promise of a great career before him, but that if he married me it would ruin his life.

"I saw it all, just as she explained it out, and I told her at last that I would not marry Paul and she might tell him so. But she smiled and said I must tell him myself, because he would not believe any one else. I could have begged her to spare me that, but I knew it would be of no use. I do not think she has any pity or mercy for anyone. Besides, what she said was quite true.

"When she thanked me for being so 'reasonable' I told her I was not doing it to please her, but for Paul's sake, because I would not spoil his life, and that I would always hate her. She smiled again and went away.

"Oh, how can I bear it? I did not know anyone could suffer like this!"

"August 18.

"I HAVE done it. I wrote to Paul today. I knew I must tell him in a letter because I could never make him believe it face to face. I was afraid I could not do it even by letter. I suppose a clever woman easily could, but I am so stupid.



We found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl.

I wrote a great many letters and tore them up because they were not convincing—at least I felt sure they would not have convinced me if I had been Paul. At last I got one that I thought would do. I knew I must make it seem as if I was really very heartless and frivolous or he would never believe. I spelt some words wrong and put in some errors of grammar on purpose. I told him I had been

only flirting with him and that I had another fellow at home I liked better. I said 'fellow' because I knew it would disgust him. I said it was only because he was rich that I had been tempted to marry him.

"I thought my heart would break while I was writing those dreadful falsehoods. But it was for his sake, because I would not spoil his life. His mother told me I would be a mill-stone around his neck. I love Paul so much that I would do anything rather than be that. It would be easy to die for him, but I don't see how I can go on living.

"I think my letter will convince Paul."

"I SUPPOSE it convinced Paul, because there was no further entry in the little book. When we had finished it the tears were running down my face and even Don—but Don denies it.

"Poor Miss Emily," he said.

"I'm sorry I ever laughed at her," I sobbed. "She was good and strong and brave. I could never have been as unselfish as she was."

At the back of the little book we found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl—such a slim, beautiful little thing with big blue eyes and lovely, long, rippling, golden hair. Paul Osborne's name was written in faded ink across the corner.

We put everything reverently back—the dress, the sash and the little book—and shut the lid.

Then we sat for a long time in the dormer window in silence and thought of many things, till the rainy twilight came down and blotted out the world.

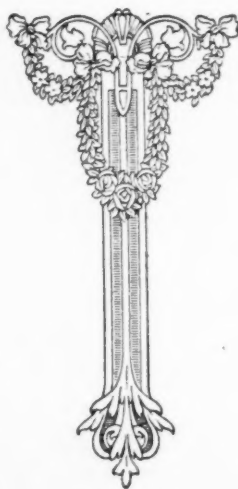
"The outward, wayward life we see

The hidden springs we may not know," quoted Don softly, as we went downstairs together.

At the Top o' the World

By IDA RANDOLPH SPRAGGE

The wild wind tossed the tattered cloak
Of the old year gaunt and grim,
As he strode to meet the coming year,
To tell this tale to him;
And it ruthlessly rocked his wasted form
And chilled him thro' and thro'
As he halted there at the top o' of the world
To keep his rendezvous.
In trembling tones to the newly born.
The dying year began:
"My time on earth is nearly gone,
I've lived the allotted span.
Now heed ye well, ye eager one,
For I have tarried long
To warn ye how I came to fail,
To tell you of my wrong.
When trod I first this rolling earth,
The year preceding me.
His message grave to me he gave
And handed me this key.
He told me of the warring here
And said I must not cease
To search the whole world thro' to find
The pathway unto peace;



And that the key would fit the lock
If I could find the door,
And peace with all its healing balm
Would happiness restore.
But fascinated long I watched
As horrors great gave birth
To greater horrors; multiplied
Was misery on the earth.
And when at last I found that I
Had scanty time to do
The task that had been given me—
My days were growing few—
I hurried to the ends of earth.
I found the door—to learn
My mission vain. God pity me!
The key refused to turn.
It gathered rust the while I gazed
Upon the mad uproar;
My palsied hand had lost its strength.
And so my heart is sore!
Go, cleanse the key. And hasten ye.
Nor watch the nations war.
Go, 1917—God grant, you'll open
Wide the door.

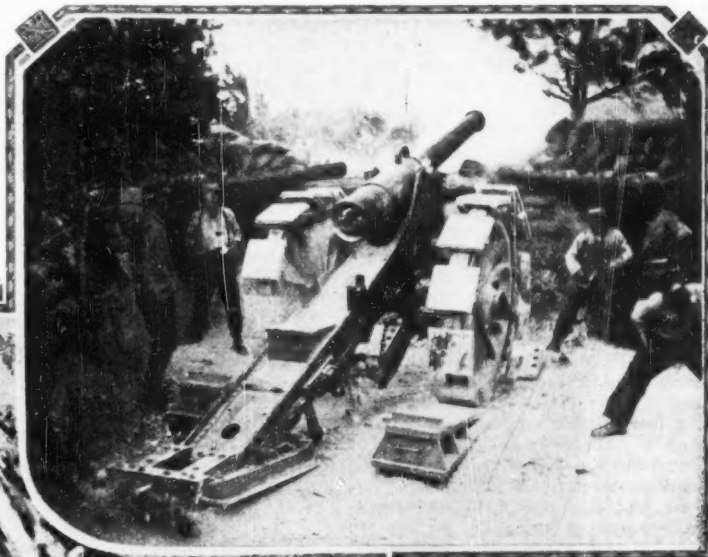
A Visit to the Western Front

By Main Johnson

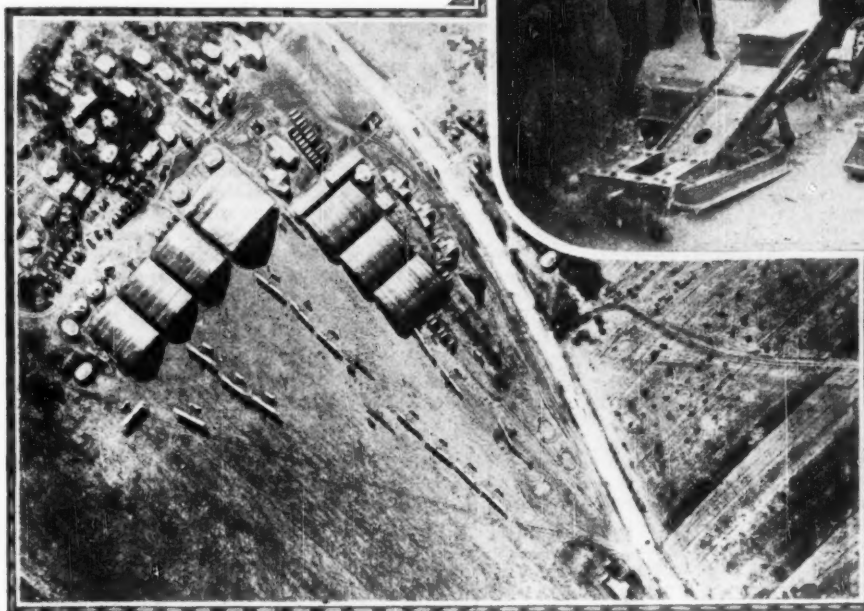
Illustrated by Authentic War Photographs

HOW WOULD a person feel if, in the morning, he left Toronto or Montreal or Winnipeg, and, at noon of the same day, arrived at the Front, under shell fire, without any acclimatizing experience or training? How much of a shock would it be, how much of a disturbing of one's very consciousness and existence!

It is not physically possible to make this exact experiment, but it is possible to do something which, although different geographically, does approximate it in feeling and sensation, and which does plunge you from one world and one form of life and civilization headlong into another.



Right: A remarkable photograph of a gun in action on the western front.



Left: A bird's eye view of Allied aviation headquarters at a point on the western front.

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

One morning, not long ago, I had breakfast in the peaceful city of Paris, and had luncheon the same day in Reims (Rheims), a town under almost constant bombardment from the Germans, and at the immediate and actual front. An hour or two later, I was still further up, with the French artillery during a bombardment, and still further yet, in observation posts, where the German trenches lay in front of us in full and unobstructed view, surprisingly close at hand, with shrieking shells, both French and German, crossing each other on their devastating paths.

Although we had already been in Great Britain and France for a month, and thought then we were close enough to the war, in reality everything we had seen up to that time, however significant, had been comparatively secondary and remote. The astonishingly violent change even from Paris to the actual front was such as to jolt one's very personality.

ONE MORNING there came to the door of our hotel a motor to take us to the front. Immediately I felt myself keyed up to a point where the most casual things stood out with all the vividness of a silhouette. The boulevards of Paris were no longer merely delightful

thoroughfares—they were roads leading direct to the focus-point of all our world, the Western front! It was about to become as actual as a house or a street.

As we speeded out of the suburbs into the open country, we were travelling on one of those famous roads of France, straight as a railroad line into the farthest distance, and lined by wonderful trees. This particular road was the one over which a large section of the spectacular taxi-cab army was rushed from Paris to Meaux at the Battle of the Marne, and the one, too, along which the Germans would have marched into Paris, if it had been they who had won the battle. West of Meaux, half an hour by motor from the gates of Paris, we saw the wooded slope where German batteries had been placed—the farthest point of the German advance, perilously close to the heart of France.

Up to this point, life seemed fairly normal, but soon we entered the "zone of the armies," and immediately the whole aspect of things changed. Some indefinable human element, some indefinite but deep ingrained feeling of the essential cheerfulness of life despite all its ordinary woe, some psychological impression of normal, secure existence as it is

lived by the mass of humanity in average times and average communities, went out suddenly like an extinguished light and in its place came a sinister air, a feverish atmosphere of abnormality, the first currents of an electrical influence which hung heavily and ominously over the whole area of the front. The joy of life snapped off!

AS we gradually drove further and further in, the human element became submerged—the machine of war and fate came in. Not that there were the slightest indications of fear or despair. That is not what I mean. But a cheerless colorlessness, a brooding sense of drabness, of the mechanical rather than the human, bore one down; coupled with an immense feeling of pity for these towns and for the women and children who still had to live in them, where all the pleasures of life had been snuffed out so long ago, that now it seemed as if the world never had been happy, and never would be again.

In spite of the prevailing sensation of a strained abnormality, yet, so complex are our emotions, there was also the appetizing zest of romance. As Philip Gibbs points out, these small stone French towns have not changed since "D'Artagnan and his Musketeers rode on their way to great adventures in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin." It was not only of Dumas that I was reminded, but of Cer-

vantes and Sir Walter Scott and other writers of romance. Not that the actual front as we soon saw it had many elements of romance about it, but the towns immediately behind the front, breathed these mingled qualities of adventure and brooding horror—the adventure of Cervantes and Dumas; the horror of Poe, and of the Grand Guignol, that theatre of horror, which I had seen the week before in Paris. The characters in those terrible plays seemed ghostly and intangible, so awful was the atmosphere woven about them. Here again, at the front, was the very air of the Grand Guignol, but this time it was not make-believe, to be shut off at the fall of a curtain, but grim and ineluctable reality.

WE CAME, in time, into the region of dust — dust from the countless motor cars and motor lorries—dust from the transport wagons and ambulance cars—dust from men marching up to the front, and dust from other detachments marching back into rest billets. Soon we swung into a little village, passed through its narrow stone streets, filled with soldiers, and, in this case, with no one else, except a few old women, bent and withered, and a noticeably large number of black cats; turned a corner, and entered the headquarters of a French army, where we had the opportunity of meeting the general in command. Then we drove away, and, after some unspecified time, like people in a dream, for the reality of the thing seemed almost impossible, we entered the town of Reims.

The Germans held this city for a few days in August and September, 1914, were driven back during the engagements marking the Battle of the Marne, and entrenched themselves in sight of the town. During these whole two years and a half, the town has been subject to a persistent bombardment. One never knows when a shell will come crashing through the streets or over the roof tops. A group of civilians, including a woman and children, had been killed a day or two before we were there; another heavy bombardment had occurred just previous to that, and still another might begin at any moment.

We drove directly to an hotel for luncheon. It is one of two principal hotels—the other lies in ruins; the one in which we had our meal hadn't been hit YET, although several shops in the neighborhood had been demolished.

What a meal, eaten in this hotel at Reims! Every moment of the hour we spent at luncheon in this bombarded town, stands out with an ineradicable vividness. I remember feeling the pathos of the situation—two lonely-looking women preparing and cooking food for us; such a normal occupation in such abnormal circumstances. We ate *hors d'oeuvres*, I remember, and an appetizing omelette, juicy lamb chops, a huge plateful of green peas, French pastry, coffee, and bread, which for brownness and a touch of sourness and soggyiness, was the nearest approach to "war bread" we met in France.

AFTER luncheon we went for a walk through the town. Grass was growing through the cobbles of the street; many shops were closed; the thoroughfares, although not deserted, were depressingly quiet. And yet there were signs of ordinary life too. Water was running in the fountain in the middle of the square; the flowers at its base were

gay and showed signs of care. Butcher shops and bakeries were open, and the post office. In one window was arranged quite a display of corsets, and, in another, some children's hats. We went into the largest shop in Reims, a department store, which in its advertising, boasted that it had an elevator, and which had been hit twice. All the windows were shattered by shell shock. There were not many customers that afternoon, but there were women attendants ready to look after us, all dressed in black, and all with sorrow stamped on their faces. Yet they were still prepared to sell a strange hodgepodge of merchandise. We bought some articles in that department store at Reims which I believe reveal the pathos and tragedy of war as well as any incident we encountered. For example, I bought a little toy doll's trunk for ten centimes, and four or five celluloid animals, a frog, a fish, a duck, a dog, for 5 centimes each. We bought some wooden forks and spoons, and a shaving brush. In the very centre of the war, here were people selling trinkets and toys and the most conventional articles. I have an idea that fifty years from now, a small celluloid duck, bought in a store of Reims, during the period of its bombardment, will have a real and pathetic historical value, a human interest exhibit of the Great War.

AFTER we left the shop, we came into an area where the destruction of property was much greater than in the other parts of the town. Hardly a stone was left one on top of the other; whole blocks were razed to the ground. Not a place was habitable. Complete destruction lay all about us. Rising out of the midst of the ruins, but itself a ruin too, stood the Cathedral of Reims, considered by many the finest in all Europe, and the destruction of which by the Germans has aroused such world-wide condemnation. We spent about twenty minutes inside the wrecked building, and could see for ourselves the extent to which the Germans in their two years' campaign against it, had ruined the sacred pile. Without going into details, the damage is very great, and, for the most part, irretrievable, although the outer walls still remain.

On the floor I picked up fragments of the mediæval glass of that peculiar quality and color that no one has ever been able to duplicate. These glorious windows are now lying shattered on the stone pavement of the cathedral floor. Huge craters gaped where the altar used to stand, and the pillars are scarred by the marks of heavy shells. It was a dangerous twenty minutes, that time spent within Reims Cathedral, for, almost daily, the Germans keep hurling their bolts against it.

The most inspiring thing about the cathedral in its present condition, is the statue of Joan of Arc standing in the square immediately in front. Unscathed it has remained from all the attacks; banners and wreaths of flowers, emblems of supplication and thanksgiving, from all parts of France, are strewn about the statue, and Joan of Arc herself, holds aloft in her upraised hand, the tricolor of her country. The soul of France, the matchless spirit she has shown, the courage and devotion and love almost surpassing human comprehension, qualities that have raised France and the French people to unique heights in the estimation

of the world, and that have given her one of the very noblest places in history—all this miracle-is symbolized in the tricolor of France, held aloft defiantly and yet lovingly and sadly, by Joan of Arc in the courtyard of Reims Cathedral. If any image is worthy to be worshipped, it is this image of the soul of France.

THAT afternoon we drove up and down the front for many miles, stopping at times to visit the artillery trenches and the batteries, and then to go further forward into observation posts. On one of these visits, as an example, it was a surprisingly short walk from the automobile to the artillery dug-outs. As we went through a wood on our way to the trenches, we saw a number of French privates, some of the world-honored *poilus*, cooking bacon for themselves on little wood fires, and breaking off, from long French loaves, huge chunks of bread. Through the trenches, we made our way to the artillery positions, and saw a battery of the famous French "75" guns. Everything was so quiet at the moment that we were able to examine the guns closely, pat them affectionately and gaze around at the stores of ammunition. The gunners themselves, as, indeed, all the French soldiers, artillery and infantry, which we had seen that day, were the sort of men we had expected to see—those wonderful French soldiers, reserved, serious, unflinching and determined, who in the last two years and a half have raised France's military reputation, already high, to a point where it has become the marvel and admiration of the world.

But it is one thing to read about the French *poilu*; it is another actually to see him, not on paper, not on parade, not at any base or headquarters, but actually on the firing line, where all theories meet their tests, and all reports meet their true interpretation. To see these French soldiers at their posts of danger, to see the coolness and deliberation of their demeanor, was to realize once for all, the essential fact that makes France great to-day.

WHILE we were with the battery there was no indication of any immediate firing. Although for several hours, we had been within range of German fire, with the French army in their lines, we had not heard a sound of war. But it was now four o'clock in the afternoon, the period of the day when a renewal of activity, after the respite of late morning and early afternoon, might be looked for.

It came even sooner than we expected. We had left the guns, walked through the trenches, and climbed to the level again. A cross-road, leading in the direction of the German lines, lay in front of us. One of our party, an officer, motioned us to wait a moment; he peeked out from behind a tree, drew back, peeked again, and then signalled us to follow. This incident brought home the realization that this was no picnic excursion, but that we were so close to the Germans that we had to take precautions before crossing a road.

On the other side was a vineyard. We were in the champagne district of France, had been there all afternoon. We had seen women and old men working among the vines within range of German shells, in constant danger of death, which all too often really came. We saw this visible proof that French agriculturists, men and

women, fear death for France no more than do her soldiers.

This particular vineyard, in our personal history, will rank before all others. As I said before, we had just left a battery which, to all appearance, was quiet. No sooner, however, had we begun to walk across the field than these French guns opened fire, one after the other, in steady succession.

One of the officers who was with us was diplomatic, if not entirely reassuring.

"I think we'd better hurry a bit," was his quietly expressed advice. "Our battery have opened fire, and although the Germans don't know the exact point from which the shells are coming, they have a pretty good idea, and they often try to return the compliment as accurately as they can. This is a long vineyard, and rather exposed. Shall we move on?"

The invitation was accepted. The French officer was right. That WAS a long vineyard, and exposed to a dangerous degree. All around us, as we walked, the ground was ploughed and churned in obviously recent shell holes, and many of the vines were scorched and burnt by the heat of shells which had coursed through them not long ago, and which might sweep through again at any minute.

SOMETHING

else beside vines was growing in this ground, something we saw all along the front — blood-red poppies. Before we went to France we had seen a number of poems in London journals about the poppies at the front, but had never realized their true significance. When there, however, we saw that red poppies did blaze everywhere, in the fields,

among the vines, along the edge of fences, overhanging the very guns themselves. All the heat, the feverishness and the pain were symbolized in one of the most suggestive influences in the world, that of color. Afterwards, likewise, we saw the white lily-flowers growing on the battlefield of the Marne, a symbol of the peace that follows even the bloodiest battle — the peace, alas, of death; cool and white, but death nevertheless.

Before we reached the end of that vineyard, making our way by every step closer to the front, the bombardment became heavier, and the long drawn whistling of the shells, going and coming, from French and German batteries alike, became more frequent.

Observation posts are always ingeniously placed to escape the notice of enemy batteries. We were guided to one point of observation near this section of the line, but for obvious reasons it is impos-

sible to give any description either of the post itself or of the circuitous route by which it was reached. It was evident that it had not been left unscathed by the storm of shell that breaks over all parts of the line.

THERE, stretched before us, was a section of the supreme panorama of the world, French and German trenches facing each other, close at hand!

It was a particularly favorable place to see the front, for here was a valley, with one slope (on which we were standing) held by the French, the other by the Germans, with No Man's Land lying between, along the floor of the valley. For

landed. And for a long time we watched similar shells landing at various points along the line. If any one thinks it is exciting to sit in a grandstand and watch where a batted ball is likely to fall, imagine the tenseness with which we stood in that observation post looking through an aperture in the wall, watching the landing of French shells on German trenches!

And, as before, the shriek and wail of shells were not all travelling in the one direction. The Germans were firing, too; we were on the route for them.

It was not only the noise of German shells in the air which assured us there were Germans opposite us. An observa-

tion balloon began to be inflated behind their lines, reached its full size, and rose gracefully above the trees. No, the German lines were not empty!

What sort of landscape were we looking upon? One of the most beautiful countryside I have ever seen, extraordinarily beautiful even in a land of

rural charm. First there were the vineyards, thick and green and cool looking in the feverish air, stretching from beneath our feet to the

Above: Some French troops defending farm building against German attack.

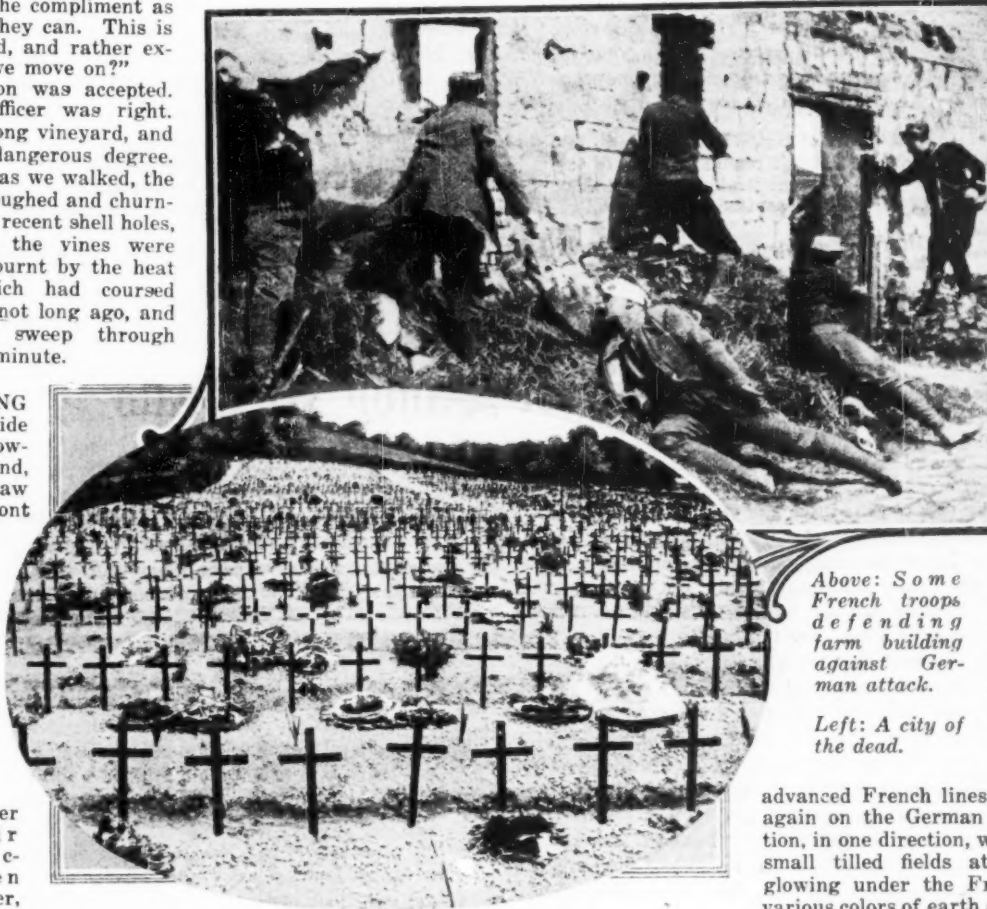
Left: A city of the dead.

advanced French lines, and beginning again on the German side. In addition, in one direction, were ridiculously small tilled fields at harvest time, glowing under the French sun, with various colors of earth and produce, the whole producing that variegated color effect you do not see in the larger, American farms and which, when I used to see it depicted in paintings, I thought was exaggerated and impossibly colorful. Here was a combination of all the charm of French nature, vineyard and field, in the very territory of the opposing trenches!

And what were one's feelings? We were so busy watching every detail of the scene, looking at a vine or a tree or a hill as if we had never seen one before, so tense and keyed-up were our senses, that there was no time to analyze our emotions. That night, however, with the memory of the German trenches vivid and fresh, my feelings began to sift themselves, and, at the time, I wrote down three adjectives which, I believe, express the front as I had seen it—"sinister, electric, ultimate."

"Sinister." For the front is sinister indeed; there is no element of a joke in

Continued on page 68.



observation, this reduced the distance between us and the Germans very considerably, for we could gaze down upon them instead of having to look along the level. Not only was the slope of the ground favorable, but the quality of the soil also added to the clearness of the picture. The ground in this region has large deposits of chalk, which, when thrown up in the digging of the ditches, marks every twist in the trenches with surprising detail. There, in front of us, plainly to be seen by the naked eye, and startlingly close through field glasses, lay the first, second and third lines of German trenches, with the communicating trenches running between them, all marked off to their every zigzag, as if one were looking at the irregular furrows of a field.

We hadn't been looking for more than a minute when a great upburst of earth was hurled from between the first and second German lines. A French shell had

The War Verse of Robert W. Service

EDITOR'S NOTE—Late in the year 1915, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE arranged with Robert W. Service for the serial publication of a number of his war poems, with the result that practically every issue since has been enriched by contributions from his vigorous and graphic pen. MACLEAN'S was the only magazine to secure any of Mr. Service's work and so had the exclusive privilege of presenting to its readers in advance some of the finest pieces of verse now found in his volume, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." The last of the poems on which serial rights were secured, "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw," is presented herewith.

The war verse of Canada's famous young poet is being enthusiastically received. It has caught the spirit of war. It combines the humor and the horror, the pathos and the thrill of this titanic clash of nations—told for the most part in the words of the soldier himself. Every line was penned at the front. In his Foreword he writes, "By broken altars, blackened shrines, I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes." Necessarily, some of the poems tell of war at its worst—war unglossed, stripped of all romance. Again in his Foreword, Mr. Service says:

"And if at times I curse a bit,
You needn't read that part of it;
For through it all like horror runs
The red resentment of the guns.

And you yourself would mutter when
You took the things that once were men,
And sped them through that zone of hate
To where the dripping surgeons wait."

It is hoped that early issues of MACLEAN'S will have new work from Mr. Service. He has promised it. In the meantime is presented:



The Whistle of Sandy McGraw

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

You may talk o' your lutes and your dulcimers fine,
Your harps and your tabors and cymbals and a',
But here in the trenches jist gi'e me for mine,
The wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.
Oh! its: "Sandy, ma lad, will you lilt us a tune?"
And Sandy is willin' and trillin' like mad;
Sae silvery sweet that we a' throng aroun',
And some o' it's gay, but maist o' it's sad.
Jist the wee simple airs that sink intae your hert,
And grup ye wi' love and wi' longin' for hame;
And ye glour like an owl till you're feelin' the stert
O' a tear, and you blink wi' a feelin' o' shame.
For his song's o' the heather, and here in the dirt
You listen and dream o' a land that's sae braw,
And he mak's you forget a' the harm and the hurt,
For he pipes like a laverock, does Sandy McGraw.

At Eepers I mind me when rank
upon rank
We rose from the trenches and
swept like the gale,
Till the rapid-fire guns got us fell
on the flank
And the murderin' bullets came
swishin' like hail;
Till a' that were left o' us faltered
and broke;
Till it seemed for a moment a
panicky rout,
When shrill through the fume and
the flash and the smoke
The wee valiant voice o' a whistle
piped out



"The Campbells are comin'": Then into the fray
We bounded wi' bayonets reekin' and raw,
And oh! we fair revelled in glory that day,
Jist thanks to the whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

At Loose, it wis after a sconnersome fecht,
On the field o' the slain I wis crawlin' about,
And the rockets were burnin' red holes in the night,
And the guns they were veciously thunderin' oot.
When sudden I heard a bit sound like a sigh
And there in a crump-hole a kiltie I saw:
"Whit ails ye, ma lad? Are ye woundit?" says I.
"I've lost ma wee whistle," says Sandy McGraw.
"Twas oot by yon bing where we pressed the attack,
It drapped frae ma pooch, and between noo and dawn
There isna much time, so I'm jist crawlin' back."

"Ye're daft, man!" I telt him, but Sandy wis gone.
Weel, I waited a wee, then I crawled
oot masel',
And the big stuff wis gorin' and
roarin' around,
And I seemed tae be under the oter
o' hell,
And creation wis crackin' tae bits
by the sound,
And I says in ma mind: "Gang ye
back, ye auld fule!"
When I thrilled tae a note that
wis saucy and sma';
And there in a crater, collected and
cool,
Wi' his wee penny whistle wis
Sandy McGraw.



Ay, there he wis playin' as gleg as could be,
 And listenin' hard wis a spectacled Boche;
 Then Sandy turned roon' and he noddit tae me,
 And he says: "Dinna blab on me, Sergeant McTosh.
 The auld chap is deein'. He likes me tae play,
 It's makin' him happy. Jist see his een shine!"
 And thrillin' and sweet in the hert o' the fray
 Wee Sandy wis playin' "*The Watch on the Rhine*."

* * * * *

The last scene o' a',—'Twas the day that we took
 That bit o' black ruin they ca' Labbiesell,
 It seemed the hale hillside jist shivered and shook,
 And the red skies were roarin' and spewin' oot shell,
 And the Sergeants were cursin' tae keep us in hand,
 And hard on the leash we were strainin' like dugs,
 When upward we shot at the word o' command,
 And the bullets were dingin' their songs in oor lugs.
 And onward we swept wi' a yell and a cheer,
 And a' wis destruction, confusion and din,
 And we knew that the trench o' the Boches was near,
 And it seemed jist the safest bit hole tae be in;
 So we a' tumbled doon, and the Boches were there,
 And they held up their hands, and they yelled:
 "Kamarad!"

And I marched aff wi' ten, wi' their palms in the air,
 And my, I was proodlike, and my! I was glad.
 And I thocht: "If ma lassie could see me jist then. . ."
 When sudden I sobered at somethin' I saw,
 And I stopped and I stared, and I halted ma men,
 For there on a stretcher wis Sandy McGraw.
 Weel, he looks in ma face, jist as pert as ye please:
 "Ye ken hoo I hate tae be working'," says he;
 "But noo I can play in the street for bawbees,
 Wi' baith o' ma legs taken aff at the knee."
 And though I could see he wis rackit wi' pain,
 He reached for his whistle and started tae play;
 And quaverin' sweet wis the plaintive refrain:
 "*The flo'ers o' the forest are a' wede away*,"
 Then sudden he stoppit: "Man, wis it no' grand
 Hoo we took a' them trenches?" . . . He shakit
 his heid:

"I'll-no'-play-nae-mair—" Feebly doon frae his hand
 Slipped the wee penny whistle and . . . *Sandy*
wis deid.

* * * * *

And so ye may talk o' your Steinways and Strads,
 Your wunnerfu' organs and brasses sae braw,
 But oot in the trenches jist gi'e me, ma lads,
 Yon wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

Some New Features

FUTURE ISSUES OF MACLEAN'S will present many new and interesting features. Stories are being secured from well-known writers, including the distinguished coterie of Canadian authors who have become so well known to our readers and also from other writers not hitherto found in MACLEAN'S. Among the new writers will be H. G. Wells and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

A regular feature of all future issues will be a department devoted to short, pithy, biographical sketches of interesting Canadian men and women.

An especially strong series of business articles is in course of preparation.

An extra special feature will be the serial story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul," to start in an early issue. It is one of the most fascinating and stirring stories of adventure that has been written in years.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Contents of Reviews

HOW SCHWAB HANDLES MEN	38	MAKING CHILDREN IMMUNE	55
GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY	40	STATE CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC	56
SAVING THE WORLD FROM STARVATION	42	THE END OF A DAY AT YPRES	58
THE AMBITIONS OF JAPAN	51	DREAMS THAT COME IN THE DARKNESS	59
TRICKY GERMAN "DIPLOMACY"	52	SHALL WE EVER SETTLE DOWN AGAIN?	61
LIBERTY OF THE DESERT	54	VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY IN GERMANY	65

How Schwab Handles Men

An Article by the Steel King on His Relations With his Employees.

ONE of the most striking articles that has appeared in the magazine press for some time, is a discussion in the *American*, "My 20,000 Partners," by Charles M. Schwab, the steel king. Space does not permit reprinting this in full, but the following extracts will be found well worth reading:—

Bethlehem's biggest asset is not its rolling mill plants, its gun shops, its armor works, its rail mills, it is the men who make up its enthusiastic organization. For more than thirty years I have been superintending the manufacture of steel, and I can say that my men at Bethlehem are the most energetic, competent and lovable young men with whom I have ever worked.

To no small extent the success of Bethlehem has been built up by our profit-sharing system. But coupled with this individual incentive to extra effort is a corps loyalty, a friendly rivalry, without which no great business can reach the maximum of production.

I love to appeal to the American spirit of conquest in my men, the spirit of doing things better than anyone has ever done them before. There is nothing to which men respond more quickly.

Once when I was with Mr. Carnegie I had a mill manager who was finely educated, thoroughly capable and master of every detail of the business. But he seemed unable to inspire his men to do their best.

"How is it that a man as able as you," I asked him one day, "cannot make this mill turn out what it should?"

"I don't know," he replied; "I have coaxed the men; I have pushed them; I have sworn at them. I have done everything in my power. Yet they will not produce."

It was near the end of the day; in a few minutes the night force would come on duty. I turned to a workman who was standing beside one of the red-mouthed furnaces and asked him for a piece of chalk.

"How many heats has your shift made to-day?" I queried.

"Six," he replied.

I chalked a big "6" on the floor, and then passed along without another word. When the night shift came in they saw the "6," and asked about it.

"The big boss was in here to-day," said the day men. "He asked how many heats we had made, and we told him six. He chalked it down."

The next morning I passed through the same mill. I saw that the "6" had been rubbed out and a big "7" written instead. The night shift had announced itself. That night I went back. The "7" had been erased, and a "10" swaggered in its place. The day force recognized no superiors. Thus a fine competition was started, and it went on until this mill, formerly the poorest producer, was turning out more than any other mill in the plant.

The Bethlehem profit-sharing system is based on my belief that every man should get exactly what he makes himself worth. This is the only plan I know of which is equally fair to the employers and every class of employee. Some day, I hope, all labor troubles will be solved by such a system.

I am not a believer in large salaries. I hold that every man should be paid for personal production. Our big men at Bethlehem seldom get salaries of over one hundred dollars a week; but their pay envelopes bulge with bonuses—computed entirely on the efficiencies and economies registered in their departments.

Approximately eighty per cent. of the twenty-two thousand men in our plants at Bethlehem come under the operation of the system. The only ones not included are certain kinds of day laborers, whose work is of such a nature that it does not fall readily into the scheme, and the men in a few special or too-complex departments.

Take the case of a mechanic; he is given a certain piece of work, and he knows that the allotted time for doing this work is, say, twenty hours. Perhaps he has a regular wage of forty cents an hour, irrespective of his production. If he finishes the job in the allotted twenty hours, he gets a bonus of twenty per cent, bringing his total pay for the work up to nine dollars and sixty cents. But if he does the work in twelve hours, he still receives the nine dollars and sixty cents, and is ready forthwith to tackle another piece of work. In

other words, the man gets bonus pay for the job on the basis of the *entire schedule time*, regardless of the actual time it takes him to do it.

Any short cuts a man may devise or any unusual energy he may show are thus capitalized into profit for him. With this stimulus, our men are always giving their best efforts to their work, and the result has been that the production per man in some departments has more than doubled since the plan was put into effect.

We have complete schedules of time and bonus rates for many kinds of common labor, and our statistics show that such labor has been averaging nearly forty per cent. above the regular rate per hour. Such jobs as wheeling a wheelbarrow or handling a shovel have been put under the profit-sharing system.

There are some departments in which the work is of such a nature that time enters very slightly into calculation—in open hearth work or treating of armor plate, for example. Here we are more concerned with the *quality* of the work than with the quantity turned out in a given time. In these cases we give a bonus for quality, basing our computations on tests of the steel. If we had the regular system in operation here, workmen might be tempted to hurry their work, and a lot of steel would have to be thrown out.

In still other departments we give bonuses for efficiencies. If a man handles his machines so that the item of repair is very low, or if he gets equal results with less than the regular amount of fuel, he is paid accordingly. We try to take into calculation every element that depends on the initiative, or originality, or energy, or manual dexterity of a worker.

In many departments we use \$1 as a unit cost standard. The manager or superintendent gets 1 per cent. of the reduction down to \$.95, 2 per cent. of the total from \$.95 to \$.90, 3 per cent. of the total from \$.90 to \$.85, and so on. This holds out every inducement for economy and efficiency.

We say to the superintendent of blast furnaces, for example: "This is your normal operation cost, the amount we charge up. Everything you save from this standard cost you will share, and the more money you make the more money we will make, and the better satisfied everybody will be."

If Mr. Grace, the president of Bethlehem, who made a million dollars last year, were

working on a salary, he would have been well paid if he had got thirty or forty thousand dollars. But I am delighted to see him make a million.

We have to have a very elaborate and very costly statistical department to carry out the system, but it pays for itself a hundred times over.

There is at Bethlehem a minimum wage below which no man's salary shall fall. But most of what each worker earns is made up of bonuses. We find that if a man has not ambition enough to earn bonuses he is not likely to remain with us long.

I am very happy to know that my Bethlehem employees are the best paid body of men in the steel industry in America. Last year, from superintendents to boys, they averaged \$990 apiece.

Systems of general profit-sharing have certain disadvantages from which ours is free. One disadvantage is that the lazy man shares the reward of the smart man's work. General systems give employees uniformly bigger wages in times of general prosperity and furnish a good excuse to reduce wages at other times.

My system, I believe, can be fitted to any branch of industry. A banker once told me that there was no way in which it could be worked out for banks. I told him I thought there was a way. And to prove it I devised a system which has been put into successful operation in a dozen banks.

There are a good many things to be considered in selecting men for important positions. One of the things that I always take into account is their family relations. If a man's wife takes the part of a discreet helper, or co-director with him, he is that much the more valuable to us.

It is a common enough saying that it is harder to save money than it is to earn it. The women of the United States have more to learn about their husbands' money than the men have to learn about getting it. That is, men are getting more out of their earning capacities than their wives are getting out of managing the money which their husbands provide them.

I can never express the wonderful help Mrs. Schwab has been to me from the very start. Not long ago a group of men offered me a large sum, sixty million dollars, I believe, for half of Bethlehem. I told my wife about it that evening.

"This is a big sum," I said. "Half of what I have is yours. What shall we do? If we sell, your share, invested at five per cent., will bring you an income of over a hundred thousand dollars a month for the rest of your life."

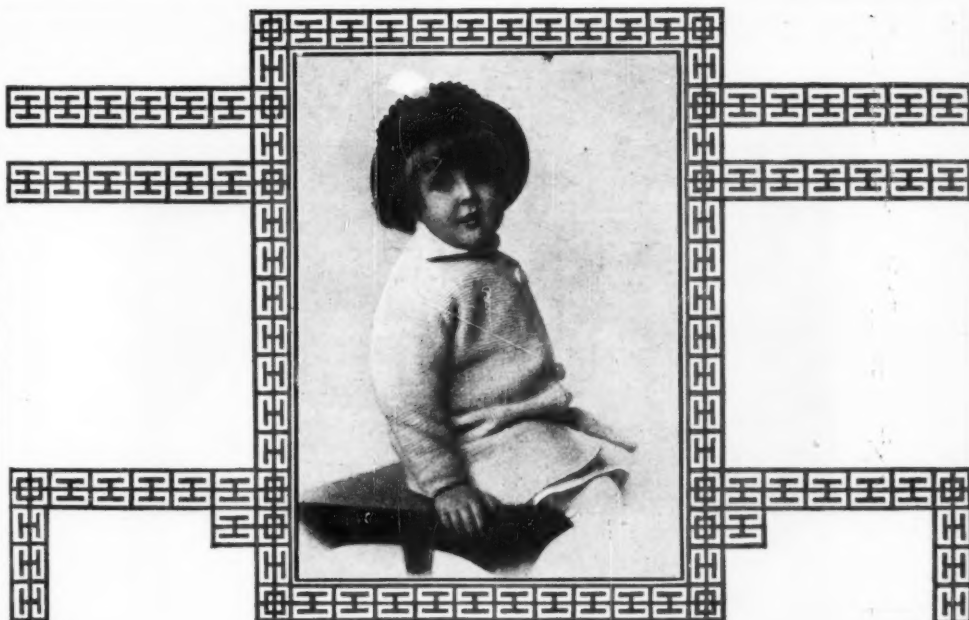
"We wouldn't sell for five times that," my wife said. "What would I do with the money? And what would you do without your work?"



—F. H. Townsend in Punch, London.

The Sunlight Loser.

Kaiser (as his sainted grandfather's clock strikes three): "The British are just putting their clocks back an hour. I wish I could put ours back three years."



This Little Girl Has Always Been An Active Out-Door Baby

Her Mother Writes:

"Virginia still loves Grape-Nuts and always did. When she stopped taking her bottle, I did not want to begin feeding her everything, so decided on Grape-Nuts with hot milk.

"She thrived on it perfectly and for months ate nothing else. She still has it for breakfast, but, of course, eats other things now." Name given on request by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

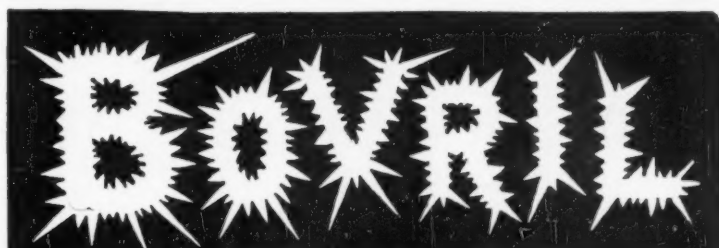
GRAPE-NUTS

supplies in delicious and easily digestible form an abundance of the simple, thorough nourishment so essential to health in growing children, and to mental and bodily vigor in adults.

Mothers everywhere have found Grape-Nuts a big factor in keeping smiles and good cheer in the home.

"There's a Reason"

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Scientific tests prove it to possess
a great body-building power.



Your Skin in Winter

IF you work indoors your skin is sensitive to the cold. To prevent chapping, you should be careful to close the pores by rinsing with cold water, to remove all moisture by drying thoroughly and to avoid soap which irritates the skin and makes it all the more sensitive to wind and frost.

When using Ivory Soap you can be certain that the skin is not touched by any injurious material. It is made of the choicest oils and is entirely harmless.

IF you are out in the weather most of the time, the reaction against the cold forces the blood to the surface and makes the skin hot and sensitive when you come indoors. To bathe in comfort, the soap you use must be exceedingly mild and gentle.

Ivory Soap does not rely upon harsh materials to do its work. It cleans because of its purity and copious lather. It is free from every ingredient that could feel ungrateful to the tenderest skin.

5 CENTS
IVORY SOAP  **99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE**
IT FLOATS

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

Germany's Food Supply

Figures Show That a Serious Shortage is Now Being Felt.

HOW LONG will Germany's food supply hold out in the face of the British blockade? At first high hopes were held out that the work of the fleet would result in forcing the Germans to early submission. Gradually, however, it became certain that the process of economic pressure was going to be a slow one and the pendulum of opinion swung the other way. Recently the hope of starving Germany out has been given up.

That the land of the Kaiser is in reality in very sad plight is, however, the conclusion to be drawn from an able article by J. Ellis Barker in the *Edinburgh Review*. He covers the first two years of the war in their bearing on the situation, showing that the food supply has been getting shorter all the time. In conclusion he says:

In countries which have a free market, cheapness betokens plenty, and dearthless scarcity. The German Government has, by its food policy, abolished the law of supply and demand and has created an artificial cheapness. Instead of allowing the simple mechanism of high prices to stimulate production and to restrict consumption, the German Government has endeavored to regulate production and consumption by the most complicated system of regulations imaginable. Let us now inquire how Germany's complicated economic legislation and her cheap food policy have affected the consumption and production of food, and let us begin by studying consumption.

It is not easy to regulate the human appetite either by exhortation or by minute Government regulations. As food has been cheap in Germany since the beginning of the war, the people, who habitually ate more than was good for them, probably continued over-eating instead of greatly restricting their consumption, and if some foodstuffs were scarce or dear, or were not easily obtainable, owing to the complicated regulations made, they turned naturally to other foods which were still cheap and plentiful, eating the large quantities to which they were accustomed. Until recently neutral visitors to Germany commented on the fact that the people lived as well as in peace time, that cafes and restaurants were crowded, that food was plentiful. In the beginning of the struggle, when millions of cattle and pigs were slaughtered because of the lack of imported feeding stuffs, the German people gorged on cheap meat and the German housewives pickled and smoked meat in large quantities. At that time advertisements of cheap smoking apparatus for private households could be found in every German newspaper.

The authors of the book "Germany's Food: Can it Last?" estimate, as has been shown, that German agriculture produces only two-thirds of the food normally eaten, and that the people should, therefore, eat only two-thirds of the food they have been accustomed to. It seems pretty obvious that no such restriction has taken place; and that, during the war, the German people have, during the war, eaten far more food than ever before, partly because food has been almost as cheap as usual and war profits and war wages have created an artificial opulence; partly because wars increase the appetite of nations. All the heaviest eaters of Germany were drafted into the army, and the open-air life and exercise naturally increased their normally large appetites. The men in uniform ate more than ever before. Armies are notoriously wasteful with food. In the army kitchens and on the march vast quantities of food are invariably wasted, spoilt, or stolen. The soldiers who were sent to their homes on leave were, of course, feasted by

their relations, who participated, and military invalids and convalescents, who have proverbially large appetites, were certainly not stinted either in the hospitals or in their homes. The German newspapers reported victories on land and sea almost every day, and victories must, of course, be celebrated with feasting. It would not be surprising if Germany, instead of eating two-thirds the quantity of food consumed in peace time, should have eaten about 30 per cent. more than in any previous period.

It is true that at least a million German soldiers have been killed or captured, but as their place as consumers of food has been taken by a large number of prisoners, there are now as many mouths in Germany as there were before the war, especially as the civil population has continued increasing. It is true that Germany has confiscated large quantities of foodstuffs in the conquered territories, but that gain is probably balanced by the loss of the produce of Eastern Prussia, which was invaded by the Russians in the beginning of the war.

The surmise that the German Government has failed in its endeavor to regulate and to restrain human appetite by complicated regulations seems to be borne out by the more recent and more drastic food regulations quoted in the papers, and by the smallness of the allowance per person. Germany and Austria-Hungary produce normally an enormous surplus of potatoes and sugar. In ordinary times Germany consumes only half the sugar she produces, and the Dual Monarchy consumes considerably less than half the yearly sugar production. There ought, therefore, to be a large surplus of sugar. The fact that the potato allowance is exceedingly small and that saccharine is replacing sugar seems to indicate that even potatoes and sugar are becoming scarce, that the insufficiently restrained appetite of the people has caused terrible ravages not merely in the supply of meat, dairy produce, and bread, but even in that of potatoes and sugar.

In accordance with the demand of the Socialists, the German Government has endeavored not only to regulate prices, but it has also striven to arrange that all should have an equal share in the food supply by the ticket system. The Government's endeavor at equal distribution has proved a complete failure. The food producers, the peasants, the farmers and their friends, eat, of course, as much as they like. An endeavor to control their appetite would be hopeless. The well-to-do, who cannot obtain as much as they would like to have under the ticket system, can, of course, obtain privately food from the farmers and peasants, who thus are able to sell food in small quantities at far higher prices than the low maximum prices fixed by the Government. Besides, the well-to-do can go to the country and feast there. The result is that the country population and the well-to-do are well fed, while the Socialist masses in the towns, for whose special benefit the ticket system was instituted, are starved. The workers have neither the money nor the opportunities to buy surreptitiously direct from the farmers, and thus they are the principal sufferers by the great Socialist experiment which has been made at the bidding of their leaders. Besides, the attempt to distribute food by ticket has proved a failure because the officials lack commercial experience. Hence in innumerable instances people have to wait many hours, and sometimes all night, before shops with their tickets, and after endless waiting are told that the supply has run out. Commerce is a science and an art, and experienced business men cannot safely be replaced by well-drilled officials directed by impractical doctrinaires.

Now let us consider how the complicated legislation of Germany has affected individual exertion, and has affected the national food production.

Soon after the outbreak of the war numerous measures were taken to stimulate agriculture. The people in the towns were appealed to for help in harvesting. Schools were closed and the school children were asked to assist in the fields. Those willing to help with harvesting were given free tickets on the State railways. The rural co-operative societies received liberal State aid. The acquisition of steam ploughs, motor ploughs, etc., was facilitated by grants and by the creation of ex-

La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE CORSETS



**SPIRAL
SUPER-BONE**

LA DIVA SUPER-BONE CORSETS

These new fashionable and daintily finished corsets need no introduction. The illustration gives some idea of their singular beauty; entirely different to any other corset made.

SUPER-BONE boning is the best boning ever invented.

Flexible as the body itself.

Unbreakable and Non-Rustable.

Perfect-fitting models for every type of figure.

Just try a pair and be convinced



DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
 Montreal QUEBEC Toronto
Makers also of the Celebrated D & A Corsets and D & A Good-Shape Brassieres

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA.

CAROLINA HOTEL and Cottages open for the Season
 HOLLY INN, BERKSHIRE and HARVARD open early in January

Golf The 3 eighteen-hole courses are augmented this year by the new nine-hole course which will be open for play. The fairways and greens are equal to any in the South.

Tennis The clay tennis courts at Pinehurst are famous both among professionals and amateurs for their excellence.

Trap Shooting Every facility provided for trap shooting. 30,000 acre private shooting preserve. Guides, trained dogs and shooting wagons provided.

Through Pullman service from New York and Washington via Seaboard Air Line Ry. Only one night from N.Y., Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

No consumptives received at Pinehurst
 Full information on request

Pinehurst Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Livery A large stable of saddle and driving horses.

Horse Racing Splendid trotting, running and steeplechasing events held each week throughout the season by horses from private stables.

Motoring Excellent new roads for fifty miles in every direction. New State road completed to Savannah.



changes for these implements. The Russian laborers who were in Germany when the war broke out, and who numbered perhaps 200,000, were forcibly detained. When the harvest had been brought in, orders were given that every available spot, even parks and drill-grounds, were to be put under cultivation. The German press informed us that a record area would be sown and that it would produce a record harvest in 1915. Nevertheless, the 1915 harvest was poor, owing to bad weather, and especially owing to lack of human and animal labor and of chemical and animal manure.

When, towards the middle of 1915, it became clear that the German harvest would be a poor one, the Government arranged for the distribution of foodstuffs of various kinds and began seizing the existing supply at the low maximum prices which it had proclaimed. On the 28th of June, 1915, the standing crops of all bread corn were seized. On the 9th of October all potatoes, and on the 8th of November all straw, were made Government property. The forcible acquisition of vast quantities of agricultural produce at arbitrarily fixed, uncommercial, and artificially low prices has undoubtedly embittered the producers, the peasants, who, at the last moment, saw themselves deprived of the legitimate result of a year's unremitting labor, and who probably considered themselves robbed. A powerful government can do many things, but it can neither control the appetite nor the will of the people. Forcible acquisition at uncommercial prices, confiscation in disguise, may easily lead to a fatal diminution in agricultural effort. Production in a limited

number of factories can be supervised and regulated by the State, but rural food production on millions of farms cannot similarly be controlled. According to the newspapers numerous peasants have been prosecuted in the law-courts for the illicit slaughtering of animals, for neglecting cultivation, for allowing their pigs to eat the green bread corn which had expressly been reserved by the Government for human consumption. The tendency of the Government's food policy is to induce the peasants to raise not as much food as they can, but as little as they dare. Many will produce only enough for their own consumption, and will refuse to produce for sale at official prices, which they think too low.

It is obvious that people can live with little meat and fat, provided they can obtain enough vegetable food. But is there enough vegetable food in Germany to supply the wants of the people? Scraps of information which reach this country by way of the newspapers and through private sources seem to indicate that the general food position in Germany is serious, that there is a shortage not only of meat and fat, eggs and milk, etc., but of food of every kind. Apparently the policy of low prices has had the natural result of greatly stimulating the consumption and severely reducing the production of food, thus producing a general scarcity, and the attempt to distribute the existing food equitably has proved a failure. It is not safe to disregard the elementary law of demand and supply. By over-regulating and over-organizing in the economic sphere Germany may regulate herself into starvation and organize herself into defeat.

an enormous commerce; exploitation of Chile nitrate beds has become not only a source of riches to the owners, but to the Chilean Government as well, which lives on the revenues of the exportation tax which it levies on every pound of Chile saltpetre which leaves its ports for every part of the civilized world. So practically every agricultural country, ours included, pays direct tribute to Chile for its food supply.

This naturally increases the cost of this material, aside from the fact that the Chilean nitrate-beds cannot last forever. There is some heated controversy going on whether they will be empty by the middle of this century or by the end; but, after all, every one must admit that it is merely a matter of years before this natural storehouse of this valuable product will be entirely exhausted.

And yet nitrogen as such, free and uncombined, is everywhere; it is so abundant that each column of air of our atmosphere resting upon every square foot of the earth's surface contains about $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons of nitrogen. The amount of nitrogen in the air above one square mile of land, is about 20,000,000 tons, as much as the world will require in about fifty years. Unfortunately, free nitrogen is of no use as such, in this instance. It must be brought into some kind of a chemical combination before it is good for anything. Precisely there lies the difficulty of the problem, because nitrogen is one of the most indifferent, the most inert, of all chemicals. It is really too lazy to enter into combination, as most other chemicals do.

As the glimmer of a far-off beacon, indicating faintly a course to follow, there was the knowledge of a modest experiment, carried out as far back as 1785 by two Englishmen well known to science. One of them was aristocratic Lord Cavendish and the other democratic Priestly, whose restless thinking and liberal political opinions earned him his exile to the United States, where he lies buried.

They had shown, the one independently of the other, that if electric sparks are passed through air contained in a little glass tube, the oxygen was able to burn some of the nitrogen and to produce nitrous vapors. Chemists know how to convert these nitrous vapors into nitric acid and nitrates. At that time electricity was a mere toy, and nobody dreamed that some day it was to develop into one of our most powerful agencies. Such is the tremendous potency of some of these seemingly insignificant laboratory curiosities. It frequently happens that after they lie long dormant, half forgotten in the scientific literature, they blaze out as the starting-point of a revolutionary development of applied science.

Two American inventors, Charles S. Bradley and D. R. Lovejoy, in Niagara Falls, tried to build upon these meagre facts; they succeeded in creating the first industrial apparatus for converting the nitrogen of the air into nitric acid by means of electric sparks. As early as 1902 they published their results, as well as the details of their apparatus. To them belongs the credit of first demonstrating publicly that it was possible to produce nitric acid from the air in practically unlimited quantities. All that was necessary was enough capital and cheap electric power. Electric current as sold in Niagara Falls, at \$18 a horsepower-year, provided the first bar to the commercial utilization of their process. Furthermore, their financial backers, frightened by the need of huge further investments, instead of developing the process gave up the attempt.

Two Scandinavian inventors, Professor Birkeland and Doctor Eyde, in the meantime, attacked the same process in a different way. They were no longer handicapped by expensive water-power. The abundant falls in Norway, developed under very economical financing, were able to furnish their current at a price three times to five times less than at Niagara Falls. Furthermore, the apparatus they used was devised in considerably bigger units—1,000 to 3,000 kilowatts, as compared to the modest 12 kilowatt units of Bradley and Lovejoy—and after some years of strenuous work and expensive development the installation was gradually increased, so that before 1914 200,000 electrical horsepower were employed, and the capital invested

Saving the World from Starvation

Steps That are Being Taken to Extract Nitrogen From the Air.

THE AVERAGE person probably has very little knowledge of the importance of the question of nitrogen supplies. Yet, when it is pointed out that the Chile nitrate deposits—the sole direct source of nitrogen today—will be exhausted at any rate during the present century and that without nitrogen the human race will starve, then the problem assumes a new importance. L. H. Baekeland discusses the steps that are being taken to solve the problem, very interestingly in *Scribner's Magazine*. He writes, in part:—

In 1898 Sir William Crookes, at a memorable meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sounded a warning—an alarm call—to the human race. What he said was substantially this: "We are relying on Chile nitrates for our needed supply of fertilizer for our wheat-fields and other crops. The consumption of this fertilizer is increasing steadily with the rapidly rising food requirements of our race. But the nitrate deposits of Chile will be exhausted before the end of this century. What means shall we devise for obtaining additional sources of nitrogen supply so as to prevent starvation of the human race?"

All this may sound better to the average reader after we tell him more about it. The whole story is nothing less than a modern epos of applied science. The story began the day when chemistry taught us how indispensable are the nitrogenous substances for the growth of all animal beings, for building up their tissues. Generally speaking, the most expensive foodstuffs are precisely those which contain most nitrogen; and this for the simple reason that there is, and always has been in the world, at some time or another, a shortage of nitrogenous foods—proteid-containing foods, as scientists call them.

Germany's most serious problem, at this moment, is how to get enough meat or other proteid food for her population and for her army; she has plenty of potatoes, but potatoes contain little or no proteids—they contain mostly starch; hence her bread-and-meat ticket system. Agriculture furnishes us these

proteid or nitrogenous bodies, never mind whether we eat them directly as vegetable products, like wheat or beans, or indirectly, as meat, milk, cheese, or eggs, from any animals which have fed on proteid-containing plants, or eat other animals which live on plants.

It so happens that by our reckless methods of agriculture the plants take the nitrogen from the soil much faster than it is supplied to the soil through some natural agencies from the air.

We should remember here that the atmosphere in which we live and breathe contains about four parts of nitrogen gas, mixed with one part of oxygen. But this gas, nitrogen of the air, can only be taken up by the plants under very particular conditions.

So our farmers long ago, have found it necessary to remedy this discrepancy by enriching the soil with manure and other fertilizers. But, with our growing population, we have been compelled to resort to methods of intensive culture, and our fields want more and ever more nitrogen.

Since these facts have been established by the chemists of the last century, agriculture has been looking around anxiously to find new sources of nitrogen fertilizer. For a time an excellent supply was found in Peru, in the guano deposits, which are merely the result of dried excrements of birds, but the material was bought up so eagerly that, after a few years, the supply was practically exhausted.

Another source was found in the by-products of gas works and coke-ovens, which by the distillation of coal produce a certain percentage of ammonia, and has come into increasing use as a nitrogen fertilizer. Here, again, the supply, although seemingly enormous, cannot keep pace with the constantly growing demand, even if we leave out of consideration that our coal-beds are not everlasting.

In 1825 a ship arrived in Europe loaded with Chile saltpetre as ballast; it tried to sell its cargo, but could find no buyer; so the cargo was thrown into the sea as useless material. This now seems rather funny; it was some time before it occurred to anybody that this Chile saltpetre, or nitrate of sodium, is one of the best sources of nitrogen for agriculture, as well as a raw material for the manufacture of explosives and the other industries which require nitric acid. The awakening appreciation of the great value of this Chile saltpetre has, since then, developed



Transfer the Old Records

Clear Files for the New Year's Records

ALL the "active" office files should be cleared at least once each year. The beginning of the New Year is the most suitable time to do this. It is usually found most satisfactory to remove all the past year's record *intact* to the Transfer Cases, which, when labeled, showing dates and subject of contents, makes future reference to any record very simple.

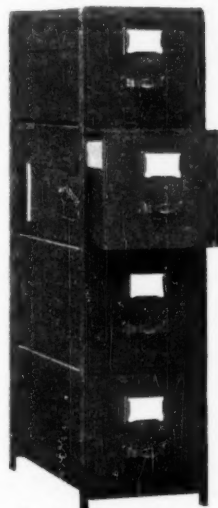
Different methods of transferring are, of course, necessary in different kinds of business. These various methods are illustrated and described in a very interesting Office Specialty hand book, recently published. Every office chief and filing clerk should have a copy of this booklet. Use the coupon below as a request for your copy.



Style "B" 8 1/2 Transfer Case for Letter Size Papers.



SHANNON Transfer Binding Case. Made Bill, Letter and Cap Size.



Stack of four Sectional STEEL Transfer Cases.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED
AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
CANADA

Home Office and Factories: Newmarket, Ontario

Filing Equipment Stores:
Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina,
Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver

Clip this coupon

Mail it to-day

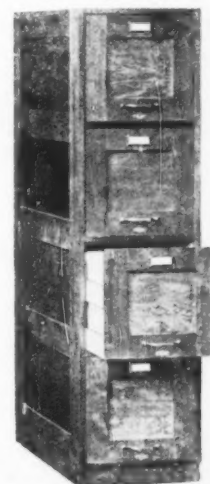
Office Specialty
Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Newmarket
Ontario

Kindly send your free booklet of instruction on
"How to Transfer Papers and Records."

Name

Address

City Prov.



4-Drawer Wood Vertical Transfer Cabinet.

J.M. 1-17

❧ Gift Suggestions—Comfort and Pleasure ❧

PERHAPS it is a child or one of youthful years that you wish to remember—why not a pair of skates?—Consider carefully the style and make and by so doing you will gladden the young heart and help to bring health and happiness. There is nothing quite so fast and exciting as a good hockey game. Does he play? If he does he will need skates and need good ones. Why not give him a serviceable pair of Double-Enders or Hockey Tubes? There is nothing more healthy and enjoyable than a skating party, so be sure that your friend or brother can attend one of these if the occasion ever arises.

THIS year in particular gift-makers are choosing practical gifts—things to be worn or used, not generally necessary, but practical. Suppose, for example, that the family wished to give the man of the house a fur coat, or a sleigh robe, or a set of bells, or gauntlets, or a blanket for his driving horse, or a set of harness, the gift would be exceedingly well chosen, and would have an enthusiastic welcome.

A GENERATION or more ago, buffalo robes were universal. They were so cheap, so warm, so useful that everybody with a horse and cutter or sleigh had one or several. But the buffalo robe is now a thing unknown and unused.

THANKS be, however, the buffalo has a surviving brother—the musk ox. Its hairy hide is magnificent for a sleigh or cutter robe—for a covering for the knees, or to hang over the back as a rich and right royal winter decoration. Also a musk-ox robe makes a fine gift to the motorist.

Just the thing! GIVE THE BOY OR GIRL A PAIR OF GUARANTEED SKATES

Lunn's Skates need no introduction, they have a high reputation and wide popularity. In fact, they are the **LIGHTEST** Skate for Hockey on the Market and they outwear most others. We guarantee every skate. You will make no mistake in pleasing, if you buy LUNN'S SKATES.



Three Kinds

Laminated Blade 1/4 inch wide
Damascus Blade 3/16 inch wide
Excelsior Blade 5/32 inch wide

Be sure to get our written guarantee from your dealer—a guarantee that goes with every pair sold. If you write us we will send you a copy.

G. J. LUNN, 134 Chatham Street Montreal, P. Q.

*Extra Good
Quality*



*At Half the
Usual Price*

For Automobiles, Carriages and Sleighs MUSK OX ROBES

Musk Ox Robes are rare and valuable and usually beyond the moderate purse, but owing to unusual conditions in the Fur Trade this season, we were able to purchase the finest selection of Musk Ox Robes we have ever had, and at a price that allows us to offer them at less than half the usual cost. This is your opportunity.

These robes are of the very best quality, the Musk Ox having been killed in full season; the fur is both long, silky and very thick, of a very rich seal brown color, also with a long central curl with silvery effect. All robes are well lined with best quality felt. The Musk Ox Robe is an ideal covering for automobiles and owners should not be without one at the price we are now offering.

There is a complete range from \$65.00 up, according to size.
Order to day. Further particulars on request.



LAMONTAGNE, Limited

Established 1869

338 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST, MONTREAL

Manufacturers of Quality Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc.



Gift Suggestions—For Her



SOME gifts multiply themselves endlessly—they are never consumed, but last on and on, and give perpetual pleasure. Books, for example, and musical instruments or musical compositions.

A SUPREME gift is a piano—that vibrant, melodious, beautiful structure of fine wood, ivory, metal and strings. In it are locked up powers of infinite pleasure and comfort of soul. Whatever your mood may be this instrument of strings responds to it with fullest sympathy. Are you glad, and does your heart dance? Then you may make your piano sing out your heartiness. Are you laden down with the sorrows of life or love, or with the heavy weight of cares and griefs? Your piano will throb out your sadness, give you a wordless requiem, or lull your pain and send gloom away.

CHRISTMAS without candy! Perish the thought. For the sugary confection bespeaks gladness, and Christmas is the expression of gladness. Always we are seeking outlets and methods of expressing what is in us, and candy—compound of sugar and goodies—most happily and commonly conveys our feelings to those whom we would have know us better.

CANDY is the universal gift, but when intended as an expression of goodwill, it must go dressed in right attire. You would not give candy unboxed—in a common paper bag. Candy becomes confectionery—with a capital C—when it is given as token of favor or as the bribe of love or as an expression of affection. Also, it must be branded with a name—the name of the firm that made it. Else it is confectionery without class, and, betrays you to the thought that you evaded the obligation of giving a pedigreed candy.

A Gift That Gives Every Member of the Family the Ability to Play the Piano

Christmas Day you can leave forever the ranks of the listeners, and, like the greatest masters of the Pianoforte, become yourself a creator of music. The wonderful

WILLIAMS' MAESTER-TOUCH PLAYER PIANO

with its magic power to speak by harmonies to our inner souls, to soothe us when the fret of life has set our nerves atingle, to gladden us when we are sad, to arouse us when we are dispirited, to croon us to lullaby-land, to set our hearts and voices singing—no other gift than a WILLIAMS' PIANO will bring such contentment and actual pleasure to your home life.

Write tonight or visit the Williams dealer at once regarding the convenient terms.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO



Give

Patterson's TORONTO Chocolates

"The
Perfect
Gift"

Gift Suggestions—Electric Labor Savers

CAN there be a better gift to the home-worker than a labor or time-saving device? The gift of utility never fails of appreciation. Usually there is thus provided something long-desired and long-resisted for lack of money.

THE lady of the coffee-pot is prouder than Punch—or should we say Judy—when she sits behind an electric percolator. The coffee is always hot, and, of course, is always good. The ability to make good tea or coffee widens a woman's esteem by those to whom she is hostess.

THINK, Husband of Her, and Son of Her, and Big Brother of Her, of a table equipped with things electric!—a toaster, a grill, an egg-boiler. Ah, to give a gift of this sort is to lay oneself open to the charge of giving oneself a gift by the indirect and supposedly undetected route! But the Lady who Presides is perfectly willing to receive gifts of this sort—gifts which are suspiciously selfish.

SUPPOSE you give the family an electric stove or air-warmer—something that all can enjoy. Or let it be an electric iron, if the Keeper of the Robes and Milady of the Bedchamber does not possess this most useful and most expeditious utility.

THOSE sockets into which plugs can be put so quickly are not a tenth appreciated by the average man. All he expects to get out of them or through them is light. But, bless you, there's heat, and there's power and there's time saved and labor saved and money saved—yes, and even vitality.

An All Year Christmas Gift



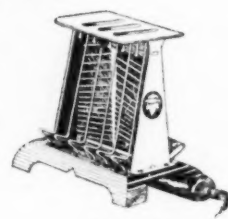
Christmas comes but once a year—but a Canadian Beauty Electric Appliance—famous for quality and utility—is a gift that will last all year and many years. Make this a Christmas of useful giving. Take your list to a Canadian Beauty dealer. You will be surprised at how many of the names his display will dispose of.

CANADIAN BEAUTY ELECTRIC APPLIANCES



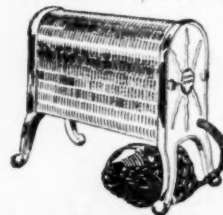
PERCOLATOR

Perfection of
Design Means Com-
plete Satisfaction



TOASTER

The Canadian Beauty line was designed by experts. No improvement has been missed—but no unnecessary whims have been added. In design Canadian Beauty appliances are handsome, economical and very practical.



AIR WARMER

Excellence of
Construction Insures
Long Service



TOASTER GRILL

We pride ourselves on the high quality of materials and workmanship that go into Canadian Beauty appliances. They are built to give service—not merely to sell at a price. The very best of metals—the most expert workmen—the most modern machinery—these are the factors that insure the long life of Canadian Beauty appliances.

See your dealer while display is complete

Christmas is very near now. You must see the Canadian Beauty dealer in your neighborhood at once. He will show you many appliances that will just fill a need in your own home—or the home of a friend. See him to-day—or write us for catalog.



NOTE HOW BACK REST
REVERSED FORMS STAND
CONVERTING IRON INTO
STOVE

IRON

**RENFREW ELECTRIC
MFG. CO., LIMITED**

RENFREW

CANADA



Gift Suggestions—For Him



PERHAPS it is a man you would make your gift to. A dressing gown, a house jacket, a chair, or slippers, or pipes, or a table or desk—all of these have their place in the list of things to be sifted. Perhaps tools, or a safety razor, or even garters and suspenders. Perhaps gloves, or a fountain pen, or a good dictionary.

THINK of the things you would like—of the things you are desiring and not possessing because of a purse that is not quite fat enough to let you have every wish. And in this thinking you may find your inspiration.

SEE him standing up in a swaying Pullman. If he had the old-kind razor it would be death to him to attempt to shave there—or near-death. See him, too, with an unscarred or unmarked face, and you can guess that he's a "Safety First" man.

BARBERS are a necessity—that's admitted; but many a man who helps to make barbers rich and autocratic as the Kaiser, should shave himself, and he would do it if he were aware of the comfort and ease of a Safety.

A SAFETY RAZOR is bought countless times by women to give as presents to their guid mon. What to give a man is very perplexing. Men have so few wants—so they say! But, seriously, what to give a man who doesn't smoke or drink the brews of John Barleycorn, or play golf or own a motor—well, it's a problem.

But Nature has given man a beard or moustache—actually or potentially—and so every man is an actual or potential razor-user.



With a Christmas Card ---from YOU

True—many possible gifts are not good enough; others you know he doesn't want. But a *Gillette* you can be sure of—for any man—anywhere.

Christmas Gillettes now in the stores—\$5 to \$25

About the nicest "little gift" for the Gillette
User is a packet of Blades—50c or \$1.00.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
Gillette Building Montreal

TRADE *Gillette* MARK



Gift Suggestions—Books



WOULD you give something to a friend that will please him or her, and prolong the pleasure? Then give a book. Choose the book thoughtfully. Think of the recipient of your gift. If the relation be just cordial, give a popular novel. If the relationship be intimate, then choose a book having more meaning—some choice volume—a classic, bound attractively and printed and illustrated with distinction. Let the class of book speak of you, the giver.

PERHAPS the relation between you and the friend you would remember is sentimental. Then a book of poems, or an art book, sumptuously bound, richly illustrated, or some book breathing out love, is a happy choice.

THEN there is the magazine, with its frequent arrivals each of which recalls thoughts of you. It is suggested that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE or THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE will be the most happy choices. Give MACLEAN'S to the friend abroad or in Uncle Sam's land, for every copy of this magazine carries a message from Canada, the land of your nativity or adoption, and a land in which it is certain that your friend is interested, for your sake. MACLEAN'S is \$1.50 a year, and a card bearing your name as giver is sent by the publishers, to arrive with a copy of the magazine on Christmas day.

IF your friend lives in the country and is interested supremely in agriculture or the life rural, then THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE will be most welcome. Its price is a dollar a year, and its twelve monthly visits will gladden the giver and add delight upon delight for a twelvemonth. The publishers likewise send a card and a copy of the last issue, both to arrive on Christmas day.

CANADIANA Published by THE HOUSE OF CASSELL 55 BAY STREET, TORONTO

The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. - - - Cloth, Net, \$5.00

In TWO VOLUMES With 8 Photogravures. Medium Svo. The Right Hon. Sir R. L. Borden, K.C.M.G., who has written the Introduction to the above, says: "For Canadians the life of Sir Charles Tupper needs no introduction. His career as a public man is indissolubly associated with the history of Canada since Confederation." It is a book that interests both for the story of the man and that of Canada, in the making of which he played such a prominent part.

With the North-West Mounted Police. A Record of Thirty-one Years' Service
Cloth, Net, \$1.50

CAPTAIN R. BURTON DEANE. With 4 Half-tone Plates. Large crown Svo. 320 pages. The achievements of the Force here recorded form an entertaining romance of crime, criminals and police as can anywhere be found. Here is an intimate picture of Louis Riel during his trial; stories of the "Tucker Pench," the "Benson" and the "Wilson" murder case; "The Crooked Lakes Affair," Cattle Smugglings, Lynching, crimes redolent of the "Wild West"; and to read of them as Captain Deane tells the tales is to be transported to a new field of criminal romance.

Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal - - - Net, \$5.00
Edited by BECKLES WILLSON.

With fifteen Photogravure plates, 700 pages, cloth boxed. The tale of Strathcona's career is as extraordinary as the man himself was extraordinary. His hand was in a hundred undertakings, and no man played a greater and more varied part in Canada's upbuilding; yet, as the published correspondence shows, always with strict probity. The book abounds in letters and correspondence placed at the disposal of Mr. Beckles Willson by Lord Strathcona's family, who have also given the author the use of documents hitherto inaccessible.



What's This About Turning Spare Time Into Money?

So inquired W. McD. Tait of Alberta in response to our advertisement in MacLean's. Our plan of multiplying profits looked good to Tait and he started work—spare time at first but has since developed a profitable business of his own.

Would the same proposition we made to Tait appeal to you? A pleasant out-door occupation—constantly meeting the biggest and best people?

If you would like to work up a profit-producing business of your own and will look after the local renewals and new subscriptions we will pay you liberally.

Agency Division, Box 1

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO

Saving the World from Starvation

Continued from page 42.

amounted already to \$27,000,000, to which further additions have been made later.

Thus far we have spoken of nitrogen as the main source of our food-supply, as the element which procures life, health, and prosperity. But in war it becomes also the most terrible element of death and destruction, for nitric acid is the all-important substance from which modern gunpowder and all explosives of war are made. Nitric acid, in reacting upon cotton, gives guncotton, also called nitrocellulose, the base of smokeless powder. In reacting upon carbolic acid it gives picric acid; with toluol, that colorless liquid extracted from coal-tar, it produces trinitrotoluol—better known as T.N.T.—and all these or similar substances form the base of all modern war explosives, whether they be called T.N.T., cordite, melinite, lyddite, or any other names.

If Germany had not succeeded in utilizing any of the nitrogen-fixation processes for making synthetic nitric acid, the war would have come to a stop long ago, and this notwithstanding the extraordinary organization of the enormous German army or the unprecedented size and variety of her armaments. Her 42-centimetre guns would be no more able to sow devastation and destruction than an automobile would be able to run after its supply of gasoline is used up.

It is true that Germany had foreseen such a possibility. On this account she had an enormous supply of explosives ready, and besides this was in possession of about 600,000 tons of Chile saltpetre, kept ready for further contingencies. After England joined the war matters began to look so much more serious that hurriedly about 200,000 tons more were imported, through neutral ports, and we are informed that, as a piece of good luck to the German army, about 200,000 tons were found stored in the port of Antwerp after the fall of that city. But, from all appearances, it looks now as if Germany, well prepared as she was, never expected a war of the present magnitude and duration. The amount of nitrate explosives which have been used in this war almost staggers description. Men competent to estimate have reported that during a few days' battle in some of the principal engagements more explosives were used than in the whole Franco-Prussian War. So the reserve of explosives and nitrates in Germany rapidly disappeared as snow melts before the sun, and some heroic measures had to be taken to replenish promptly her supply of nitric acid.

The main question was to get a process which could be extended fast enough to keep pace with the increased demands. To those unacquainted with chemical methods it seems rather unexpected that the exigencies of the situation should have dictated the choice of that harmless-looking cyanamid, which until then had been used exclusively for the peaceful purposes of agriculture.

The well-known chemical fact was remembered that this cyanamid, heated with steam under a high pressure, lets its nitrogen be converted into ammonia. It was remembered also that, when once you have ammonia, the latter, after being mixed with air, can be burned by the oxygen of the air—oxidation chemists call it—and can be transformed thereby into nitric acid. Here again all that is necessary is a so-called catalyst, and the best catalyst for this purpose is platinum, and this is one of the reasons why platinum is now on the list of contraband of war. So in the end the issue of this war depends very much on the proper working of a catalyst! Such are the ramifications of modern chemistry. By these simple chemical means Germany is producing to-day her nitric acid at the rate of more than 300,000 tons a year. Many people erroneously imagine that all this was neatly installed before the war or was carried out a short time after the war was started. The real fact is that it took German chemists and engineers about a year and a half of the most strenuous and uninterrupted efforts before they had erected enough plants to arrive at the condition where they were independent for their full nitric-acid supply. It is estimated that \$100,000,000 has thus been spent on an additional equipment. Before the war the yearly output of the existing cyanamid works in Germany, amounted to scarcely 50,000 tons. Since then it has been increased to about 600,000 tons. This has been done in a number of different localities by either adapting existing electric-power plants, or by erecting new ones for the production of this indispensable material. So that here again the drastic exigencies of war have called into existence an enormous industry for which there was scant enthusiasm in times of peace.

This special message of science has finally reached the masses, since it spoke to them, not in the language of peace and knowledge, but in the arguments of war; since nitrogen was to be harnessed not for giving growth and life to our race, but for carrying forth death and destruction. What next?

The Flame of France

An Appreciation of the Indomitable Spirit of the French People.

"SO FAR as France is concerned, this war is of the spirit," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "It is a war to save the spirit, to keep the spirit of France independent, untrammelled and pure. It is an effort of the most developed and civilized people on earth to save its soul alive. It is a glass, through which suddenly we have seen the soul of France." A few of the instances bearing out the writer's appreciation are quoted here as follows:

In the trains arriving at La Chapelle from the front, the faces of the wounded are more like the faces of saints than the faces of soldiers—and now and then a bearded one lifted by suffering and sacrifice to a likeness of the very Christ.

The women in the villages are quite as wonderful as the wounded soldiers. One rainy day, coming across a field road deep in mud, I meet a young woman. She knows me, so I walk with her. She wears a thick black dress and one of those French knitted shawls that are mostly square holes, with only an um-

brella to keep off the slanting rain. She belongs at the Post Office. It is there I had seen her, at the rural free delivery. It is too muddy to ride her wheel, so she must walk. "Ah, c'est trop! Trente kilometres, vous savez, chaque jour; c'est trop." And when I agree that 18 miles is too much, she says: "Mais que voulez-vous? My husband, he was killed in Champagne; my little girl has five years. I must work." And then she races me in to the Post Office to prove her path the shorter, and, when I arrive she, already behind her desk, laughs with gaiety at my being in the wrong. A people like that is unbeatable!

A lady's maid in England gets a six month's holiday—comes to France. I saw her at work scrubbing floors in a hospital from seven in the morning till night—an intelligent, delicate woman with most refined and sensitive hands, always gay, no matter how many rainy days come in succession and how much mud was tracked over her floors. I told her she deserved the *Croix de Guerre*. It is such people who are saving France. There is no vindictiveness. The war is a matter of cold business, for the Frenchman never gets hot in his head; his brain is cool; he is always intelligent. The German is a *Boche*, that is all—the word expresses him entirely; and when one thinks that the Germans are described by the most intelligent people on earth as "les

sales Boches," one feels that they are an unfortunate people, really to be pitied. The wounded, of course—for it is of course—never complain; always patient and always gay. One boy, very sick indeed, with four bad wounds and dreadful bedsores, in reply to a hope that things were going better with him, said, smiling, that "affaires marchées doucement, doucement." That particular hospital occupied part of a college, and there d'Artagnan had, when a boy, been at school.

The French know they beat Germany at the Marne, beat the German First Army, flushed as it was with victory. With 1870 tolling in their ears, they turned on the Germans and almost with their bare hands hurled them back. If there had been ammunition they would have pushed them back to Berlin, and they know now that in the field they are the masters.

It is the ordinary, commonplace man that is the wonder. The heroes of romance are seven feet high, with other attributes of the stage idol; but these heroes—these real heroes—are just the men of the shop, the field, and the marketplace. At the midnight Mass on Christmas morning, when they stood, a crowd of soldiers and wounded near the door of the packed church, one saw amid the waving candle-flames and the French flags, the long red streamers that reminded one of the oriflamme, and one understood something of Joan of Arc; how she too was a simple peasant, but, seeing the vision, had trusted in it and believed it, and by it had delivered France.

One saw in these simple men the everlasting brothers of the Maid—men who saw the spirit as she had seen it, and would again clear France of the invader and save it from destruction. One felt it again that night in the wards, when, after an entertainment of song and dance given by the wounded soldiers, a young man came forward at the end of the long room in the aisle between the rows of beds, and, laying aside his crutches, leaned for support on a chair and sang the *Marseillaise*. One knew it when, at the end of the song, the wounded raised themselves in their beds to roar, *Aux armes, citoyens!* One knew then that one had experienced something that is rare in the world.

It is true that their capacity for the dramatic gives one a chance to understand them; but now the dramatic seems to be always an unconscious display of the spirit that is moving them. There is no brag; the spirit just shines through them. They cannot help it.

An aviator had fallen and had died in the hospital. The day of his funeral, a day with gusts of heavy rain, with gay streaked clouds crowding in the windy sky, the funeral procession was just leaving the hospital to go across the little place, under the clipped trees, to the village church. The priest walks at the head of the procession, intoning; the tricolor is carried at the head of the flag-draped coffin, the church-bell tolls, when screaming out of the wind-driven sky comes a war-plane—down, down, over the church, and then, tilting at a terrible angle, around the church it goes—once, twice, thrice, and then up and off again into the clouds. A more modern and more extraordinary expression of respect for the dead it is impossible to imagine.

All through the country one feels the same spirit everywhere that one feels in Paris—the straight roads with their sense of mental clearness and passionate directness, the poplars, monumental in their long lines against the sky. Even the clipped trees somehow convey to one a sense one never got from them before. All the common things have suddenly sprung to life, suddenly become symbols of the inner things. For a moment, the veil that hides the world from us, under the visible things, is pulled aside, and we understand as we never understood before.

It is truly as a wounded officer said, looking across a valley on his first ride outside when convalescent, as he saw the dark bare apple trees and the rolling fields, and beyond always the rows of straight trees: "Ah, is it not a country worth fighting for?"—and he had lost his right hand, his right foot was badly hurt, and there was a groove from a shell in the front of his head. And yet he hoped to be back at the front in the spring.

France carries the civilization of the world in her hands, the civilization which is a



If we could tell you half what you should know about The Dictaphone---

You would start in dictating to The Dictaphone to-morrow morning.

Of course, you would like to dictate **when** and how you like, early or late, before or after hours, at home or in the office. To never have to wait—even a minute—for a stenographer. You **can** when you dictate to The Dictaphone.

Naturally, you would like to be able to let your typist **produce** all the time, whether it is typewriting or other important work. To do away with the extravagance of having your letters written **twice**—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter. You can when you dictate to The Dictaphone.

Obviously, as a business man, you would like to get more letters and better letters—and get them with less strain on your typist's part; and best of all, to get them at a provable saving of at least a third. You do when you dictate to The Dictaphone.

But the subject isn't half covered here — we can't hope to do more than hint at what The Dictaphone means to you. Tell you more? The minute you are ready write to

SALES MANAGER

TAE DICTAPHONE

(REGISTERED)

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

PHONE, MAIN 1539

Suite 2140 Stair Building, 123 Bay Street, TORONTO

This Advertisement was dictated to "The Dictaphone"

heritage from the Greeks, and she knows that that is what she is fighting to save. As the Greeks saved it from the Persian host, she is saving it from the Prussian hordes, from the most backward, the most ruthless, the most material people that the world has yet had the misfortune to produce. France knows that this war is materialism trying to crush the spirit of man, the spirit of freedom, and the rights of truth and liberty, and that is why the common soldier says he is fighting for la civilisation.

Many of us over here think this is an ordinary war, a war between this man and that man. Never was a greater mistake made. It is a war between liberty and beauty on the one hand, and on the other, tyranny and brutality—a war between the civilized man of the twentieth century and the man still back in the Middle Ages. For the German, in spite of his mechanical knowledge, is still in the Middle Ages, but the Middle Ages with chivalry left out, the Middle Ages ^{honour} and without hope. That is why France wanted us to say that she was right—that was all, to say it; but as that is now too late, one hopes that we may think it, that we may understand that it is for us she is fighting—for the very things that we have until now held sacred, for the only things that make life tolerable. What little help we can individually give her, let us give it. What we are officially, let us forget. Let us try to make her, or those of her people with whom we come in contact, understand that we, as a people, give her our respect, our admiration, and more than all, our love; that in us yet, somewhere, still burns the old flame; that in spite of a neutral government, in spite of unrestrained German aggression, in spite of luxury and materialism, there is an America still, and that America understands that France is carrying the hope of the world.

Is the Bubble-fountain Safe?

"THE circumstances of an epidemic of streptococcus tonsillitis two years ago in one the dormitories of the University of Wisconsin unexpectedly directed suspicion to the bubble-fountains in the building. The water pressure in them was so low that it was scarcely possible to drink from the bubbler without touching the metal portions with the lips. An examination of the fountains showed them to be heavily contaminated with streptococci. Positive results were obtained from the surface of the mountain, from the inside and from the water discharged, but the city water-supply by which they were operated gave no evidence of these organisms.

"The facts of the Wisconsin investigation are surprising as well as unexpected. A survey of all fountains of the university showed the presence of streptococci in over 50 per cent of the total number. . . . In an experimental bubble-fountain, *Bacillus prodigiosus* when introduced either by means of a pipette or by the moistened lips remained in the water from two to 135 minutes, depending partly on the height of the 'bubble.'

"The explanation of this finding seems to be clear. Most of the organisms are flushed away in the water-stream; but some remain dancing in the column much as a ball dances on the garden fountain, even though the bubble be increased to the impracticable height of 4 inches. To avoid this difficulty, always present in the vertical column of spouting water, a simple fountain with a tube at an angle of 50 degrees from the vertical was constructed. *B. prodigiosus* was never found in the culture plates from this type of fountain, even when samples were taken immediately after the intentional introduction of the organisms.

"The Wisconsin investigators believe that a jet of water from a tube erected at an angle of 15 degrees or more from the vertical and with an adequate collar guard to prevent possible contact with the orifice is adequate."

The Ambitions of Japan

American Writers Discuss the Question of U.S. Relations with Nippon.

THE possibility of an open breach between the United States and Japan is openly discussed in the former country. That "the road to war with Japan lies through China" is the introductory statement of O. K. Davis, who contributes a comprehensive and rather convincing article to *Everybody's Magazine*. He outlines the reason why Japan is more or less openly contriving to gobble up China first.

What does the Japanese Government want? China. Why? Because China, and China alone, can furnish the outlet which Japan imperatively needs. If the problem of Japan is translated, for illustration, into terms of the United States, it will undoubtedly be more intelligible to American readers. Let us try it.

Japan proper consists of a number of islands, the largest of which, called Hondo, is that on which Tokyo and Yokohama, Kyoto and Kobe, Osaka and Shimonoseki are situated. It constitutes more than half the area of Japan. And yet it is only about as large as the State of Kansas. When all the hundreds of her islands are reckoned in, the total area of Japan is only about 147,000 square miles, or about the area of our State of Montana.

Yet in that small area there are living to-day approximately fifty-three millions of Japanese men, women and children. And by far the greater number of them live on the Island of Hondo. Just think of that! Suppose fifty-three millions of people were put into the State of Montana. The grandest moving out the United States have ever had would begin overnight, and it would keep up until the pressure of population per square mile had been very substantially reduced. Suppose four-fifths of that population, or say forty millions, were placed in Kansas. What sort of an exodus would there not be—even from Kansas?

And yet all of Kansas is arable, whereas only one-sixth of Japan is arable. Five-sixths of Japan stand on end—like the kingdom where Namgya Doolah lived—and not even the marvelously patient and thrifty Japanese can wring a living from its reluctant soil. Certain eminent observers have written most interestingly about the wonderful skill and ability of the Chinese as farmers. But if you want to see three blades of grass growing where there is room for only two, go to Japan. That is one result of having fifty-three millions of people living in a territory the size of Montana.

But that is not the whole of Japan's economic problem. Her population is increasing about 700,000 a year, wholly from the excess of births over deaths. With a death-rate of 22 per thousand, her birth-rate is 34 per thousand. The war with Russia checked this increase of population for three or four years, but the total effect of this check was probably less than a million lives.

Here is a problem, you see, which has been presented several times in the development of the world's history. And every time it has found its answer. The press of population is not denied. It can not be believed that it will be denied in the case of Japan.

He then proceeds to show how thoroughly the Japs have extended their influence in China:

Manchuria already is almost wholly in Japanese control. China maintains the show of sovereignty there, but it is a sovereignty so badly impaired in so many important particulars that only shreds of its original authority are left, and those shreds will be lost also whenever it suits the plans of Japan to bring forward, or create, the pretext for action. Mongolia will soon be in the same

Schrader



AIR IS CHEAP— USE PLENTY OF IT

Nothing is as essential to the life of your tires as air.

New air is cheaper than new tires.

Give your tires all the air they need.

The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge

If you have been riding on hazardous pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

Price \$1.25

For Sale by Tire Manufacturers,
Jobbers, Dealers, Garages or
A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.

20-22 HAYTER ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Schrader products were awarded a Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "There is a Reason."

Manufactured by
A. Schrader's Son, Inc.

NEW YORK:
785-795 Atlantic Avenue

LONDON:
Dorset Place

20-22 Hayter Street
TORONTO, ONT.

CHICAGO:
1200 Michigan Avenue

Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition

CANADIAN PACIFIC FLORIDA via DETROIT and CINCINNATI

WHY NOT FLORIDA FOR YOUR WINTER TOUR?
THE ATTRACTIONS ARE UNSURPASSED

Beautiful Palm Trees—Warm Sea Bathing—Orange and Banana
Groves—Golf—Tarpon Fishing—Luxurious Hotels for all Pockets

TWO NIGHTS ONLY FROM TORONTO. WINTER
TOURIST TICKETS NOW ON SALE

Fast train 4.00 p.m. daily from Toronto via Canadian Pacific
making direct connection at Detroit.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or write W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto

condition exactly as Manchuria, and then unless Japan concludes that wider action earlier is safe, it may be expected confidently that the next forward movement will be southward from Manchuria and Mongolia into the very vitals of that great country which once was the "Middle Kingdom."

For Japan must develop for herself the vast trade of China, and Japan doesn't know how to develop that trade for herself except by first acquiring dominion over China as she has practically acquired it over Manchuria and is now setting out to acquire it over Mongolia. Japan must play the game in her own way. It is not the way of Westerners, and we have great difficulty in comprehending or accepting it. But we might just as well make up our minds first as last to the fact that that is the way Japan is going to play. It is her game, and she will play the only way she knows how. So the rest of the world must expect to have her go right on denying and endeavoring to conceal what she is doing, no matter how obvious and clear it may be, until the moment arrives when it suits her bland purpose to admit that, after all, she has done what she denied doing.

The war in Europe has greatly improved Japan's position. It has brought her an undreamed-of and un hoped-for prosperity. It has stimulated industrial activity and expansion, and in marked degree has tended to supply one of the deficiencies of which Marquis Okuma spoke so strongly—the accumulation of capital. If you travel by rail from Shimonoseki to Tokyo now, you will see at almost every station from three to a dozen stacks of belching smoke. The newspapers constantly report the organization of new concerns, and there is a steadily lengthening list of new enterprises. And most significant of all, Japan has found the money to invest in foreign securities. Nothing has had more appeal to Japanese imagination, or been a greater stimulus to Japanese pride, than this ability to subscribe, even though in small amount compared to the enormous subscriptions in this country, to loans issued in France and Russia.

It is not on war supplies alone that Japan is increasingly busy. She is making ammunition and clothing for Russia and her other allies; but more than that, she is developing her peaceful trade and her merchant marine. She has almost the entire carrying trade of the Pacific Ocean in her grasp, and the Government fixes the freight rates. Her busy, energetic trade scouts have taken very careful account of the trade that was Germany's before the war, and samples of every kind of German product which the scouts conceived it possible to make in Japan have been sent home and exhibited to Japanese manufacturers under Government supervision. The Japanese Government gives every form of aid and advantage to the organization and development of new enterprises, even to subscribing to the capital and granting exemption from taxation.

That there is danger of the ambitious projects of Japan bringing about a breach with the United States is the fear that shows itself in all writings on the subject. That there has been a diplomatic clash is evidenced by an article in *World's Work*, which reads:

Whatever official explanations may be made, few episodes in our relation with Japan have produced so unpleasant an impression as the attempt of this Power, on October 14th, to veto the contract to repair the Grand Canal in Shantung, granted by the Chinese Government to an American corporation. International relations are not established by friendly editorials in newspapers or after-dinner speeches, but by the facts in the situation. The recent circumstance constitutes a particularly disagreeable fact. Upon those Americans who have only a newspaper-reading knowledge of Asiatic problems—and few have more—the whole proceeding seems greedy, offensive, and insulting. Japan practically notifies the world that certain parts of China are her economic provinces, with which America is not to interfere. The action is unfriendly and, unless resented, means a serious handicap to American progress in the Far East.

It is true that Japan can make out a plausibly legal case. The proposed canal work is

to be done in the Province of Shantung—the province which, with Kiao-chau, formed the German "sphere of influence" in China. The treaty under which China surrendered this concession to Germany gave that Power control over the larger part of Shantung. Were Germany in undisputed possession to-day, China would thus not have the legal right to make any contract with Americans, for only Germany herself could do that. But Germany, as we well know, has lost her influence in Kiao-chau, having ended her little empire in the Far East. The claim is now made that Japanese "influence" has taken the place of German, and, according to the fixed principle, Japan has fallen heir to all the rights and privileges which Germany formerly enjoyed in Shantung. Not China, therefore, but only Japan, had the right to enter into the arrangements with the American canal contractors.

But there is more to this situation than mere technicalities. When Japan, in the fall of 1914, started to destroy German power in China, she announced that her purpose was to restore this territory to China. Japan's intention, therefore, was not to occupy herself such treaty rights as Germany possessed, but to restore the Chinese control. That being the case, it would appear that China had at least a moral right to make its contract with the Americans, and that the recent Japanese protest was not only unwarranted in law, but an act of impudent aggression against a friendly Power.

There is little doubt that Japan and Russia purpose to shape the destiny of the Far East. Their alliance shows that in itself, and the appointment of Japan's great jingo,

Count Terauchi, as Premier, emphasizes it still further. The new Premier is a man whose reputation is almost entirely military; he stands for the largest possible military and naval programme and for an assertion of Japanese overlordship in China. Part of his platform, the newspapers report, is the exclusion of neutrals from Chinese trade. His elevation has shocked the more sober-minded Japanese newspapers, which have publicly bewailed it as an unnecessary slap at Washington. It has caused almost as much uneasiness in England and France.

Among the many foreign problems affecting the new Administration, this one of our Far Eastern relations is by no means the least important. There is little likelihood that Japan will cause us any great annoyance on the California issue, for the question involved there is chiefly sentimental and does not affect her material interests. But the control of China affects her whole economic life, and, therefore, her future as a nation. So far as we are concerned the question is direct and simple: are we prepared to insist upon our treaty rights with China and to demand freedom to trade in and to help develop that empire, or are we ready to shut our eyes and let Russia and Japan apportion it peacefully among themselves? In the latter case we shall have no trouble (though great loss), but in the former the waters will not be such smooth sailing. Fundamentally, that is the meaning of these two recent happenings—the protest against the American contract and the elevation of Terauchi. With this question, with the Mexican problem, and with the European War, the next four years promise to be historic in American diplomacy.

Tricky German "Diplomacy"

Was Story of Mobilization Faked to Force Russia Into the First Move?

A VERY remarkable story is being told of German trickery in the diplomatic exchanges that preceded the declaration of war, and *World's Work* comments on it as follows:

Dr. E. J. Dillon is one of the few journalist-students of international affairs who, like the late M. de Blowitz, are in a position to know more of the inside of the chancelleries of Europe than most others. His book, "Ourselves and Germany," written, of course, for his English compatriots, contains many significant and interesting facts and analyses of the origins of the Great War and the characters involved. Despite the vast amount of writing on this subject, most of which has dealt with the more or less well known fact, Dr. Dillon's book carries one through new channels of information. One of the most startling chapters is devoted to a Machiavellian trick which deserves to rank in history with the doctoring of the Ems telegram, the dishonest device by which Bismarck boasted he precipitated the Franco-Prussian War:

"Among the privileges accorded to the *Lokal-Anzeiger* from the date of its purchase for the behoof of the Crown Prince onward was that of publishing official military news before all other papers, and not later even than the *Militär-Wochenblatt*. Consequently, it thus became the most trustworthy source of military news in the Empire. This fact is worth bearing in mind, for the sake of the light which it diffuses on what follows.

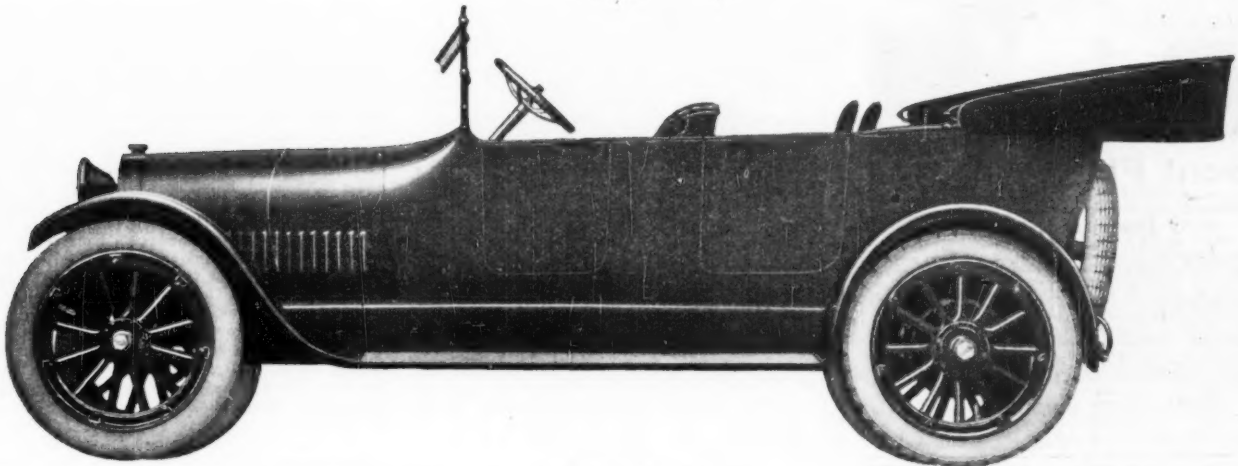
"War being foreseen and arranged for, much careful thought was bestowed on the staging of the last act of the diplomatic drama in such a way as to create abroad an impression favorable to Germany. The scheme finally hit upon was simple. Russia was to be confronted with a dilemma which would force her into an attitude that would stir misgivings even in her friends and drive a wedge between her and her ally or else would involve her complete withdrawal from the Balkans. . . .

"Congruously with this plan, Russia was from the very outset declared to be the power on which alone depended the outcome of the crisis. . . .

"The date fixed for the German mobilization was July 31st. The evidence for this is to be found in the date printed on the official order which was posted up in the streets of Berlin, but was crossed out and replaced by the words '1st of August,' in writing, as there was no time to re-print the text. It had been expected in Berlin that Russia would have taken a decision by July 30th, either mobilizing or knuckling down. Neither course, however, had been adopted. Thereupon Germany became nervous and went to work in the following way:

"On Thursday, July 30th, at 2.25 p.m., a number of newspaper boys appeared in the streets of Berlin adjoining the Unter den Linden and called out lustily: '*Lokal-Anzeiger* Supplement. Grave news. Mobilization ordered throughout the Empire.' Windows were thrown wide open and stentorian voices called for the Supplement. The boys were surrounded by eager groups, who bought up the stock of papers and then eagerly discussed the event that was about to change and probably to end the lives of many of the readers. It does not appear that the Supplement was sold anywhere outside that circumscribed district. Now in that part of the town was situated Wolff's Press Bureau, where the official representatives of Havas and the Russian Telegraphic Agency sat and worked.

"The correspondent of the latter agency having read the announcement of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, which was definitive and admitted of no doubt, at once telephoned the news to his Ambassador, M. Zverbeeff. During the conversation that ensued the correspondent was requested by the officials of the telephone to speak in German, not in Russian. This was an unusual procedure. The Ambassador could hardly credit the tidings, so utterly were they at variance with the information which he possessed. He requested the correspondent to repeat the contents of the announcement, and then inquired: 'Can I, in your opinion, telegraph it to the Foreign Office?' The answer being an emphatic affirmative, the Ambassador despatched a message in cipher to this effect to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. For there could be no doubt about the accuracy of information thus deliberately given to the public by the journal which possessed a monopoly of military news and was the organ of the Crown Prince. The



THE NEW SERIES 18 STUDEBAKER CARS

With Seven New Exclusive Features

STUDEBAKER NEW SERIES 18 CARS, with seven new, special and exclusive improvements, are FINE CARS, warranted by us to completely satisfy the most particular and fastidious persons. We believe these cars represent the greatest automobile values ever offered to the buying public, and that persons accustomed to paying \$2000 or \$3000 for cars will, upon examination, concede that these Studebakers equal ANY such cars in quality of material, design, workmanship and finish. Studebaker has \$13,000,000 invested in the most efficient and modern plants, in which it manufactures all of its engines, axles, transmissions, differentials, bodies and tops. Middlemen's profits (parts makers) included in the price of assembled cars and small manufacturers' cars are almost entirely eliminated in Studebaker selling prices. It is necessary to pay from 50% to 100% more than Studebaker prices for cars of corresponding value.

Seven New Improvements and Additions

GUN-METAL FINISH. Original, rich and exclusive finish of deep lustre and permanency. Fenders and aprons are rich, black enamel.

NEW AUXILIARY CHAIRS. Arm chairs, original and exclusive with Studebaker, patent applied for.

These large, roomy and comfortable chairs fold up and slide under rear seat when not in use.

REVERSIBLE FRONT SEAT. Original and exclusive with Studebaker, the front passenger seat is reversible so that passenger can sit facing tonneau or facing forward. Both front seats are adjustable to all leg lengths.

NEW STORM CURTAINS. Of the recent Blackmore design and patent, opening with the doors and thereby preventing crouching and crushed hats.

IMPROVED BODY AND UPHOLSTERY. The body is elegantly finished and equipped—inside and out. The handsome footrail, wide scuff plates, wide doors, handsome door trim, carpeting, etc., all demonstrate quality and refinement. The upholstery is semi-glazed, straight-grained, genuine leather, made to special Studebaker forms, with the best curled hair and long coiled springs.

YALE SWITCH LOCK. Of pin tumbler type, Studebaker design; insuring protection against theft or unauthorized use.

NEW WINTER TOP. Made exclusively for Studebaker cars. Noiseless. Quickly and easily put on or taken off, and fitting perfectly.

Mechanical Improvements

Improvements have been made in the Series 18 Motor, insuring greater smoothness, flexibility, quietness and economy. All noticeable vibration has been eliminated by superior piston design and the stiffening of the motor frame.

The Studebaker-Schebler carburetion system has been developed so that both the FOUR and SIX are the most ECONOMICAL motors on the market in ratio to power. Studebaker lubrication has been further improved. The chassis frame is the same strong, light construction which has characterized all Studebaker cars. The full floating rear axle construction remains the same in principle as heretofore, but has been further improved and strengthened.

The Four-Cylinder car still remains a forty horse power car, the Six-Cylinder car still remains a fifty horse power car. The most powerful cars in the world at their prices.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Chassis	\$1195
FOUR Roadster	1280
FOUR Touring Car	1295
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1570
FOUR Landau Roadster	1575

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville

STUDEBAKER
Walkerville, Ontario

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Chassis	\$1495
SIX Roadster	1580
SIX Touring Car	1595
SIX Landau Roadster	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car	1820
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville



Music Lessons Sent FREE Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness, endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.

Any Instrument or Voice

Write us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons—if at all, etc., and we will send you six lessons free and prepaid—any of the following Complete Courses: Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses), by the great Wm. H. Sherwood; HARMONY, by Dr. Frotheroe and Rosenbecker; VOICE COURSE (with aid of phonograph), by Crampton; PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by Frances E. Clark; VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers. We want to prove in this remarkable way what fine lessons they are—SEEING IS BELIEVING. Full particulars sent along with free lessons. Send no money.

SIEGEL-MYERS SCHOOL OF MUSIC

CLARENCE EDDY, Dean

2176 Siegel-Myers Building

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen

Baldness is a disease that can be cured, then why not

Pay Attention to your Hair.

Our treatment is simple, scientific and effective, which is fully explained in our free booklets.

Delay is Fatal

Boulton's Correspondence School of Hair Culture

P. O. Box 1353, Vancouver, B. C.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th of April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not cation to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Russian correspondent also forwarded a telegram to the Telegraphic Agency in Petrograd communicating the fateful tidings.

"Within half an hour the German Ministry to Foreign Affairs telephoned to Wolff's Bureau to the effect that the report about the mobilization order was not in harmony with fact, and it also summoned the *Lokal-Anzeiger* to issue a contradiction of the news on its own account. This was duly done, and so rapidly that the second Supplement was issued at about 3 p.m. The explanation given by the newspaper staff was that they were expecting an order for general mobilization and had prepared a special Supplement announcing it. This Supplement was unfortunately left where the vendors saw it, and, thinking that it was meant for circulation, seized on all the copies they could find, rushed into the streets, and sold them. On many grounds, however, this account is unsatisfactory. Copies of a newspaper supplement containing such momentous news are not usually left where they can be found, removed and sold by mere street vendors. Moreover, the date, July 30th, was printed on the Supplement, so that it was evidently meant to be issued, as a matter of fact it was circulated only in a very limited number of copies and in the streets around Wolff's Bureau, where it was certain to produce the desired effect.

"Half an hour later the correspondent of the Russian Agency received a request to call at the General Telegraph Office at once. On his arrival he was asked to withdraw his two telegrams which the Censor refused to transmit. To his plea that so far as he

knew there was no censorship in Germany he received the reply that it had just been instituted and now declined to pass his telegram. 'In that case,' he said 'my consent is of no importance, seeing that the matter is already decided.' Finally, he asked to have his messages returned to him, but they would consent only to his reading, not to his retaining them.

"The Russian Ambassador also despatched an urgent message en clair to his Government embodying the contradiction communicated by the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Now, the significant circumstance is that the Ambassador's first telegram stating that general mobilization had been officially ordered throughout the German Empire was forwarded with speed and accuracy and reached the Russian Foreign Minister without delay. And this news was communicated to the Tsar, who by way of counter-measure issued the order to mobilize the forces of the Russian Empire. But the Ambassador's second telegram was held back several hours and did not reach its destination until the mischief was irremediable. That curious incident is of a piece with the Bismarck's Ems telegram.

"It is by such devices that the German Government is wont to launch into war. The mentality whence they spring cannot be discarded in a year or a generation, nor will any Peace Treaty, however ingeniously worded, prevent recourse being had to them in the future. For this, among other reasons, more trustworthy guarantees than scraps of paper must be sought and found."

Liberty of the Desert

The Story of the Revolution Now Being Waged in Arabia.

SO ALL engrossing is the great war that the world is paying little or no attention to an interesting drama that is being staged on the Arabian deserts. Isaac Dan Levine tells the story of the revolution that is being waged for Arabian independence very interestingly in the *American Review of Reviews*, summing up as follows:

From a political point of view, then, the Arabian situation may be summarized thus: Political Arabia, revolutionary Arabia, that part of the Arabian people that has awakened to a nationalistic conscience and national aspirations, those Christian and Moslem Arabs who have been raised and educated in the European fashion, are for an autonomous Arabia, under a French protectorate, if independence is impossible. The chief significance of the revolution lies in the fact that it is a Pan-Arabian movement, and, therefore, not in accord with French designs on Syria. That the revolution now going on in Arabia is the product, to a large degree, of the activities of the Young Arabs is proved by the fact that the revolution is come on the heels of the wholesale executions in Syria by the Turkish authorities of Syrian intellectuals. Now, the revolt of last year in Syria was a purely political movement. That it has reverberated so deeply in Arabia speaks for the Arabian revolutionary activities. These activities, if they constitute the main force in the present revolution, may yet cause the establishment of an independent political Arabian state.

The religious force behind the events transpiring in Arabia at present is to me found in the reason for the failure of the Jihad. The Holy War failed because most of the Arabs do not acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as the rightful Caliph in Islam, nor do most of the Indian and Russian Moslems recognize the Sultan as such. The Caliph is the spiritual leader in Islam. Any independent Arabian state would have to have in its midst or as its friend the Caliph. It is obvious that so long as the Sultan of Turkey is alone in claiming the right to the Caliphate he, in a measure, is a source of constant menace to those powers in whose dominions there are large populations of

Moslems. Great Britain and Russia have long felt this menace. They are interested, therefore, in creating a new Caliphate in Arabia. Such a Caliphate would be a countermove to the power held by the Sultan.

In this both Russia and Great Britain are helped by the Moslems under their rule. These Moslems have long felt a dislike for the Turks. Thousands of them, while on their annual pilgrimages to the Holy Places of Arabia, Mecca, and Medina, have been exploited and robbed by the Turks. It was their ambition for some time to set the tomb of the prophet free from Turkish control, and the British campaign on the Tigris has even been ascribed to the desire of the Indian Moslems to utilize the opportunity for the accomplishment of that ambition. In this they have had the moral support of the Arabs of Mecca, Medina, and the surrounding country.

It was there that the revolution broke out. The leader of the movement is the Grand Sherif of Mecca, who claims to be the descendant of Mohammed through his daughter Fatima, and, therefore, possessing the chief requirement for becoming a Caliph. His three sons, all having an European education, are the military commanders of the revolutionary forces. The successes they have so far achieved are of considerable importance. One column has captured Jeddah, the main seaport of Arabia on the Red Sea. Another has taken possession of Kinfuda, a port 200 miles south of the first. Medina, where the tomb of Mohammed is contained, Mecca, the chief city of Arabia, and Taif, sixty-five miles southeast of Mecca, are all in the hands of the revolutionists. By destroying the roadbed of the Hedjah railway for a distance of a hundred miles the Arabs have cut themselves off completely from the Ottoman empire.

The most significant part about the revolt is the possession by the Arabs of all necessary equipment and ammunition. This has evidently been supplied them by the British, and their control of the ports of Jeddah and Kinfuda assures them of further aid from the same source. The manner in which the operations of the revolutionists are carried out indicates an European hand in the entire scheme. The immediate purpose of Great Britain's, Russia's, or France's aid to the revolutionists is, of course, to strike a blow at Turkey. Nothing could be more effective in bringing Turkey to a state of collapse than a successful revolution in Arabia. Syria, the Levant, and the other parts of the Turkish

empire which have large Arabian populations will be caught in the revolutionary conflagration if it scores some notable successes against the Ottoman government. That the beginning of the end of the European war should come through such a channel is not at all improbable.

However, as it was pointed out before, Great Britain has more than a passing interest in Arabia. The fact that the head of the revolutionists is the Grand Sherif of Mecca would indicate that he has been slated by Great Britain for the post of a new Caliphate to be set up, probably in Mecca. Should Great Britain accomplish such a result, she would have attained a brilliant success. Its enormous Moslem population would no longer be a source of danger to her, as the new Caliph would remain not only her ally but, very likely, under her military and civil control. This would bring about Britain's ultimate possession of Arabia.

Turkey, if she should continue to exist, would become harmless after losing her power in Islam. To this extent Russia's interest in the Arabian revolution is more than temporary. France could claim Syria and the Levant, and would probably get them, if Britain succeeded in establishing, as in Persia, a "sphere of influence" in Arabia. The religious force engaged in the present revolution does not work in harmony, therefore, with the political-nationalistic force. While the latter demands at least an autonomous united Arabia, the former can bring about but a divided Arabia. Will these two forces combine and produce an independent Arabia? The answer depends on the degree of civilization of the leaders of the revolution, on the spirit that animates them, on their vision and intelligence.

Making Children Immune

A Theory Advanced That all Infectious Diseases Can be Avoided.

AN INTERESTING theory has been advanced to the effect that, if children were infected with serum drawn and prepared from the blood of their parents they would be immune to infectious diseases. In brief, it is argued that the immunity established in the parent could be transferred to the child by this infusion. Dr. Herman B. Baruch outlines the theory in the *Medical Record* as follows:

It has long been known that an attack of certain infectious febrile diseases protects the individual against a subsequent attack. More recently the theory of persistent antibodies has been accepted as the cause of such immunity. The nature of such antibodies is not at all well established, but probably they exist in the blood as hormone secretins, which have been determined to be in the nature of enzymes. As, for instance, in a patient having once been attacked by scarlet fever: if the disease is successfully combated by the system, it is because the system has reacted to the toxins of the disease and produced an antitoxin or antibody which has been generated under the influence of the hormone secretins which occur in the blood at the time of the attack and are probably produced by the red blood cells and in turn react on the blood cells themselves and cause an increase in the secretion of the antibodies of antitoxins, and when these become great enough in number or strength, the patient is enabled to overcome the toxin or poison produced by the specific organism causing the infection, and the patient recovers.

In the case of scarlatina this immunity is permanent or practically so, and there is theoretically always circulating in the blood of a patient recovering from scarlatina an unknown quantity of hormone secretins which are probably in the nature of a ferment. Whenever the toxins of scarlet fever or the



MACLEAN'S School Directory



Westminster College

Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Honor Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

SCHOOL REOPENS TUESDAY, JAN. 9, 1917.

For Calendar apply—

John A. Patterson, K.C., Mrs. A. R. Gregory,
President Principal

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

C. S. FOSBERY, M.A., Head Master - MONTREAL

MATRICULATION BY MAIL

Want to be a doctor, lawyer, dentist, druggist, civil or electrical engineer, to take a university course, to enter any profession? The first step is to get your Matriculation. We prepare you at home by mail. Write

Canadian Correspondence College, Limited
Dept. B, Toronto, Canada

ASHBURY COLLEGE

ROCKCLIFFE PARK, - OTTAWA
RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Special preparation for R. M. C.

Write for illustrated calendar

Rev. Geo. P. Woodcombe, M. A. - Headmaster
Eight Boys passed into R.M.C. last June

Ridley College St. Catharines Ontario

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Preparatory Department entirely separate as to buildings, grounds and Staff.

The School has won scholarships at University matriculation in four out of the last five years. Three were won in 1913.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

St. Agnes School

BELLEVEILLE, ONTARIO

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Patron—The Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Advisory Board—The Lord Bishop of Kingston, the Hon. Senator Corley, His Honor Judge Wills, H. F. Ketchison, Mayor of Belleville;

J. Elliott, Manager of the Standard Bank.

Beautiful and healthful situation in extensive grounds. All kinds of outdoor sports. Rink.

An ideal place for a school. Courses from Primary to Matriculation, with Honors.

School of Music and Singing—prepares for the Toronto Conservatory A.T.C.M. Examinations.

MISS F. E. CARROLL, Principal.

Send for prospectus.

Correspondence

INSTRUCTION

is given in form of Home Study Courses in Journalism and Short Story Writing by The Shaw Correspondence School, Toronto. Write for descriptive booklet. W. H. SHAW, Pres.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

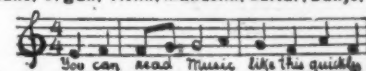
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR HOME

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for Free booklet which explains everything in full.

American School of Music, 5 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

Lockers Steel Lockers are essential for system and efficiency. Underwriters endorse our lockers—a good investment. Write for Prices and Particulars. CANADA WIRE & IRON GOODS CO. Hamilton, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

REFINED

ALL THE NEATNESS AND STYLE
OF THE FINEST LINEN MAY BE YOURS IN

CHALLENGE COLLARS

— THE MOST DESIRABLE WATERPROOF
COLLARS ON THE MARKET
AT YOUR DEALER'S,
OR DIRECT —

25c

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, 54-56 FRASER AVE.
LIMITED TORONTO

Tycos on a

FEVER THERMOMETER

MEANS IT'S TRUST-
WORTHY

Ask
Your
Doctor

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.

There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

They die
outdoors!

Rats

spoil your grain, kill your chicks, cost you much money, cut down your profits. Just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

where they run. Rats seek it, eat it and die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way.

Price 25c at all drug and general stores.

The Rat Bis-Kit Co.
Springfield, Ohio
U.S.A.

For roaches and water bugs use Rat Bis-Kit Paste—the new Poison in the Tube—25c.

Poultry Pays

Send for price list of eggs for Hatching from several breeds of pure bred poultry. Order your hatching eggs early and by next winter you will be independent of the high priced eggs.

J. H. Rutherford, Albion, Ontario

streptococcus gain access to the system of such a patient, this toxin immediately reacts on the hormone secretins which, acting as ferments, cause an immediate increase in the antibodies which protect against scarlet fever and cause the toxins of scarlatina to be overcome and the patient is not attacked by the disease a second time.

Not many months ago, experiments in elaboration of the pneumonia serum were proceeding under the superintendence of Doctor Baruch. It was proposed to conduct, next, experiments with a view to obtain a vaccine or immunization against scarlet fever, measles, and other diseases in which one attack protects against future attacks. The patient having once suffered from scarlet fever, is seldom, if ever, subject to a second attack. Therefore, a permanent antitoxin is circulating in the blood of such a patient and produces immunity. If not, monkeys of the

large type could be exposed to scarlatina or measles, or injected with the proper streptococci, or other infectious material and a vaccine or serum worked out in this way.

As yet, the last part of the work is still to be completed. Working along these lines, however, a serum has been obtained which seems successful in a moderate number of cases in equine pneumonia. In this case, the hormone secretins are fugitive, being rapidly eliminated from the patient's system, and for this reason an attack of pneumonia does not confer immunity.

It may be that experiments will prove that the hormone secretins are found in the red blood cells or in the coagulum rather than in the serum; but a carefully conducted series of animal experimentations would readily prove whether the serum alone or a combination of a saline extract of the coagulum would be necessary to produce the desired result.

State Control of the Liquor Traffic

The Alleged "Moral" Objection, and the Financial Practicability of the Scheme.

EVER since Mr. Lloyd George's proposal for state purchase and control of the liquor trade was made public it has been evident that opposition to it, outside the ranks of Licensed Victuallers' Associations whose attitude will in the end be decided by the terms and conditions of purchase, would take two principal forms. The first is concerned solely with the financial practicability and expediency of the scheme; and the second with an alleged "moral" objection to a policy which fastens upon the State a new and direct "complicity" in the trade. In view of the new Canadian regulation, a reply to these objections, appearing in *The Contemporary Review*, is of interest. The writer says:

No doubt at the time when Mr. Lloyd George's proposal was first announced the financial dimensions of the scheme seemed formidable, and the risks out of proportion to the necessities of the situation as they were then understood. Since then our knowledge has widened, and our appreciation of the value of direct State action has increased. The additional fact, now widely known, that a treasury committee of hard-headed, non-fanatical financial experts was able readily and unanimously to agree upon a workable scheme, has also done much to destroy the force of the financial objection.

The so-called moral objection is more difficult to remove. In some cases, owing to the view taken of the drink habit, it is plainly irremovable; it may, however, be examined. In any such examination it is necessary, as a preliminary, to distinguish between two entirely different standpoints. First, the standpoint of the man who regards the drinking of alcoholic beverages as a sin; and, second, the standpoint of the man who, while not taking up this extreme position, fears that State management and control would give a sanction to, and create a "complicity" in, the drink traffic that does not now exist. The two points of view are often confused, but they are quite distinct. So far as the first of these views is concerned, the case is obviously not susceptible to argument. It is already decided. The view may be right or wrong (and it is certain that it goes much farther than the common conscience of the Christian Churches is prepared to go), but to the man who holds it the matter is settled. He is not a reformer; morally and logically he is not even a restriction-

ist; he is an abolitionist. His place is outside the licensing reform movement altogether. He can have no part in any scheme of regulation or restriction, however severe and stringent. He cannot even be a local vetoist, since that implies an authorized option to continue the trade. His counsel cannot be invoked nor his criticism be heard in respect to any scheme of regulation, whether it be direct State control or any alternative plan of restriction.

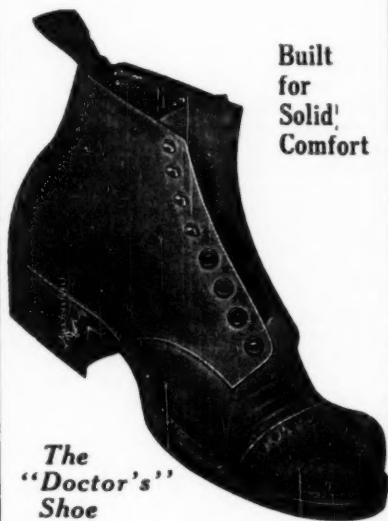
It is necessary to make this plain at the outset, because it is already apparent that some who hold this view and are opposing Mr. Lloyd George's proposal do not appreciate the inconsistency of their general line of argument nor the compromise in their personal commitments in matters of policy. I have before me at this moment an authorized report of a paper entitled, "Ought the Church of Christ to advocate the manufacture and sale by the nation of intoxicating liquors?" read by Mr. G. B. Wilson, the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, to the Free Church Council at Newcastle-on-Tyne on October 29th of last year. In this paper Mr. Wilson, in his own words, "dwelt on the necessity for applying the test of Christian principle to all proposals affecting the making and selling of drink," because the reasons put forward by advocates of State purchase and control, "though differing in many respects, have been alike in this, that they have been argued rather on grounds of expediency than with reference to Christian principle." His own view of the drink habit was put in a single sentence: "We are, to-night, in the presence of no mere misfortune, but of a sin—which, for countless souls, rises like an awful cloud to shut out God." If that be Mr. Wilson's view—and I respect it, by whomsoever held—then the rest of his detailed argument, including some misleading references to Russia, was unnecessary and irrelevant. To a man who holds this view, it is beside the mark to speculate on the possible dangers of State management, or to criticize the working results of systems of control in other countries. He is forearmed with a case against any system of control. He is not a reformer but an abolitionist. To him it is nothing that under a scheme of State control the sale of drink might be largely diminished. Mr. Wilson makes this quite clear in a specific reference: "But we should largely reduce the evil." How does that help you, asks Mr. Wilson, "even if it were true? Is it a sin against humanity for 'the Trade' to sell thirty-five and a half million barrels of beer and thirty-one and a half million proof gallons of spirits, but not a sin for the nation to sell half that quantity?"

Plainly such an argument carries the user very much further than hostility to State purchase and control. It is an argument

Have Cosy Feet During Winter

Wear the "Doctor's" Antiseptic Shoe and keep your feet dry, warm and comfortable and you will have little trouble in keeping off the ills and chills of winter.

The "Doctor's" Shoe is a fine, gentlemanly shoe, made to give solid comfort and plenty of good wear. It is a shoe that has been scientifically planned and built after years of experience and experiment.



Built
for
Solid
Comfort

The
"Doctor's"
Shoe

Wear the "Doctor's" Shoe and you will experience what foot comfort really means.

Guaranteed snowproof and waterproof

Ask your dealer for the "Doctor's" Antiseptic Shoe—Made in all styles and sizes.

The Tebbutt Shoe & Leather Company, Limited

THREE RIVERS

QUEBEC

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR SPARE TIME ?

Did you know that we will pay you "real money" for your spare time? If you are interested in making Dollars grow where spare time has been prevailing, write us. No obligations, you now.

The MacLean Publishing Co.
Limited
143-53 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

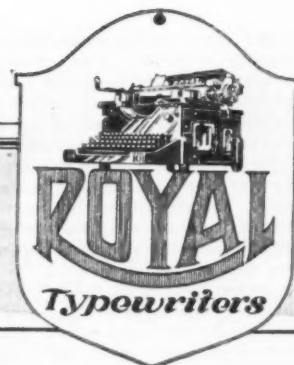
against any and every proposal for restriction short of absolute and total prohibition. If the United Kingdom Alliance had adhered to its original policy and demand for "the total and immediate legislative suppression of the liquor traffic," we could understand the position taken up by its present Secretary; but it has reduced its demand into one for "local veto," which plainly recognizes the right of communities to continue the traffic if they so desire. I think the Alliance was wise so to modify its policy. No reasonable person believes "total and immediate suppression" to be practicable. If this be so, and if the Alliance, as it now does, recognizes the right of communities to have the trade continued if they so will, some system of management and control is indispensable. It is solely a question of what system. Obviously the best system is that which most efficiently regulates the trade and restricts it, as far as may be, to legitimate needs and uses. It is a system which deprives the seller of any pecuniary inducement to sell, and is immediately susceptible to all the restrictions which public convenience and welfare demand. I need not here repeat the general and, as many think, the irresistible argument for State purchase and control. Outside certain limited and unyielding circles, influenced, in part certainly, by convictions based on the alleged sinfulness of the drink habit, it is not greatly contested. The average man agrees that State purchase and control would give a freedom of action which we now lack, and which is essential to improvement and progress. He also agrees that the measure of progress would thereafter be determined by public opinion and not, as now, by the power and interests of the trade.

But, recognizing these things, some shrink from involving the State in what they regard as a new and direct "complicity" in the traffic. It is not an unfamiliar fear. It has met in some form every proposal made for the elimination of private profit from the conduct and control of the sale of liquor. Is it well and reasonably founded? Plainly such "complicity," as would exist would not be new. Complicity is inseparable from license and control. It is involved in all forms of taxation. Mr. G. B. Wilson, in the paper already referred to, attempts to meet the argument from present taxation in this way:—

"The position of the State is this:—

"Here is an article so noxious in character that the best interests of the community demand the total prohibition of its sale; and, therefore, 329 out of every 330 persons in England and Wales are forbidden to sell it. In deference, however, to the ignorant and unscientific prejudices and habits of many of our people it has been deemed expedient to allow a comparatively few individuals to cater for the supposed alcoholic needs of the people under special restrictions imposed by Parliament. But, inasmuch as this indulgence is a luxury, bringing appalling evils on the community, the State is justified in indemnifying itself, so far as money can do so, for its drink-caused losses by imposing heavy taxation, and the more so that such taxation inevitably tends to check the consumption of the liquor thus taxed.

"Are we partners in the pawnbroking or patent medicine trades because the pawnbrokers and patent medicine vendors have to take out a license to trade? Are we partners in the tea and sugar business because these articles are taxed? 'The Trade,' except for platform purposes, recognizes no such partnership. Its profit and loss accounts are not subject to State inspection; it never treats license duty and liquor taxation as items chargeable against profits. On the contrary, in its accounts it always enters taxation as part of those working expenses by which its charges to the consumer are regulated."



ROYAL ACCURACY

— wins business.

Straight lines, clean cut type impressions, beautiful "press work"—that is Royal accuracy.

It wins business.

ROYAL letters present a faultless appearance because ROYAL mechanism is strong, properly constructed — accurately built to produce accurate work.

Accuracy in mechanical details is but one result produced by the ROYAL — the typewriter of perfect letters and double service.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO.
(Incorporated)

Royal Typewriter Building
364 Broadway New York

Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

CANADIAN AGENTS:

FIELD, LOVE & HOUSE
41 Richmond Street, W. Toronto, Ontario

LIBRARY, BEAUCHEMIN, Ltd.
79 St. James Street Montreal, Canada

MODERN OFFICE APPLIANCES CO.
251 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba

NIXON & McLELLAN
49 Canterbury St., St. John, New Brunswick

QUEBEC TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
82 Mountain Hill, Quebec, Canada

ROYAL TYPEWRITER AGENCY
312 Pender Street, W. Vancouver, B. C.

SUPPLIES COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.
65 Sparks Street Ottawa, Ontario

A Worth While Gift for

Architects, Draughtsmen, Artists, School Teachers, Stenographers. A splendid pencil sharpener—saves time, mends and pencils, makes a most appreciable gift at little cost.



Sent to any address in Canada, Postpaid, \$1.65, British Columbia, \$1.75.

Order
Yours
Now

THE A. S. HUSTWITT COMPANY,
44 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario

I fear this argument is neither historically nor economically sound. It is certainly not the case that the State has ever taken the view that "the best interests of the community demand the total 'prohibition' of the sale of alcohol. That is the view of the abolitionists, but not the view of the State. Our present license system was superimposed upon freedom of sale. The regulations and restrictions which govern the trade were originally, what they are still essentially, police regulations. The State has always recognized the trade as a legitimate (i.e., legal) trade. Nor is it historically accurate to speak of liquor taxes as primarily indemnification taxes. That was not the motive of their original imposition, nor has it been the avowed or primary motive of their modern development. As Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have pointed out in their volume on *The Taxation of the Liquor Trade*, until the dawn of the eighteenth century the idea of regulation was not merely uppermost but the sole consideration in the mind of the State. "The licensing system was a police system pure and simple, and the idea of revenue was entirely absent." It was not until 1710 that the first license duty, in the shape of a small stamp duty of one shilling, was imposed upon the licensed victualler's annual beer license. These stamp duties were essentially revenue taxes, although, in the case under consideration, the duty was too slight to modify the character of our license system, or to act in any way as an economic check upon the number of licenses taken out. In 1808 the stamp duties (which had slowly risen, in the course of a century, to two guineas) was abolished, but the impost was re-imposed as an excise duty of the same amount. Similarly, the first restriction on the sale of spirits (i.e., in the form of a requirement that the sellers should be licensed), was imposed in 1701 solely for police purposes. This continued to be the governing principle until towards the close of the eighteenth century, when it was modified, to some slight extent, by the financial policy of Pitt; but even in 1787, when Pitt adopted rateable value as the basis of taxation, he was careful to point out to Parliament that revenue considerations were not the motive of the change, a statement easy of belief when the yield of the new duties is considered. During the nineteenth century revenue considerations much more directly influenced the policy of the State, especially in regard to war taxes on the manufacture of beer and spirits, and in quite recent years the liquor trade has been legitimately subjected to heavy additional taxation for revenue purposes, until at the present time it contributes from fifty-five to sixty millions sterling to the national exchequer. These increases have been avowedly revenue taxes.

Now Mr. Wilson and others appear to think that in the matter of "complicity" there is a real and substantial difference between revenue derived from taxes on a trade and revenue derived from profits. Is the distinction a sound one? Taxes are essentially, although not technically, appropriations of profits. The distinction is purely one of accountancy and bookkeeping. Technically, it is doubtless true, as Mr. Wilson suggests, that taxes are treated by the trade as working expenses; but working expenses, after all, determine both prices and profits. The real point—the only substantial point—is that the national exchequer derives vast sums annually from the manufacture and sale of alcohol. It could not receive these sums from the trade unless the trade existed. It derives them from the trade as a trade. Mr. Wilson asks: "Are we partners in the pawnbroking or patent medicine trades because the pawnbroker and patent medicine vendors have to take out a license to trade? Are we partners in the tea and sugar business because these articles are taxed?"

The examples are not happily chosen, because pawnbroking and patent medicine licenses are essentially and avowedly registration licenses required for police purposes; they are not revenue licenses, although, incidentally, they yield a certain amount of revenue to the State. Tea and sugar taxes, on the other hand, are primarily and essentially revenue taxes. The answer to the question is, however, simple. To the extent to which the State derives revenue from the tea and sugar trades it is clearly a "partner" in those trades. Partnership is not a matter of degree, nor is it a question of bookkeeping and arithmetic; it is a matter of participation in receipts. The only escape open to the State from its present "complicity" in the liquor trade, short of "total and immediate" suppression, which even the United Kingdom Alliance does not now believe to be practicable, is to leave the trade unlicensed, unregulated, and untaxed. That is not an alternative which any sane man would agree to. It is a suggestion from Bedlam. The essence of the matter was well put by Mr. Lloyd George in his statement in the House of Commons during the debate on the Defence of the Realm (Amendment) No. 3 Bill, on May 11th of last year, when, dealing with this same objection of "complicity," he said: "I am fully alive to all the conscientious suggestions which my honorable friends urge, but the idea that you are not to touch the unclean thing when, through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are touching £60,000,000, and to that extent relieving the duties on tea, sugar, and everything else, I have never been able to appreciate. You will not touch it direct, but as long as it goes through the refining fires of the Exchequer you can take it. That is an argument which I do not care to describe." The point may be left there.

After all, academic and theoretical objections must yield place to paramount practical considerations. The trade in alcoholic liquors is here. In large but, we hope, much reduced volume, it is certain for some considerable time to remain. Is it better that it should remain subject to the ordinary commercial induce-

ments of pecuniary gain, under the management of men whose "trade" is avowedly their "politics," and rooted in vested interests which fetter the action of the State; or that the State should, at a stroke, remove the vested interests, recover its freedom of action, and reorganize the trade for such restricted and legitimate purposes as the nation may desire and decide? Can any unprejudiced citizen hesitate in his choice?

If, as a distinguished Christian minister (the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams) has reminded us, the traffic that remains "is left in private hands to be worked for profit, there will be enough of it to attract enormous capital, capital that should be free to flow in more useful directions; the money appetite will invent new allurements faster than statutes can put them down; there will be trade enough to work its havoc in the wastage of human life and the wreckage of human interests; trade enough to organize for political purposes, with serious menace to the welfare of the people." It has been said that we should have nothing to do with "modified evils," but, as the writer just quoted well says: "The great saving passions of human nature do not despise the modification of evils when they cannot exterminate them. . . . Why should we not be willing to do what we can because we cannot do all we would? 'But you cannot touch pitch without being defiled,' we are told. What if our fellow-countrymen in large numbers are half-submerged in pitch, are we to consider our own fingers? A false conception of what it is to be saved and unpolluted underlies this argument. The figure of a saved man, in many minds, is that of one making his way to some Zoar in the mountains, leaving the cities of the plain to the fire and brimstone. In truth, such a man is more lost than any Sodomite; the truly saved man is he who remains in Sodom to do his best to make Sodom the city of God.

"It is time," says Mr. Williams, "to consider the management of the drink traffic, for its modification and towards its elimination, as a great moral duty."

The End of a Day at Ypres

ALICE THAYER, a young American volunteer who has been working for the wounded and dying in a French military hospital, sends the following sketch of life and death to *The Outlook*:

A cloud hung over the earth. A fierce onslaught had been repulsed. We were all dazed, and worked as people in a trance trying to get together the men and nurses of our unit, so as to send as many of the wounded as we could to shelter; and the dead—they lay where they had fallen.

I bent over the body of a little Scotchman, a brave, sturdy young fellow. His curly hair was stained with blood, the deep-blue eyes were fiery. He was talking fast, though the failing strength made his voice very low, and I had difficulty in hearing what he said. His exhausted mind could find no rest. Each incident of the battle was being lived over.

"Boys, it looks like business." He got excited. "D—n them! This place is like a plowed field; there is hardly a place to stand. My ears! why are they buzzing so? Oh, yes, I know; the big shells. They are going at it hard, nurse. On with your masks, boys—the clouds—look, they are going to give us the gas. Well, let them try!" Suddenly he flung his arms around my neck and whispered, "Mother, water, please." I gave him a little, and he smiled and quieted. "Nurse, you don't mind, do you? You see"

—he grew wistful—"I like to think I am at home—mother—you'll tell her?"

"Cheer up, my laddie," I said. "You'll be well before long. To-night you are going to the ambulance, and in a week or so you'll be home."

He scarcely listened. The faint flicker of a smile passed over his face.

"What's that light over there?" he cried. "It's a French *fuze éclairante*; and that light there—it gets bigger and bigger and bigger."

I could not see it. "It's lonely, you know, nurse; and the music and the flowers and the birds."

Then I knew what he meant. The delirium had set in.

A cool wind was sweeping away the clouds on the horizon and the golden streaks were fast fading into silver. The moon and stars came out, and night hid the horrors of the day. Suddenly, out of the night, came the voice of the little soldier:

"Your hand, nurse; it will help me take the stride."

His eyes glowed and he held me fast. "I died that they might live again." And then, as if transported, "Yes, I am going to live." And, raising himself with a strength I had thought long since gone, he cried in a clear, strong voice, "Long live England!"

The living heard, and it justified the smiles on the faces of the dead. He fell back into my arms and I laid him on the ground that he had conquered.

Dreams That Come in the Darkness

How Shall the Soldier Forget, Who Has Lived Through an Inferno? Battle Dreams are Relentless.

THE following sketch from the *London Times* will have served its purpose if it helps to engender a kindlier sympathy with the man who has gone down into aversus for the cause of humanity:

"You have been dreaming," said the night nurse gently, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

The soldier who had come to the ward that morning from France gazed at the night nurse with eyes full of doubting. He seemed scarcely to hear her, to be aware of her existence.

When the sunlight makes patterns on the ward floor because it has come to it through the broad fans of the chestnut trees and when the murmur of bees on the flower beds in the garden is just audible, it is possible for a man to forget—no matter what his eyes have seen, his ears heard, and his hands accomplished.

It is possible, too, at high noon when there is bustle in the wards and the dinners are trundled in on the hand barrows. In the dawning, they say, it is not possible; and at night the darkness gathers shadows which go up and down, whispering.

The doctor called the soldier's dreams "battle dreams"; but the shadows were not dissipated thereby. When the nurse moved away down the ward under the dim lamps, the shadows came again and the soldier's ears were strained to catch their whispering.

They spoke to him at first in a small voice, because the presence of the nurse had frightened them. It was like the sound of the guns, he thought, when they are far away and the wind blows strongly; yet he seemed to catch now and then a crisp laughter, like the tick-a-tack of a machine gun, which showed that the shadows were drawing nearer.

The nurse switched out the lamps, all but one, which was heavily shaded. She went to the pantry to prepare food for those patients who had been ordered it at short intervals. So the gloom and silence of the ward were deepened and the wounded man could see distinctly the strange country in which he found himself.

He was sailing on a great river, and the shadows were gathered on one of the banks. The banks were very high and he thought they resembled the sides of his trench out in Flanders.

On the No Man's Land in front of the trench, though, there were flowers growing, poppies and yellow cornflowers. The shadows did not come to the bank and so he could not see them well; but he heard the sound they made, their whispering, their talking, and their strange, dry laughter.

Right in the prow of the boat before him was another shadow, all bent, like a witch hag, and huddled. The shadows were whispering together and the sound was heavy, like the sound of great birds which pass in the night.

He was a countryman from the North and he knew the sound; it was the wings of the wild geese, which go northward in the spring-time. Then there was the sucking sound made by the river under its overhanging banks. The shadows moved like the ripe corn in his father's fields when the wind plays with it; but he could hear that they were whispering and laughing while they moved.

The grinding of a taxicab's gears on the hill outside of the hospital roused the wounded man and he rolled uneasily from one side to the other. He heard the driver push the lever home and the grinding sound became a shrill metallic buzz, which caused him to duck his head. He raised his head



D&A

GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES



D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERE

This garment is absolutely necessary for the present modes. Wear a *D & A Good Shape Brassiere* and see what a difference it makes in your appearance, your comfort and health. Also gives more symmetrical lines to figure.

Ask to see D & A Good Shape Brassieres

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

THE IDEAL METHOD OF MARKING LINEN

Also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.

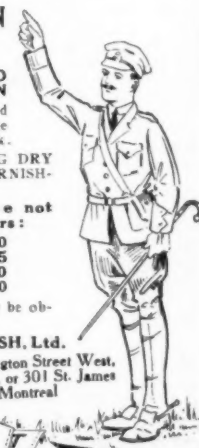
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRY GOODS AND MEN'S FURNISHING STORES

Price for any name not exceeding 22 letters:

24 doz.,	\$4.00
12 doz.,	\$2.25
6 doz.,	\$1.50
3 doz.,	\$1.00

Style sheets may be obtained from

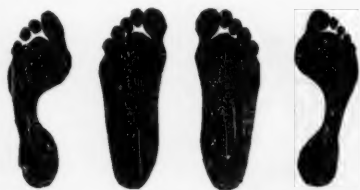
J. & J. CASH, Ltd.
24 Wellington Street West,
Toronto, or 301 St. James Street, Montreal





DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

INFANTS-DELIGHT is different from any other Toilet Soap because it is **BORATED**. Pure white. Curved to the hand. Price 10c. everywhere in Canada.



FOOT TROUBLES

Anyone who is compelled to do much standing or walking is very liable to be troubled with some form of foot ailment. The continual throwing of the full weight of the body on the feet, along with the wearing of shoes built for style, rather than comfort, is bound to produce corns, calluses, fallen arch and other foot troubles.

Sufferers from foot ailments hailed with delight the appearance, seventeen years ago, of the

ARROWSMITH ADJUSTABLE ARCH PROP

Thousands of people have been benefited by this wonderful invention. The Arch Prop is a plate of Nickel Silver, sustained by a triple reinforced Nickel Silver bridging piece, so shaped as to conform to the arch of the foot. It raises the fallen bones of the feet to their natural positions, and keeps them there until they are properly strengthened by the processes of nature.

The Arch Prop is guaranteed for one year against breakage due to imperfections in material or workmanship.

ASK YOUR SHOE DEALER for the Arrowsmith Adjustable Arch Prop and Arrowsmith "First Aid" Foot Specialties.

Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co.
Limited
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Here's a different kind of screw-driver

For the good workman—whether mechanic or amateur.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

A "YANKEE" Ratchet Movement—easy as the stem-wind on your watch—lets you turn the handle, till the screw is driven home, without once releasing your good first grip!

Ask at your dealer's to see this "YANKEE" No. 10 (or No. 11) Ratchet Screw-driver.

2-in. blade	6-in. blade
3-in. blade	8-in. blade
4-in. blade	10-in. blade
5-in. blade	12-in. blade

Write us for "Yankee Tool Book" showing all these ingenious tools.
NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

No. 10 Right and left ratchets; and right ratchet-shifter moves lengthwise, as illustrated.

No. 11 with shifter that moves across the tool.

again to see if the great shell had worked havoc among the shadows.

They were whispering together angrily, hissing like snakes. He could hear the snapping of their jaws, like the tick-a-tack of the machine guns in the early morning, when they are licking their lips.

So he laughed and his laughter brought the nurse back again to his side; and her cool fingers on his brow drove the shadows far away.

But again, when she left him, they came, and their whispers woke the hag spirit which sailed with him on the river so that he laughed shrilly as men laugh sometimes in the heat of battle.

The laughter of the hag spirit went down into the heart of the soldier, swifter than an ill-desire, till his body grew cold with it, and he trembled greatly, while sweat came on his brow. The laughter of the hag spirit rose in a fierce crescendo and the soldier knew that he had heard that sound, in his trench at dawn, when they shelled the enemy's line before the attack. The hag spirit gathered herself up and stood outstretched against the sullen sheen of the river—fleshless arms like a cross of woe against the leaden sheen of the river.

Then the nurse, moving from bed to bed, saw the soldier start upright and caught the gleaming of his eyes. He shouted and his words were strange words. For he would follow the hag spirit, stretched like a cross of woe, to the place of the shadows, which mocked him in their fullness of laughter.

And in his spirit he called on the morning that it should not be darkened, and on the young stars for light. And he came leaping in red fields, and there was great heat; he could feel the breath of those that whispered upon his cheeks. They had eyes which shone in the darkness.

Battle dreams! Phantoms of the darkness and the shadow!

Vague, fleeting unrealities that come and go. Or is it that they are real, after all, just as the war is real and not a terrible nightmare?

The soldier tried to remember, but he found himself falling, swirling down a deep abyss. At the bottom was the darkness, peopled by the shadows and the hag spirit. Faint voices called to him, but he could not answer. A fiery star was falling with him. There was a dull roar and the star burst into a thousand pieces, but after the first blinding flash he could see nothing. He was lost in the great void. Here nobody could find him. Neither the shadows nor the hag spirit could find him.

His arms and legs were heavy and he could not move them. There was an awful stillness in the abyss, but he was not alone. Dim shapes were moving about. One of them was pounding at his head. The shape seemed to take fiendish glee in his work, for he was laughing as he struck. The soldier laughed, too, for now he had the demon by the throat, and would soon strangle him.

The night nurse took his clenched hands and laid him back gently on his bed. She smoothed his brow with her fingers, marveling at the price that must be paid for man's honor. "You have been dreaming," she said again, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

But how shall the soldier forget, who has heard the voice of the morning when the sunrise is made dark by clouded smoke?

How shall the soldier forget, who has lived through an inferno and has made the descent into Avernus? These battle dreams may haunt him through his life, may follow him relentlessly through the long years to come. If he recovers it will be only again to sink down into the shadows where the spirits dwell and where the voices call to him. For such is the price that must be paid.

He may forget when the bright morning sunlight traces its dainty patterns on the ward floor and the humming of bees floats in from across the flower beds, or at high noon when they bring the dinners from the lifts. In the dawn he cannot forget; and at night the darkness gathers shadows.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FIVE CENTS PER WORD PER MONTH

Rates for Classified Ads.—Insertions in this column five cents per word per issue. Each initial, four or less figures in one number count as one word. Name and address is counted as part of the ad. All orders must be accompanied by cash. Forms for the month close on 20th of the second month preceding issue.

BOOKS.

1,000,000 VOLUMES ON EVERY SUBJECT at half-prices. New books at discount prices. Books bought. Catalogues post free. W. & G. Foyle, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England. (3-17)

AMUSEMENTS AND GAMES.

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE—worth 25c. Illustrated catalog of 500 tricks included. Send 10c in silver. Magic Co., Ltd., 6470 8th Ave., New York. (12-16)

EDUCATIONAL.

THE DE BRISAY METHOD IS THE royal road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. Students everywhere. Highest references. Academie De Brisay, Ottawa. (2-17)

INDIVIDUAL TEACHING IN BOOK-keeping, shorthand, civil service, matriculation. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Dominion Business College, 357 College Street, Toronto. J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal. (tf)

LEGAL.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN—BALFOUR, MARTIN, CASEY & BLAIR, Barristers. First Mortgages secured for clients. 7 per cent and upwards. (tf)

NOVA SCOTIA—OWEN & OWEN, Barristers, Annapolis Royal. (tf)

PATENTS AND LEGAL.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Toronto. (Head Office), 5 Elgin Street, Ottawa. Offices in other principal cities. (6-17)

STAMPS AND COINS.

STAMPS—PACKAGE FREE TO COLLECTORS for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign. Catalogue. Hinges all five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada. (tf)

JEWELRY.

WALTHAM WATCHES—\$5.50 TO \$150.00. Reliable timepieces. Send for free catalogue to The Watch Shop, Wm. E. Cox, 70 Yonge St., Toronto. (tf)

COLLECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA—No Collection, No Charge. Cash remitted, Day Collected. Peerless Adjustment Bureau, Pittsburgh. (11-17)

SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

EXPERIENCED, ENERGETIC young man with A1 business knowledge, seeks connection with concern who intend expanding their trade in South America. Dominates Spanish, English and French. Have ability to open new territory and bring results. Paying proposition considered only. Box 19, MacLean's Magazine. (1-17)

Shall We Ever Settle Down Again?

How Conditions Promise a Reign of Freedom, Common Sense and Sincerity When the War is Over.

AS a writer on naval and social problems, Arnold White has won a wide reputation. In the following interesting sketch published in *The Royal Magazine*, he reassures those who fear that the discomfort under which we labor at present will endure after the war, and prophesies that a greater freedom and more common sense conditions of living will obtain when the struggle is over. While many of the problems dealt with pertain more particularly to conditions in the Old Land the general trend of the article is full of practical inspiration for Canadians. Mr. White says:

Since August 4th, 1914, we little people have discovered the existence of a great company of would-be guides whose aim is to direct our steps, as they think, to prevent us from falling into the ditch. The majority of these guides are excellent people. They are also consummate bores.

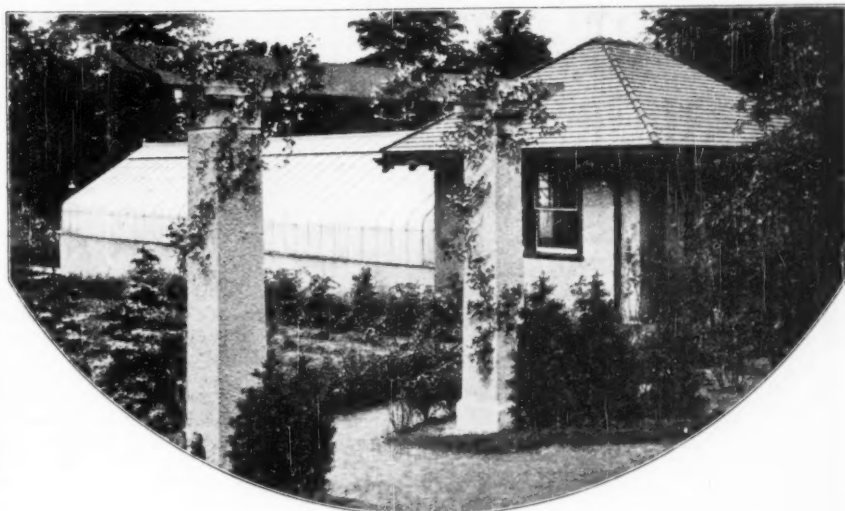
In these days of upheaval many people probably ask themselves such questions as: "Shall we ever be able to get a drink at ten in the morning again, get rid of restrictions about lighting be allowed to have blinds up in railway carriages, and will taxes go down? In short, shall we ever be able to live in comfort again, as far as this generation is concerned?"

The other day I was visited at my club at 2.35 p.m. by an Australian friend who in former years had shown me great hospitality. As chance would have it, I had been unable to return his generosity owing to his absence from the Old Country.

Almost his first words were: "My dear fellow, I am dying for a cocktail." I took him up to the threatening placard that decorates places where they eat, drink, and are merry, showing him the clause providing that a cocktail as a present from me to him meant prison for me, even if I had been able to suborn the club servants to serve alcohol out of hours, and to procure venal silence on the part of the club secretary and his committee.

Having travelled energetically throughout the three kingdoms since war broke out I have seen something of the evils of drink. There is no doubt that in certain parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, even in gallant little Wales, there are places where the distribution of bad alcohol has interfered with the progress of the war. But to prevent an Australian patriot statesman from having a cocktail at 2.35 p.m. because Jock McTavish chooses to purchase a gallon of whisky at 6.30 on Saturday evening and drinks it all, with the assistance of a few friends, by Monday morning, is an enigma that, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "no fellow can understand."

In the old days now gone, when ecclesiastics often reflected national common-sense, a Bishop of Peterborough, during the debates in the House of Lords on the disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal Church, expressed his preference for an England that was free over an England that was sober. The good Bishop was severely attacked for holding this wicked and licentious opinion. But he was right.



A Greenhouse Suggestion that may just meet your needs

IT'S exactly 18 feet wide and 50 feet long. Because this size more generally meets the start-off needs of most flower lovers, we sell more of it than any other.

You noticed we said "start-off needs." Our reason is, that with a greenhouse; quite as with automobiles; the first one is apt to be either a runabout or a small touring car. But before very long, we find ourselves wanting more horse power and more room.

It is the same with a greenhouse. It gives you so much genuine all year round pleasure; and is so delightfully alluring in the things you keep on wanting to grow more and more of; that we find it's always good sense to suggest locating the house where additions can be made both economically and attractively.

This one with its two compartments each 18 feet or 25 feet, gives you two snug garden plots in which you can grow a surprising number of things, whether fruits, flowers or vegetables.

We will build the entire thing for you, including the workroom and all masonry work. Or just the greenhouse itself. Or sell you the materials, and send you explicit directions for its erection.

Whichever way you feel will work out to best advantage, that's the way we want to do.

The fact, however, that not two out of every fifty customers we sell, erect the greenhouse part themselves; seems to indicate that there are advantages in having us do it, where possible.

One thing sure, no one can build any better houses than we can. If anyone can build to your satisfaction, we can.

To better know who we are, and what we do, send for our new Booklet No. 122.

It is the greenhouse question in a nutshell.

Lord & Burnham Co.

LIMITED, OF CANADA

GREENHOUSES DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Royal Bank Bldg., TORONTO. Transportation Bldg., MONTREAL.
Factory—ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

Certain-teed

Roofing

Tremendous production lowers manufacturing cost—only the world's biggest roofing mills could make such high quality roofing as CERTAIN-TEED at such a low price. CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years (according to ply, 1, 2 or 3) and it outlives the guarantee. Easier to lay and cheaper than wood shingles, tin, galvanized iron, etc. Far superior to "ready roofing" sold by mail. Your local dealer sells CERTAIN-TEED Roofing at reasonable prices; have him show you the Guarantee.

GENERAL ROOFING MANUFACTURING CO.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Roofings and Building Papers.

Distributing centers: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Ottawa, Quebec, Edmonton, London, Halifax, Regina, St. John's, Sherbrooke, Brandon

VICKERMAN'S TAILORING CLOTHES

:: NEVER FADE ::

BLACK, BLUES,
and GREYS

All Weights

Are the best imported.

Colors guaranteed.

Nisbet & Auld
Limited

34 Wellington St. W., Toronto

Sole Wholesale Agents for
Canada

GEO. ADAM,
Summer Bldg., Montreal
G. M. HARCOURT,
Carlton Chambers, Ottawa
A. M. COTE,
Edifice Commerciale, Quebec

Scotch Tweeds

Very best qualities only in the latest designs.

SUITINGS AND
DRESS GOODS

(SPECIAL VALUE)

Write for patterns and particulars, post-free from
ROBERTS, SOMERVILLE & CO.
Galashiels, Scotland

VENUS 10¢ PENCIL



SUPREME for all pencil purposes. 17 perfect degrees of black lead from 6B softest to 9H hardest, and hard and medium copying. Look for distinctive water-mark Venus finish where you buy.

American Lead Pencil Company
240 Fifth Avenue, New York
Also Clapton, London, England

The real trouble to-day is that a number of virtuous people with political influence are contriving to use the great war as a means of realizing their faddy Utopias. Ever since the world began, from the day that Adam and Eve ate the wrong apples until the day when government by poster came into being, human nature has not varied.

The Government have wisely set up a publicity department which has issued a series of posters under the title of "Don't." The most opulent government in the world has issued a poster to tramps, and to people like me who have had their clothes cleaned and pressed ever since the war began, telling them that to be well dressed is an extravagance. Another poster tells poor widows not to use motor cars for pleasure. The reason why dressing extravagantly in war-time is not only "bad, form" but "unpatriotic" is blazoned on the walls of the United Kingdom.

We are all growing weary of these mechanical invocations to be good, to live virtuously, and to follow the old adage to low living and high thinking. The people who issue these posters mean well. Still, people who mean well are not seldom prigs. Now, the dominant note of a prig is narrow and self-conscious engrossment in his own mental or spiritual attainments. A prig is a conceited person guilty of moral foppery. After the war, when the lads come back, prigs will have a bad time.

The fierce furnace of war burns priggery from the services, especially from the Navy, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Indian Civil Service. The opinion of the fighting services to-day will be the opinion of the nation for a generation to come. For the first time in history the fighting man after the war will dominate public opinion. Fighting men are healthy souls; they know a prig when they see him; the prig, as they say across the Atlantic, "cuts no ice" with soldiers and sailors. Therefore it is safe to conjecture that domination by the unco' guid and the tyranny of faddists and cranks will end after the war.

The first effect of a bullet that does not kill or a disease that is not fatal is to make a patient think. On September 23rd, 1915, Private Tom Smith wrote to his parent as follows:

"Dear Mother,

"This comes hoping it finds you as it leaves me at present. I have a broken leg and a bullet in my left arm.

"Your affec. son,

"TOM SMITH."

It is safe to conjecture that Private Tom Smith will never forget his broken leg and the bullet in his left arm, and that he will bring up his children with traditions that will prevent any repetition of a world-war.

For common-sense will come into its own. As a matter of fact, common-sense is really uncommon sense. It consists mainly in the power of distinguishing between what is necessary and unnecessary, what is true and which is false, and in looking ahead sufficiently clearly to avoid collision with whatever is approaching from the opposite direction.

Common-sense will gain a new lease of life, not only after the war but during the war. The tyranny of cranks is more and more bitterly resented by thinking people. Since the output of the average workman with new mechanical appliances is at least one hundred times greater than the output of wealth in the war of 1870, it is certain that the restoration of society to new and comfortable conditions will be far more rapid after the war in the British Empire than in Mittel-Europa, which, let us hope, will have to pay large sums of money for permission to trade on the ocean.

Week of November 6th, 1916,
brought to The MacLean Publishing Company

1114 Subscribers

New and Renewals to MAC-
LEAN'S and FARMER'S
MAGAZINES.

Each subscription was either written up by representatives, or came in by mail. Undoubtedly a good number of those are right from your own neighborhood.

Had you been looking after "those neighborhood subscriptions" your income for week of November 6th would have been increased handsomely.

On each one of the Eleven Hundred and Fourteen subscriptions written by representatives—a most liberal commission was paid in cash. Hundreds of Dollars in Cash Commissions and Bonuses are earned weekly by our Representatives. We have a place—a big place for you.

And yet the work isn't difficult—it's light, pleasant and profitable. We teach you how—the experience of our other Representatives will help you toward success.

Come in and be one of the many to increase your present earnings—be a producer—not a caretaker. Build a business of your own where the profits are sure and plentiful—where the amount earned can be governed by your energy—where ambition is gratified.

Full details on request—a post-card will bring full particulars. Address:

The MacLean Publishing Co.
Limited

Division 3

153 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

Not long ago a motor-car ran over a hen in a Bedfordshire village, and the unhappy fowl, in the act of being squashed, laid an egg. The British Empire has been run over by the Hun chariot, and, in the act of being squashed, has laid an egg. This egg is being hatched out. When this chicken comes home to roost, everyone who does not interfere with the liberty of others will be able to get a drink at ten in the morning. There will be no restrictions about lighting, taxes will go down, and a vast number of evils from which we suffered before the war will be swept away.

Among the people who will have a bad time after the war are the wealthy, double-chinned bachelors in bath-chairs, who week-end at the seaside from September to July, and who take the waters each summer at Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Baden-Baden, or punting on the green cloths of Monte Carlo.

These people are the by-products of luxury in the real sense of the word. Some of them marry. The wives will have a worse time than the husbands. They will learn that between them and their housemaids there is no gulf fixed such as existed between Lazarus and Dives.

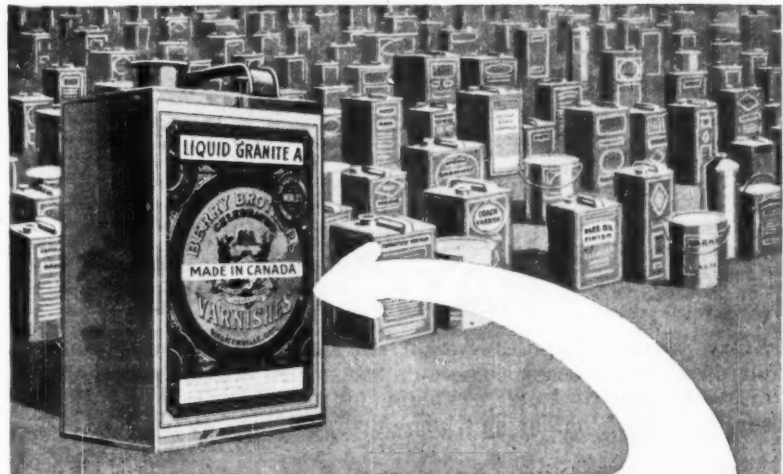
We need not be unhappy about the sorrows of double-chinned Dives. Little people may rejoice. The majority of them will rejoice after the war. Why? Two enormous tanks of prosperity exist unsuspected, for the regeneration and the resuscitation of the British Empire. The first is the suspension of the unwritten law of trades-unions restricted output. The second is the restoration to the people of freer and far cheaper transport.

Our national bill for imported food amounts to over £200,000,000 per annum. The effect of organization will be a huge drop in the price of everything, because the cost of transport, which, to the consumer is three-fifths of the cost of living, would be halved, if not quartered. Fish sold on the quay at Yarmouth, Hull, or Lowestoft at one shilling a "trunk" costs seven shillings by the time it reaches London, and nine shillings by the time it reaches the village where I live. There is no reason for the enormous difference between the price of fish on the quays at Wick, Hartlepool, Hull, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft and the price of fish when it reaches my cottage.

In every hundred minutes the railway trucks which carry fish stand still for ninety-seven minutes. Everybody who has traveled about the country during the war, if they kept their eyes open, has wondered at the enormous congestion of empty wagons assembled in sidings outside every station. The average railway wagon being idle for ninety-seven minutes out of every hundred minutes, waste of money and time over the haulage of food, raw material, and luxuries in the United Kingdom is so great that reform will secure for the little people vastly improved conditions of life.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the enormous reduction of cost of food, raw material, and necessities that will be easily accomplished when the Government of the country is taken in hand by men of the type of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or of the living Mr. W. M. Hughes. The milk trouble which has existed during the last few months is a proof that the dominant factor of the cost of food, which is closely related to the happenings of the masses, is the price of transport. At the time of writing, milk is given to pigs for food in the valleys of my county; it is sold to the parents of sick children in London at sixpence a quart.

Transport affects the price of cigarettes, the tiles on the roof and the umbrella we carry, the hat we wear and the mutton we eat.



THE right choice of varnish is an important matter for the home builder. A harmonious and homelike interior depends very largely upon a right treatment of the woodwork and this demands the use not only of good but appropriate Finishes.

Any Finish may look well for a time, but the main question for you to consider is—how long will it last? You build for the future as well as for the present, why not finish the same way?

All varnishes and enamels sold under Berry Brothers' label are true to description and the best that can be produced for the uses intended. If you adopt them for your trim you will have a lasting and satisfactory finish.

We make a suitable Finish for every architectural use from basement to roof.

Write our Architectural Department for interesting literature on wood finishing for the home builder.

BERRY BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Established 1858

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

433

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

Made in 17 perfect gradings

"The master drawing pencil" and a pencil for discriminating business men

MADE IN JERSEY CITY, N. J., U. S. A. by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

Canadian Representatives: A. R. MACDOUGALL & CO., Ltd., TORONTO, ONT.

For Maximum Service and Minimum Weight Top Your Car With



Every pound of needless weight eliminated reduces operation and maintenance expenses. The auto top which accumulates moisture, dust and grime is adding weight to your car,—compelling your engine to work harder and increasing fuel and lubrication cost.

A light-weight weatherproof, flexible, one-man top is assured the owner of a car equipped with RAYNTITE

THE GUARANTEED Single Texture Top Material



MOTOR QUALITY FABRIKOID is a specially made material for automobile upholstery. It is a better-wearing, more satisfactory and lower cost covering than so-called "genuine leather." Over 60 per cent. of 1916 cars are carrying Motor Quality Fabrikoid—a tribute to its merit. Ask for samples.

Why carry a heavy-weight, bulky, absorbent top when RAYNTITE gives you a maximum of service at a minimum cost? RAYNTITE is a time-tested top fabric used on thousands of cars and giving the service and protection expected.

The RAYNTITE guarantee is backed by the century-old Du Pont Company whose reputation for integrity of purpose, manufacturing ability and financial responsibility is a world-known fact.

Specify RAYNTITE for your 1917 car, or have your 1916 auto re-topped with this serviceable, light-weight guaranteed topping.

Ask for free booklet, "The Top Question," and samples of RAYNTITE material

DuPont Fabrikoid Co.
Toronto, Ont. Wilmington, Del., U.S.A.

THE MAN WITH MONEY

In Canada, if you are a man with money, or called upon to advise others in regard to money matters, you will find it to your advantage to read a sanely edited, broadly informed and clear-visioned financial newspaper, such as "The Financial Post of Canada." The Financial Post is, beyond question, Canada's most authoritative newspaper serving investors and those concerned with the money market. The wide organization and many papers of The MacLean Publishing Co., together with the experience and ability of the Editors, make this pre-eminence possible.

The Financial Post of Canada

The Canadian Newspaper for Investors. \$3.00 per year.

One advantage which subscribers have is the service of the Investor's Information Bureau of "The Post," where special information and advice are provided, without any fee, by personal letter. This service is very valuable to investors.

We suggest that you buy a copy of the current issue from your newsdealer, and make a careful examination of it. Ask your banker or broker about "The Post." Get independent opinion regarding it, from the professional classes who handle money. Sample copy on request.

Published by

The MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd., 143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Next to transport reform the most important element in the cheapening of necessities, and consequently the enjoyment of life for average people after the war, is the abolition of restricted output. For some strange reason since 1832 labor has considered that its interest is best served by restricting output. Therefore old age pensions sometimes act as the endowment of restricted output. Old age pensions on a far more liberal scale would be the cheapest investment the country could make to workmen who were injured or deforced by old age if the workmen would realize that their interests were best to be secured by the exercise of energy and effort.

America, a country from which, after all, Europe has much to learn, without old age pensions, contrives to make it worth the while of the workman to work hard. England has at hand an enormous reserve of wealth in the difference between artificial restriction of output and the result of consistent effort to produce and turn out the best results—whether commercial, physical, mental, or spiritual—of which the community is capable.

After the war we shall see as well as look. Government by poster is not intelligent. The writer of the poster may be a high-minded and excellent man, but he must be narrow. Nobody has the wisdom of Mr. Everybody.

We have been told to turn our gardens into potato patches. I doubt whether the author of this poster has any practical knowledge either of gardening or agriculture. To turn a flower garden into a vegetable garden means one of two things—either the expenditure of capital on the extermination of valuable plants, the purchase of loam and manure, and the employment of labor absolutely unprocurable, or it means poor vegetables which cannot be sold or given away under the ordinary village conditions of English rural life.

I speak with feeling. I would rather see a dozen soldiers home on leave mending their health by enjoying the roses, foxgloves, delphiniums and heliotrope than batten on artichokes and potatoes that have cost me two shillings and sixpence to grow.

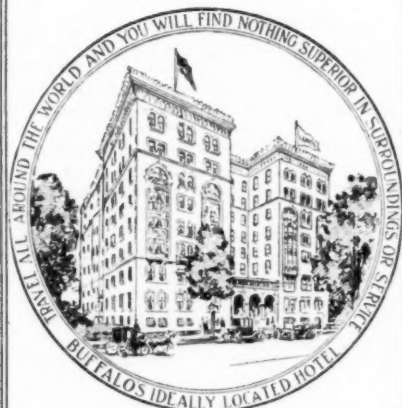
Organization is the principle of life. Unintelligent organizers disorganize. So with dress. The only thing that really counts is the dress of women. In time of peace the Army dresses for the women; also the Navy. If life is worth living women must dress beautifully for the same reason that the birds are attired in their best plumage when the continuation of their species is to be secured. I cannot understand the argument that urges the disuse of new clothes, provided they are produced, cut, and finished chiefly in our own country.

After the war we shall see these things more clearly. Clothes produced in the Empire will be obligatory; or if not in the Empire in the countries of our Allies. Fat Germans come to Savile Row for their frock coats. At my tailor's I see the name of Prince Henry of Prussia stuck up—also at my hatter's. That is as bad for Germany as it would be for England if the Prince of Wales and the King were to buy their clothes in the Wilhelmstrasse.

We shall shake down after the war into the understanding of what really counts in the happiness of life. We shall not have to pull down the blind after the war; we shall see things more clearly. Spelling, for example, is a ridiculous invention. Chaucer couldn't spell though he could write. Shakespeare sometimes spelt a word three different ways in the same play. Even Addison, who was a superior person, was uncertain. So far as I have been able to observe in my passage through life I have never known a nice woman

HOTEL LENOX

North St. at Delaware Ave.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



"Far from a Big City's Noise,
Close to a Big City's Business"

A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Excels in equipment, cuisine and service.

Operated on the
EUROPEAN PLAN

TARIFF:

Room with privilege of Bath	\$1.50	per day
Room with Private Bath	\$2.00	per day and upward
Two Rooms with Private Bath	\$4.00	per day and upward

Take Elmwood Ave. car to North Street, or write for Special Taxicab Arrangement.

May we send with our compliments a "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls"?

C. A. MINER,
Managing Director



For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh. A Simple, Safe and Effective Treatment, Avoiding Drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for descriptive booklet. For sale by all druggists.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

who could spell. There is nothing in spelling, and yet the academic conventions of our day regard a bad speller as belonging to the worst form of the criminal classes, and therefore ineligible for practical administration.

Utopia is out of reach, but the resumption of normal national life after the war will mean organized freedom, the abolition of the fancies of faddists enshrined in the clauses of Acts of Parliament, and the liberation of the human spirit to act as it thinks best provided it does not interfere with the liberty of others.

Huxley wrote about a celebrated political philosopher: "I am inclined to think that the practice of the method of political leaders destroys their intellect for all serious purposes." After the war men of action will rule the roost, and men of action marry for love—the king of all things. Marriage for love will be "good form" after the war, without any incitement from posters.

Voyage of Discovery in Germany

Germany Will Take No Chances With Her Fleet. What a "Neutral" Learned en Route From Emden to Wilhelmshaven.

IT is believed by those who have tried, that it would be simpler for a soldier to pass in khaki through Belgium, than for a spy to get within sight of the Kiel Canal; to learn anything definite about the German fleet is generally considered out of the question. Yet J. M. de Beaufort succeeded in getting a passage from Emden to Wilhelmshaven on a neutral steamer carrying supplies to the German navy, and actually dined at the officers' mess. The following story taken from his article in the *Quarterly Review*, gives some interesting details of the official estimate of the possibilities of the German fleet:—

At the outbreak of hostilities the following proclamation concerning the operation of the Kiel Canal in time of war was issued by the German Government:

"The war operations of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal have begun. The Canal Zone is closed at present for merchant vessels. Exceptions thereto require in every instance the permission of the Chief of the Naval Station of the Baltic Sea at Kiel."

The 'exceptions' are practically confined to such neutral ships as carry provisions for the Army and Navy, or are supplying Germany with foodstuffs. But in all cases the captains of these neutral ships must be personally known to the German authorities, and a large bond must be put up for them either by their employers or by themselves. Until the middle of this year (1915) only Dutch, Danish, Swedish or Norwegian steamers had obtained permits to pass through the Canal. From what I have seen of the inconveniences, the trouble, the red tape, that these men have to put up with every time they make the trip to or from Germany, I can assure you that, whatever their emoluments may be, they earn every penny of them.

With great difficulty I managed to get a passage on one of these neutral steamers. For all intents and purposes my nationality was the same as that of the vessel on which I sailed. I speak German quite fluently, which

Reducing Expenses

THE war has increased the cost of living. The housewife must, therefore, make her money go farther. By using a tea, like Red Rose, which is largely composed of Assam Indian teas, she can reduce her tea bills considerably. The rich Indian strength requires less tea in the tea pot.

In sealed packages only. Try it.



710

The more you
know about
Coffee —



The better you
like - **SEAL
BRAND**

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans.
Whole—ground—pulverized—
also Fine Ground for Percolators.

171

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

700 Rooms.
450 with bath.

The Windsor
Dominion Square • Montreal, Canada

European plan
exclusively.

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from \$2.00 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes walk from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station.

Further particulars and information on application to
THE MANAGER

Chambers's Journal

Annual Subscription, \$2.20

"Chambers's Journal maintains the highest literary standard, combined with interest and entertainment. The articles are admirably selected, and cover a wide range of topics. They stimulate thought, and they convey good and useful information. The fiction is of a high order."—*Manchester City News*.

In the January Part of Chambers's Journal the opening chapters will appear of an intensely interesting new novel by

Jeffery Farnol

entitled

"THE DEFINITE OBJECT"

The Author of "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," etc., has in this story fixed upon New York as the scene of his plot, and his intimate personal knowledge of the life of that great city has given him a splendid theme. Geoffrey Ravenslee, millionaire, in a reflective mood awakens to the fact that he is practically a useless cumberer of the ground, and has all but decided that the world would be none the poorer for his exit when an unexpected adventure gives him a new interest in life. This adventure results in his concealing his identity, and taking up residence in Hell's Kitchen. Here he finds an ample outlet for the good that is in him, and before he attains "The Definite Object," he comes in contact in this den with a strange medley of the most lovable and unlovable characters that ever a novelist introduced.

Geoffrey, Hermy, Mrs. Trapes, Bud McGinnis, Soapy, and the Old 'Un, are pen pictures which will live permanently in the memory of the reader.

The Annual Subscription to Canada Including Postage is \$2.20

W. & R. Chambers, Limited

339 High Street

Edinburgh, Scotland

was of course of great additional assistance. I joined the little 600-ton steamer at Emden, Germany's most western port. We proceeded on the inside, i. e. through the Ems-Jade Canal, to Wilhelmshaven, and thence by Cuxhaven through the Kiel Canal to Kiel. Although the actual distance we traveled is well under 200 miles, it took us the best part of five days. It was not what you might call a joy ride, but nevertheless I would not have missed it for a great deal, for I learned more about the German fleet in those five days than I had in all the weeks I spent in Germany.

Through the Ems-Jade Canal, bordered on both sides by flat marshy country, the trip was uneventful; but, when we got within sight of Wilhelmshaven, the fun began. About three miles from our day's destination an officer and eight sailors came on board and, after having carefully examined our ship's papers, proceeded on a search of ship and crew as systematic and thorough as I have ever seen. But then, of course, I had never before attempted to enter Germany's most important naval base. It is quite true that she takes no chances with her fleet. The search, checking of papers, reports, messages to Wilhelmshaven, and numerous other formalities, took the better part of four hours. When finally our permits arrived, four sailors and a petty officer came on board, and under their guidance we finished the three miles that separated us from the famous naval base. Through a system of locks, we reached the 'Coal Harbour,' which is part of the New Harbour of Wilhelmshaven. By devious methods and devices I had been able to time our arrival so that it would be too late to go out into the bay that same afternoon. We were told to make fast and prepare to stay the night. That was exactly what I had schemed for.

Through the courtesy of one of the harbour officials I was enabled to send a messenger to a naval surgeon, whom I had known in New York, and to whom I had been able to render a not inconsiderable service. The doctor proved a friend in need, and, to begin with, invited me to dinner at the 'Casino' (officers' mess), situated in the Park, a few hundred yards from the Imperial Docks. Being vouched for by an 'Oberstabs-Arzt' (Chief Staff Surgeon) I was made most welcome by some sixty odd naval officers. Among those whom I met, I recall Grand-Admiral Von Koester, Rear-Admiral Gadeke, Admiral Von Igennohl, Rear-Admiral Hipper, and many others. It was on this occasion, too, that I made the acquaintance of the notorious Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, the (then embryo) 'Lusitania Hero.' I had a talk with him on submarine matters, to which I shall return later.

Indeed I shall long remember that dinner at the officers' mess in Wilhelmshaven, but if I could give a full shorthand report of the conversations I listened to that evening, I fear you would think I had dined in a lunatic asylum instead of an officers' mess. One or two examples will suffice.

The talk was all 'shop' and war, of course. That same evening a number of airmen had returned from 'active service on the North Sea,' and the conversation drifted into the subject of 'Aircraft in relation to the invasion of England.' It seems that the idea of invading England with the assistance of the Navy has for the present been shelved. The North Sea? Ah, indeed it was a great protection, a formidable obstacle, but, Sir, remember the old axiom about a chain being only as strong as its weakest link. So with the North Sea. It is only as wide as its narrowest point—i. e. 25 miles. That was the great principle to keep always before one's mind, because, in that figure, England's future

LACTAGOL

for
Nursing and
Prospective
Mothers



A Canadian Mother Writes:

"WHEN my baby was only a month old I received a sample package of LACTAGOL from you which I have been very thankful for. Since then I have been using LACTAGOL and find it just as you recommend it. I can truthfully say I believe had it not been for the use of LACTAGOL I wouldn't be nursing my baby to-day. I am feeling fine and the baby is doing well. When she was 13 months old she weighed 35 lbs. And I cannot speak too highly of LACTAGOL, as only those who have brought up little ones on the bottle know what a blessing it is to do without it. I will recommend LACTAGOL to all mothers."

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. Harry Land,
St. Catharines, Ont.

R. J. OLD
Sole Agent
416 Parliament St.
Toronto
E. T. Pearson & Co.
Limited
Manufacturers
London, England



GO TO BERMUDA

Delightful Ocean Voyage, Two
Days Each Way

Golf, Tennis, Boating,
Bathing, Cycling, Fishing

Twin Screw S. S.
"BERMUDIAN"

Sails Alternate Wednesdays and Saturdays

WEST INDIES

New S. S. Guiana and other Steamers
every fortnight for St. Thomas, St.
Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe,
Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia,
Barbados, and Demerara.

For full information apply to

Quebec S. S. Company
32 Broadway New York
Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd.
Montreal Toronto Quebec
or Any Ticket Agent

doom lay sealed! Calais, not Egypt any more, was England's throat, the key to British World-power. Germany's motto was no longer 'Our future lies on the water,' but should read henceforth 'On the water—for peace; under the water and in the air—for war.' What could prevent Germany, with its marvellous industrial developments, wonderful inventions, from building, say, 100,000 aeroplanes? After Germany had once taken firm hold of Calais, an army of 200,000 men could be thrown into England within less than half an hour, by aeroplanes!

Of course the invasion would be carried out during the night. They had only figured on two men to each aeroplane, but, considering the negligible distance, which would exclude the necessity of carrying any surplus gasoline, the carrying capacity of the machine might easily be doubled. The landing?

'Ha! my friend, you may be certain that Germany, in an undertaking of this kind, would not risk failure in overlooking the smaller details. When the time comes there will be plenty of friends, in some disguise or other, who will light the way for us. Burning houses, electrical appliances, searchlights, rockets, etc., will serve. Trust the German thoroughness to be prepared for all emergencies, when The Day has arrived. Already to-day, the fear of invasion causes periodical panics in England. But it is most remarkable even for the shortsighted British, that they never realised until the present war, and then only in a limited degree, the vital importance, nay the deadly menace, aviation is to their country. From the time the air was conquered England ceased to be an island. And they refused to listen to the brothers Wright, who gave them their first chance! British stupidity, British insularity!'

The next subject which was discussed, and of course, settled, was the peace terms. Europe was cut up and the pieces handed round like a birthday cake. 'Every country that has joined us will be amply compensated. Those who have gone against us? Well, God help them.' The division of Europe will be about as follows:

'Germany will take the Baltic Provinces, including Petersburg and the whole of Poland. Austria will receive the whole south of Russia, including Kieff and Odessa; Turkey the whole Caucasus, including the Department of Saratow. The Russians must be separated not only from the Baltic, but from the Black and Caspian seas as well. Sweden gets Finland. Serbia of course will go to Austria. Egypt will be returned to Turkey. If Roumania intervenes in time on the right side, she will get Bessarabia and some minor territories.

'The "embarras de richesses" of colonies will, when the spoils come to be divided, actually become a problem. So far as India and Egypt are concerned, our only wish to-day is to help these nations to liberate themselves from the British yoke. To Algiers, Tunis and Morocco we would also restore their autonomy. With Belgium, we of course take possession of the Congo State. The interests of France in Morocco will cease at once, since she has used its natives to fight against us. Turkey will occupy the Suez Canal. The shares of that company owned at present by England will be declared null and void.

'The economical conditions under which the annexed territories will be incorporated in the German Empire may be of various kinds, but one fundamental principle should never be lost sight of, viz. that electoral rights, i. e. the right to elect Members for the Reichstag, remains a prerogative of the Germans living within the old boundaries of the Empire. The natives of Poland will have their own parliament in Warsaw; those of the Baltic Provinces, in Petersburg. The Belgians

USE
THIS



For
Dustless
Sweeping
It's
Great

Dustbane saves time and labor. Brightens and preserves carpets and floors. Don't fill your throat and lungs with dust. Do not ask for sweeping compound. Say Dustbane.

At your
Grocer's or
Hardware
Dealer's.

VIOLINS

\$5.50
Outfit for
Beginners.
\$15 Outfit
for
Advanced
Players.
Including
Violin, Case
Bow, Rosin and
Extra Strings.
Money back if re-
turned as unsatisfactory
within 10 days.
Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.

C.W. LINDSAY LIMITED
189 SPARKS ST.
OTTAWA CANADA

Hotel St. Charles

Along ocean front, with a superb view of famous strand and Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. 12 stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed.

NEWLIN-HAINES CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

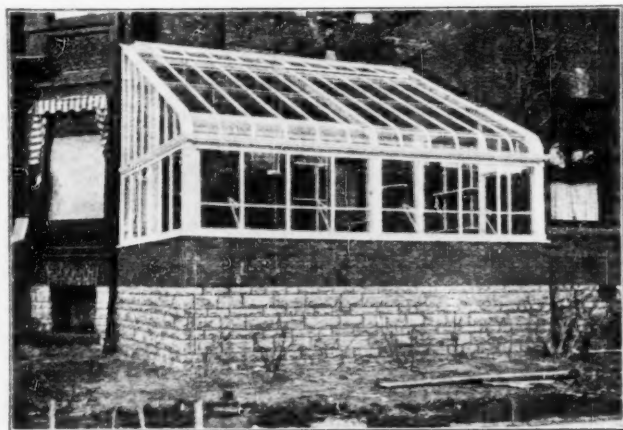
at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book **FREE BOOK** describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 122, Galesburg, Kansas, U.S.A.

PLAY SAFE—Buy a WILSON MOTOR

Guaranteed for 5 years. A Better Motor for Less Money. and Made in Canada. No duty to pay. Send for Catalog W at once.

Wilson Motor Co.
Walkerville, Ont.



Lean-to Type For Homes where Lawn is Limited in Area.

This inexpensive addition to your home would serve a double purpose—a practical greenhouse and a delightful sun-room.

You may not have lawn space for a detached greenhouse, but in all probability there is an angle in your home where a greenhouse of this type would be a welcome addition. And if your house is heated by steam or hot water, the expense of heating the greenhouse would be nominal.

Write to Dept. M. for a booklet

GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED

Kent Building, Toronto

Transportation Building, Montreal, Que.

Factory, Georgetown, Ont.

of course may retain their parliament in Brussels, while for the annexed provinces of France—Calais, Reims, Belfort, etc.—a separate diet could be established. Poland and Belgium might even remain kingdoms with Prussian Princes on the throne.

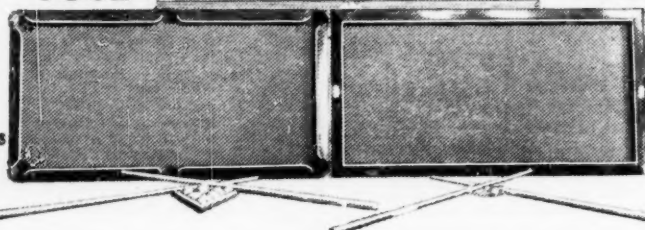
'But, though the conquered territories will have no voice in the Imperial legislation, they will of course have to submit to conscription. The young Pole from Warsaw will serve his three years in Hanover, Dusseldorf, or Cologne. The Frenchman from Calais or Reims will be sent to Breslau or Posen. The Russians of the Baltic Provinces, like the young conscripts from Belgium, will enjoy their military training in Bavaria or Saxony. But the great fortresses, such as Calais, Belfort, Warsaw, or Riga, will be garrisoned by none save the old Prussian regiments.'

About their fleet; why did it not come out and fight the British? Why didn't the British fleet come and 'dig them out,' as Churchill threatened to do? Yes, they would come out and fight, but they would choose their own time—not when the British wanted them to. 'So far, our fleet has paid us very well, and will pay us in future. This war is not going to be over for some time. Exorbitant naval taxes? 'Why, my friend, take a current copy of our "Statistisches Jahrbuch" and find out how much the German nation is paying for what our enemies describe as our "luxury." About 7 marks a year *per capita* is the average for the last four years. That amounts to 1-3 of what England demands of her subjects.'

These are a few examples of their conversations and by no means the most extravagant. But they talked well, and I think they quite believe what they said. I knew how utterly useless it would be to try to argue with them. Besides, I wanted to have a look at the harbour and dockyards next morning, so I deemed discretion the better part of valour. One is not in Wilhelmshaven every day, in these times!

PARLOR POOL AND BILLIARDS

Get This For Xmas



For Your Home

PUT ONE OF THESE SCIENTIFIC GAMES INTO YOUR HOME

It will afford relaxation and recreation. The game of billiards is a tonic after the strain of a busy day. It is a game of skill that may be thoroughly enjoyed in every home. We offer a well-built board at a very moderate price—a high-grade billiard board with a quality of material and workmanship equal to that put in the Large Billiard Tables. It is correct and true and full of life. Every detail has received careful attention.

Write for full particulars and price—see how easy it is for you to have this high class game of skill right at home.

The Schultz Bros. Company, Limited, Brantford, Ontario

Visit to the Western Front

Continued from page 35.

it. It is not the least like training manœuvres or sham battles. A different quality enters in. Even when the front was quiet, before the bombardment began, there was a feeling of enveloping feverishness. Death was there—not a game. Above all, there was a feeling of impersonal mechanical force of fate pitted against an equally impersonal and mechanical force.

"Electric." The mechanical force seemed to be electrical. The front reminded me of nothing more than of some huge electrical power station, with a partially bottled-up energy and destruction, appalling to contemplate. While we were there at first, it looked as if the whole machine was as well controlled as the dynamos in a power station, but as the bombardment commenced, there came the feeling that one was in a station where, instead of control, chaos might at any moment step in, all the belts fly off, and a pell-mell of darkness, destruction and death rush through.

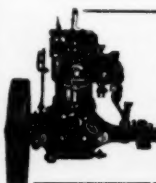
RUBBER STAMPS

ANY KIND FOR ANY PURPOSE

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

WALTER E. IRONS

80-82 Temperance Street TORONTO



A WILSON MOTOR FOR THAT BOAT

The best motor and for the least money. Our low prices will surprise you. Write for catalog W and special offer.

Made in Canada. No duty. Wilson Motor Co., Walkerville, Ont.

"Ultimate." It was sinister, yes, and electric, so sinister and electric that one felt this represented the very ultimate in existence. All else in the world, pleasant and unpleasant alike, slipped a long way back, and the "front," the trenches and what lay beyond, became so all dominating, all pervading, that the rest of the world, the remainder of existence, seemed an unreality.

Sugaring Off

Continued from page 27.

the "as long as you both shall live" doom of the marriage service in her tone. Moreover, the suggestive use of his name "Archibald." Likewise the manner of her rebuke. That was exactly the way, he felt, she would talk to a husband when she got one. More thorny than ivy.

She gazed at his bewilderment, and then began to laugh, and laughed, and laughed. What pretty teeth she had, Philpott reflected. He looked, she said, like a dripping musk rat she once saw. He shifted his feet uneasily, hoping for the paroxysm to cease. Then he recalled the most dreadful things he had heard and read of feminine hysteria.

"Miss Wyndham! Pray calm yourself," he begged in his chilliest manner, for there must be no weakness. "The situation is regrettable, but we must make the best of it."

"That is exactly what I'm going to do," she replied. "The lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and luck like this comes just once in a lifetime. Don't ask me to be calm, though. If you'd lived the oily calm life I've had all these years, you'd never want to hear the word again. I've ached all my life to be mixed up in a society scandal, but never, even in that crow's rookery of a Bramhope, where tongues flourish instead of wit, could I do anything to make folks whisper in corners about me."

"It's only Prue Wyndham," they'd say, which meant safety first, Westinghouse brakes, and sprinkler service. Won't they say the loveliest, meanest things about us. They've just got to this time. Think of it, Archie, you, the model young man of the community, and me, the champion feminine uplifter! Abduction in high society. Mercy me! This is the life."

"The telephone! I'd forgotten." And Mr. Philpott rushed to the instrument and began to crank as if his eternal safety depended on it.

"Never mind the old telephone!" snapped Prue, dropping into a chair. "I'll shoot that old Slingsby if he dares to rescue me. Glory! It's broken. Cheer up, Archie, and put a fire in the stove, while I rustle around for provisions."

"I was thinking about the bank. It's the first time it has been left alone at night," he lamented.

"Anybody might think it was a sick baby," she jeered. "Forget that blue moldy old bank. You have me to think about now. Now get to work and look like the man of the house."

HE FELT the menace in her words but obeyed. She unearthed canned food and biscuits and dished up quite a pleasant emergency meal.

"Now sit by the fire and smoke your pipe," she said, when the last dish was

MADE IN

Macey

CANADA

EVERY ONE
SHOULD
HAVE A
BOOKCASE
THAT
WILL GROW
WITH THE
FAMILY

"MACEY"
WILL
SOLVE
THE
PROBLEM.



MADE IN
DIFFERENT
STYLES
DIFFERENT
WOODS
DIFFERENT
FINISHES
DIFFERENT
SIZES
WE MAKE JUST
WHAT YOU NEED
AT THE PRICE
YOU CAN AFFORD

Provide a Home for Your Books

You have probably often had to hunt all over the house for a book you wanted, just because there is no regular place provided to keep them in, and they are left lying all over—wherever last used—becoming torn, soiled, and in a condition that makes you feel ashamed when your friends see them.

MACEY SECTIONAL CASES

Do away with all such neglect and loss, and besides provide a handsome piece of furniture that will be a real delight in the home and, perhaps most important of all, they don't cost much.

BUY THEM AS YOU NEED THEM

You don't have to provide for future needs—all you do is buy what you need now—you can enlarge your case at any time to take care of additional books you may acquire. Let us send you our *Macey Style Book*, which tells you all about these famous cases, besides giving you a lot of information every booklover should have. Just send us your address, and we will mail you the book free of charge.

For Sale By All Leading Furniture Dealers

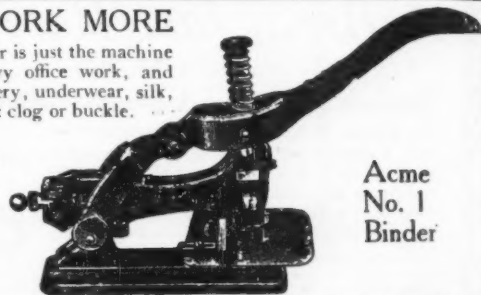
CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

IT WILL DO YOUR WORK MORE QUICKLY

Acme No. 1 Binder is just the machine you need for heavy office work, and for fastening samples of carpets, hosiery, underwear, silk, lace, etc. Holds 100 staples. Won't clog or buckle. Does the work quickly and easily.

Will cut down expenses and save time and money in office, factory or store. Very simple and durable.

Let us supply your requirements. Write for booklet "A" which shows the complete Acme line and the many uses.



Acme
No. 1
Binder

Ernest J. Scott & Co. The Acme Staple Co., Ltd. Process Typewriter Supply Co., Ltd.
59 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can. Camden, N.J., U.S.A. London, England

"VIYELLA" REGISTERED FLANNEL

Winter Designs for 1917

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Stripes! Plain Colours! and Plaids!

"Viyella" is specially adapted for Women's Waists and Children's School Dresses.

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas are sold by the leading men's furnishers.

Avoid Imitations

"Viyella" is stamped on the selvedge every 2½ yards.

DOES NOT SHRINK

A Breakfast Recipe

For a real appetizing breakfast try

Fearman's Star Brand Breakfast Bacon

Its delicious, satisfying flavor arouses the dull appetite and pleases the most fastidious taste. Try this bacon for the hard-to-please men folk.

Fearman's Bacon is sugar cured. It is the product of the choicest Canadian Hogs.

Ask your grocer for the appetizing Fearman's Star Brand Breakfast Bacon

THE W. F. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



cleared away. "I've often dreamed a romantic scene like this. Me on one side of the stove, paralyzed with terror, and my bold captor on the other. There's whiskey and soda in the cupboard, and I won't tell, even if you are President of the Band of Hope, and I the secretary of the W.C.T.U. Desperate situations call for desperate remedies, and I guess you've seen enough water for a while."

Whether it was the agreeable warmth of the fire, or the cosy domesticity of the situation, or the supper, or the fact that he saw in Prue an attractiveness he had never suspected, Mr. Philpott's established conclusions began to be shaken. It sometimes happens that an altogether unsuspected charm is revealed in a familiar landscape when viewed from a new position. Sometimes, in an instant, the scales that have impaired judgment fall away, and vision and wisdom come. Mr. Philpott now and again stole a glance at Prue and discovered, to his utter amazement, a delicious piquant charm. Where had his eyes been? He mentally decided that some women find their most advantageous setting outside the home, but Prue was one whose charm is not for the public eye, or the common delectation, but for one man in the little kingdom of home. Angular! He stoutly resented the statement. She was delightfully and gracefully slight. He hated big Juno women. Eyes! What an ass he had been to suppose them hard and cold. They were warm with mirth and good fellowship. Half the girls he knew would have been in fits of self-consciousness in such a situation. She was just a good chap in an amusing experience. Mouth! Yes, a delicious mouth. It could be sharp and tart, on occasion; but he felt it in his bones, the analytical creature, that it could be very tender and sweet.

PERHAPS she discerned something of his reflections in his glances and silence, a new, strange, aggressive boldness in the heretofore timid young man, and she ceased to banter, and fenced a little. Presently she rose, and with the pleasantest little yawn imaginable prepared to go.

"Guess it is getting late," she said. "I'll find a corner somewhere upstairs. I'll throw you down a blanket or two for the sofa there. I wonder if it's raining still?"

She walked to the window to look out. He followed her stealthily, as the captors in romances do, urged by some sportive demon to avenge the slights she had put on him. His arm went around her neck and he drew her head back. There was a sparkle in the surprised eyes, and he kissed her full on the lips that had teased him so. She gave a tiny, beatified sigh. "Mr. Philpott!" she whispered, her face pink. Then she began to laugh again, and so vanished upstairs.

He stood, back to the stove, and surveyed the room with the air of a conqueror. Such victory was sweet, doubly sweet. The kiss as a kiss, and as such a token of triumph. He need no longer envy any mortal bank boy who overmuddled an addition column. Yes, despite the rain and floods, it was Spring.

IV.

IT WAS eleven next morning when he walked into the bank. Slingsby had rescued them. The young adventurer, with a new boldness on him, was taken

aback when he saw Mr. Mactavish fussing round the office, a grim frown on his face.

"Huh! Fine goings on, Philpott, fine goings on," he snorted. "Eleven o'clock on a short day, and the manager gallivanting about the country on all-night sprees. Bank unprotected too. I didn't think it of you, Philpott, by Gad! I didn't think it was in you." And he gazed with a new curiosity on the young man. He sensed some subtle change, and didn't know that he entirely disapproved of it. The man seemed to have absorbed ginger.

Mr. Philpott, a strange impenitence on him, sat down and related the story of adventure. He did not regard it at all as misadventure. The old man listened, sourly at first, then the sternness vanished and he roared with the Scotsman's belated, but hearty appreciation of the situation.

"Prudence Wynham!" he said. "You lucky, lucky dee-vil! Smartest girl in these townships. None of your pink and white dolls, but a woman too good for the likes of you, Philpott. It's a pity, a pity, too. I did hear that a young man, a meenister, the Reverend Mr. Wiggins, who is a missionary out in India somewhere, has come with the mind to take her back with him. By Jupiter! Philpott, if I was a single man of your age, the kind of mission she'd run would be a home mission with me as the particular field. There's a lassie for ye, brains, smart as a whip, and nice looking in the thoroughbred way. I tell ye, boy, a woman like that makes a man as good an imitation of Paradise as he'll get or want this side Jordan flood. If I couldn't get her any other way, by Crimmins! I'd—I'd abduct her, and ye've practically done that already."

IT WASN'T Mr. Mactavish's urging, so it must be that Philpott was fickle, but a consuming indignation began to well up within him as he thought of Prue being carried away to India by the reverend Wiggins man. India, no doubt, was all very good in its way, and he had nothing against Mr. Wiggins, except his utterly absurd and inordinate covetousness. He thought tolerantly of missions at large, but the idea was simply preposterous. Let India and the Reverend Mr. Wiggins cast their avaricious eyes elsewhere.

By George! he'd see about it.

As soon as the bank closed, he picked up his hat and sallied forth. Prue was at home, but her mother and Mr. Wiggins had gone out but would return in half an hour. Would he wait?

He looked at her hungrily. Pretty? As a picture. Not a gaudy oleograph for the home of the unenlightened, but a face and figure to gladden the eye and heart of an artist such as Philpott felt himself to be. Slim grace, sparkling vivacity. Both had gone to Archibald's head, putting it in a deliriously delightful whirl. There was a tiny glint of a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth. She was rather subdued, he thought, but he also was changed. He found within himself a determination, boldness, almost recklessness, that were gloriously new, and not to be withstood by several Indias and armies of Wigginses.

"I don't want to see your mother, and I have no desire to see the Reverend Mr. Wiggins," he said, with a strange impoliteness. "What's this I hear about this Wiggins person and you going to India?"



Increases Comfort, Shortens Steps

THE Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet will save you many steps every day. It will enable you to keep your utensils where you work—dustless and handy. The "Knechtel" contains a score of labor saving devices—each dear to a woman's heart because they make her work lighter. Provide your home with a Knechtel Cabinet—it will be very welcome.



THE KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET COMPANY, LIMITED
HANOVER - ONTARIO

May we send you our illustrated booklet "A" showing our many handsome designs of Knechtel Cabinets? Look them over and make your selection before going to the store.

Sold by best furniture stores in nearly every town and city.

ALL ABOARD!

Space is being allotted and organization is well under way for the third annual

TORONTO HOUSEHOLD EXHIBITION

A Demonstration of Materials
and Methods for Home-Making

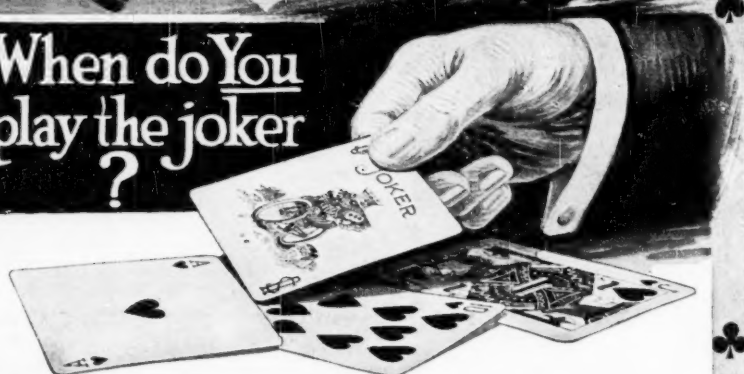
ARENA, TORONTO
APRIL, 1917

Manufacturers and Dealers wishing to advertise and demonstrate to Canadian home-makers and retailers should secure their space without delay.

The Exhibition will have a multitude of special features and attractions which will make it of intense interest. Large out-of-town attendance expected. For full particulars of attendance, rates and conditions, address:

Manager Toronto Household Exhibition
62 Temperance St. - - - TORONTO

When do You play the joker?



IN "500"—no trump—do you and your friends agree as to when the joker may be played? There is no controversy about this or any other point in any one of three hundred card games if you have our book of official rules at hand. And there are no arguments or disappointments over misdeals and the like if you use

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

Made in Canada

They have the quality and finish that prevents the cards from sticking together. And yet they do not glide off the table onto the floor. They stand hard usage without cracking or breaking. They are satisfactory to everybody who comes to your house because everybody uses them for general play. Ivory or Air-cushion Finish. Club Indexes. Unusually low price for such high quality.

Congress Cards—The de luxe brand for social play. Art backs of famous paintings in full color. Gold Edges. Air-cushion Finish.

THIS is the Book, "Official Rules of Card Games", you should send for at once. Then you will have it when you need it. Over 250 pages. Substantially bound. New revised edition just printed. Enclose 15c in stamps. Address The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. K4, Toronto, Canada.



THIS IS ERNEST B. JOLLIFFE — ANOTHER SPARE TIME MONEY-MAKER.

Ernest B. Jolliffe, one of our successful representatives, holds a regular position with a prominent Canadian Manufacturing concern. He was anxious to increase his income by utilizing his spare time in turning off hours into profits.

For over a year now he has been adding to his income by devoting his spare time to looking after the new and renewal subscriptions of our publications in his locality. He takes care of the neighborhood demand for "MACLEAN'S"—he

talks with the farmers about the live ideas to be had from Farmer's Magazine. Unprofitable hours of old have been converted into a new channel of cash. We want more men of Mr. Jolliffe's calibre.

If you have some spare time we will buy it. Write us and we will send you full particulars of our spare time offer. Address Agency Division, Box 2.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

It's an outrage, and I won't stand for it." He thumped the table, and glared at her with devouring affection.

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Philpott?" she asked.

"Archie!" he corrected her.

"Mr. Philpott!" she insisted, her eyes dancing.

He took one step forward, and she retreated one step.

"Very well—"Archie," she amended.

"I mean that I am not going to let you go away. What's India, and what is Mr. Wiggins?" he demanded. "Prue! I've been a mole, and a bat, and a silly ass, and several things of the kind, but I'm none of them now. You don't mean to tell me you have promised to marry him?"

She kept him waiting, looking irresistibly provoking, her hands behind her back.

"I suppose you say that because you feel you have to," she mocked his earnestness.

"Answer my question, Prudence Wyndham. I can't wait more than about ten seconds longer," he replied.

She shot a little smile at him, then shook her head slowly.

"I don't think I'd care much for India," she said.

He made a furious grab at her, and she didn't seem to mind his roughness one little bit. The masterful Mr. Philpott was a revelation to her. She hated milk-sops.

"Oh, we forgot all about Emma," she whispered when she got her breath.

"Emma! Oh, you mean Miss Carey?" replied the weathercock. "She will, I think, make Denison a capital wife. Prue! You are the finest sport, the most perfectly glorious girl in this or any other universe. One more, yes, and just another. If there's one thing more than another I like, in the way of superlative pleasure, it is a sugaring-off. Don't you just love 'em, Prue?"

She lifted her head, and winked at him bewitchingly.

"Didn't I tell you so that afternoon in the Greek's?" she replied. "Now let me go, unless you mean to keep mother and Mr. Wiggins on the front steps the rest of the afternoon."

Paying for Present Prosperity

Continued from page 24.

tate whether a man who aspired to be president should speak the truth or maintain a silence that was a lie. I refer to the whole inside knowledge of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of which President Wilson and Mr. Hughes both had every detail. Both men kept carefully silent as to the true facts. Both men spoke brave words that glittered in the sunlight with the substance of soap bubbles at the end of a boy's clay pipe; but both men—and everybody knows it—carefully and with a cowardice that sickened the American heart—suppressed the facts as to the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Voters waited for the declaration that never came; and the man, who spoke the truth—Theodore Roosevelt—was rejected by the country.

What true Americans really feel as to their international status was well illustrated soon after it became apparent that

Hughes as well as Wilson was going to side step all facts on the *Lusitania*. A group of the most substantial men in the East got together in a down town club in New York. There they had an European army expert give them a secret lecture on how coast cities must be defended in modern war from air and submarine attacks. It was the week the submarine sank the freighters off Nantucket. I asked one of the big men present why they had done this. "Why," he reiterated. "If the best our presidents can do is what they have done in this election, where do you think we would be in case of attack? And attack," he added "may be terribly near. If a president declares you may kick him into the middle of next week and he'll be 'too proud to fight' and keep us out of war, how long do you think we are safe from attack? Europe has to pay the cost of this war some how; and we are the *How*; and that is the bitter aftermath we'll pay for our supine cowardice demonstrated to the whole world in this election."

Putting a Yardstick on Canada

Continued from page 30.

ted out as the vessel sailed into a bank of spun silver, where the moon and the cloud played an April shower of light on the dripping deck. A moment more and we were out into clear moonlight, a fat white cloud behind us, as definite as a puff of swansdown; before us a similar round-edged and opaque bubble. We could see others floating lightly on the water—not fog, not mist, just ordinary up-in-the-air clouds, freakishly determined to sit on the water and sail.

Another long day of sun brings us to Taku Inlet down which the scared white icebergs drift. Instead of going on past this mouth of mystery to Juneau with its electric lights and its nickel shows, we turn eastward and slip between huge walls into a river of malachite, the greener for the ghostly little bergs.

The Inlet is the den of that most extraordinary monster Taku Glacier which winds for ninety miles southeast from Lake Atlin in a huge stream of ice from seven hundred to a thousand feet thick to bury its nose in the ice cold sea water and send off avalanches of bergs to vex the soul of our captain.

For hours we sail up the narrowing inlet until at last we come into a vast round bay. There are immense charred cliffs to the right, dropping steeply a thousand feet to the water; there is a great grey "dead" glacier, rubble-covered, to the left. Across the opaque emerald of the water there are dozens of bergs of all shades from snow to blue vitriol. And in front—three hundred feet high in places, and a mile long—lies Taku, blue-green, shining, with more bergs piled in heaps at its feet on a frozen shelf.

As if the cinder cliffs hadn't enough color within their sombre frame, the Alaska sunset flared into bloom—coral pink from west to east, intense, gold-pointed, heavy with ribbed fire. And in the middle of this great silent opal, drunk with light, mad with the unbelievable color of the thing, the folk on board the little *Charlotte* went round and round



FOOD ECONOMY

Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup, the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

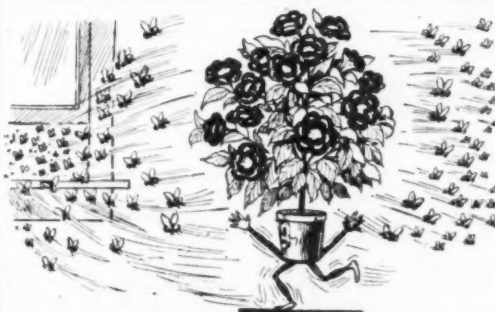
So with entrées, savouries, sauces, invalid dishes, the Oxo Cube way is the quick, convenient, efficient way, and makes for economy every time

Another point of great importance is the peculiar power of Oxo Cubes to increase the nutritive value of other dishes. For instance, Oxo and rice is much more nourishing than rice without Oxo. Hence when Oxo Cubes are used lighter meals can be indulged in

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

OXO

CUBES



Shoo Fly Plant

Can't beat it—
Drives away all flies

Why be bothered with the little pest.

Secure your seeds for early spring.

Send 15c for trial package, 3 for 40c, postpaid.

J. T. BISHOP

10 Grange Avenue, TORONTO
Mail Dealer and Photographer



Better biscuits
are best made with

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread
and better pastry too"

FREE ON REQUEST—Set of beautiful Art Postcards (PURITY GIRLS). Mail us postcard to-day—
Advt. Dept., WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited—Head Office, Toronto.

THE COST OF SELLING

SCARCELY necessary, is it? to protest that you must spend some money, much or little, to keep yourself and your merchandise known to your customers and should-be customers.

This you admit, but—DO YOU FOLLOW CLOSE UP THE LEAD OF YOUR CONVICTION?

Are you spending the money? Let's look at the cost of close-up work in

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

A half-page 12 times will cost you \$367.20 (\$30.60 per insertion). A full page, \$714.00 (\$59.60 per insertion).

Not a heavy annual cost to canvass the choicest class of farmers in this country—farm homes of greatest prosperity, progressiveness and capacity.

But—are you keeping a salesman always on the job?

You should—and can, at so low a price. Write in about it.

N.B.—Objectionable advertising not accepted. Both editorial and advertising columns are closely censored to keep them clean and decent.

Published by The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited, 143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario

the decks saying to each other that they could never, never see the like again.

A FEW hours later we were in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a town of five thousand people and two of the biggest mountains you ever saw. In fact they are so big, so looming, that the whole scene looks out of drawing and you can hardly believe that such a place can own the reputed ten miles of the now-familiar board streets. Lumber, by the way, is one of the cheapest commodities in Alaska, and labor is one of the dearest. It's much more economical, therefore, to lay a floor over a yawning chasm than to blast out a level roadway.

You can buy all sorts of fruits and vegetables, home grown, in Juneau, and the boat's commissariat department will certainly scout around for strawberries, which are anywhere up to as big as an egg and of a most exceptional flavor. Raspberries, salmonberries and huckleberries are also on sale of unbeatable grade.

Across the—I was going to say river, for that's what it looks like, but it's name is the Gastineau Channel—across the Channel, then, from Juneau lies Douglas Island dotted over with the Indian red buildings of the Treadwell, one of the most famous Alaskan mines, located in '81 by "French Pete" and sold to John Treadwell for the sum of five dollars. Seventy million dollars' worth of gold has been taken out of the huge "Glory Hole" into which the *Charlotte's* passengers will gaze on the downtrip, and out of the Glory Hole's lineal descendants, the under-ocean passages of to-day.

Eight tons of ore are hauled up from a depth of 2,300 feet every minute and a half, and 6,000 tons go under the 960 stamps in the mill every twenty-four hours. The tourist isn't allowed to go down in the cage and walk about under the Pacific, but the whole crowd is taken through the stamp mills where they gain some idea of the Somme drive from the point of artillery-racket.

Each stamp weights a ton and a half, falls onto its iron block one hundred times a minute, and not only reduces the quartz to powder, but puts the eardrums of the tourists on strike for half an hour after the infernal noise has become a memory. The present profit realized from the Treadwell is said to be in the neighborhood of \$5,000 a day.

LEAVING the vicinity of Juneau, we enter the Lynn Canal, which isn't the man-made passageway that its name would seem to indicate, but a long and ever narrowing funnel with towering banks and stiff tides, at the end of which lies Skagway, once the maddest gold-town on the continent, where the pack trains left for the Yukon with all that "Soapy" Smith and his gang allowed to slip through their trigger-quick fingers.

The traveller who stops here makes a mistake, with another thousand Canadian miles beckoning him northward up over the curve of the world. But nowadays, in this rush-racketing, tele-dictaphoning age, he may lack time. That isn't what we lack, nor words either, but plain, white paper. We can't expect to cram Canada, sombre woods and rushing salmon, garnered wheat and secret gold, scenery, history, prophecy and touristry—into the limits of a single article. We've just put up our little yardstick—a thousand miles of sample wonderland—against the colossal heritage which is ours.

The Wonderlands of the Rockies

Mary Roberts Rinehart Tells a Picturesque Story of a Western Trail.

"NOT long before," says Mary Roberts Rinehart, "I had been to the front in Belgium and France. I confess that no excursion to the trenches gave me a greater thrill, than the one that accompanied our start across the Rockies." The story of the trip we quote in the author's own popular style, as it appeared in *The Wide World Magazine*.

There are many people to whom new places are only new pictures. But, after much wandering, I have learned that travel is a matter, not only of seeing, but of doing.

It is much more than that. It is a matter of new human contacts. What are regions but the setting for life? The desert, without its Arbs, is only the place that God forgot.

This story is all about a three-hundred-mile trip across the Rocky Mountains on horseback. It is about fishing, and cool nights around a camp fire and long days on the trail. It is about a party of all sorts, from everywhere—of men and women, old and young, experienced folk and novices, who yielded to a desire to belong to the fellowship of the trail.

If you are willing to learn how little you count in the eternal scheme of things, if you are prepared, for the first day or two, to be able to locate every muscle in your body and a few extra ones that have apparently crept in and are crowding—go ride in the Rocky Mountains and save your soul.

It will not matter that you have never ridden before. The horses are safe and quiet. The Western saddle is designed to keep a cowpuncher in his seat when his "rope" is round an infuriated steer. Fall off? For the first day or two, dear traveller, you will have to be extracted! After that you will learn that swing of the right leg which clears the saddle, the slicker, a camera, night clothing, soap, towel, toothbrush, blanket, sweater, fishing-rod, extra boots, and sunburn lotion, and enables you to alight in a vertical position without jarring your spine up into your skull.

Now and then the United States Government does a very wicked thing. To offset these lapses there are occasional Governmental idealisms. The American "national parks" are a case in point.

I object to the word "park," especially in connection with the particular national reserve in North-Western Montana, known as Glacier Park, that I am going to describe. A park is a civilized spot, connected in everyone's mind with neat paths and clipped lawns. I am just old enough to remember when it meant, "Keep off the grass" signs also, and my childhood memories of the only park I knew are inseparably connected with a one-armed policeman with a cane and an exaggerated sense of duty.

There are no "Keep off the grass" signs in Glacier Park, no gravelled paths and clipped lawns. It is the wildest part of America. If the Government had not preserved it it would have preserved itself. No homesteader would ever have invaded its rugged magnificence and dared its winter snows. But you and I would not have seen it.

True, so far most niggardly provision has been made. The Government offices are a two-roomed wooden cabin. The national warehouse is a barn. To keep it up, to build trails and roads, to give fire protection for its fourteen hundred square miles of forest, with

many millions of dollars' worth of timber, there are provided thirteen rangers! For seventy-five miles in the north of the park there is no ranger at all.

But no niggardliness on the part of the Government can cloud the ideal which is the *raison d'être* for Glacier Park. Here is the last stronghold of the Rocky Mountain sheep, the Rocky Mountain goat. Here are antelope and deer, black and grizzly bears, mountain lions, and trout. Here are tracks that follow the old game trails along the mountain side; here are meadows of June roses, forget-me-nots, larkspur, Indian paint-brush, fire-weed—the first plant to grow after forest fires—snow-fields. Here are ice and blazing sun, a thousand sorts of flowers, growing beside vile roads and trails of a beauty to make you gasp.

The rendezvous for our party was at Glacier Park Station, on the Great Northern Railway. Getting to that point, remote as it seemed, had been surprisingly easy. Almost disappointingly easy. Was this, then, going to the borderland of civilization—to the last stronghold of the old West? Over the flat country, with inquiring prairie dogs sitting up to inspect us, our train moved steadily toward the purple drop-curtain of the mountains. West, always West.

Now and then we stopped, and passengers got on. They brought with them something new and rather electric. It was enthusiasm. The rest of us, Eastern and greatly bored, roused ourselves and looked out of the windows. West, still West, we went. We saw an occasional cowboy silhouetted against the sky, thin range cattle, impassive Indians watching the train go by, a saw-mill, and not a tree in sight over a vast horizon. Then at last, at twilight, we arrived at Glacier Park Station. Howard Eaton, our leader, was on the platform, with old Chief Three Bears, of the Blackfeet, a wonderful old warrior of ninety-three.

It was rather a picturesque party. Those who had gone up from the Eaton ranch in Wyoming—a trifle of seven hundred miles only—wore their riding clothes to save luggage. Some of us had travelled three thousand miles to that rendezvous. Khaki was the rule, the women mostly in breeches and long coats, with high-laced boots reaching to the knee and soft felt hats, the men in riding clothes, with sombreros and brilliant bandanas knotted about their throats. One or two had rather overdone the part, and were the objects of good-natured chaff later from the guides and cowboys.

Our route was three hundred miles long. It was over six passes—and if you believe, as I did, that a pass is a valley between two mountains, I am here to set you right. A pass is a blood-curdling place up which one's horse climbs like a goat, and down the other side of which it slides as you lead it, trampling ever and anon on a tender part of your foot. A pass is the highest place between two peaks. A pass is not an opening, but a barrier, which you climb with chills and descend with prayer. A pass is a thing which you try to forget at the time, and which you boast about when you get back home.

Off, then, to cross the Rocky Mountains—forty-two of us, and two wagons which had started early to go by road to the first camp. Cowboys in "chaps" and jingling spurs, timorous women who eyed the blue and purple mountains askance, the inevitable photographer—for whom we lined up a semicircle, each one trying to look as if starting off on such a trip was one of the easiest things we did. And over all the bright sun, and a breeze

from the mountains, and a sense of such exhilaration as only altitude and the West can bring.

Then came the signal to fall in, and we were really off. For a mile or so we rode two abreast, past a village of Indians tepees, past meadows scarlet with the Indian paint-brush. Then we turned to the left, and were off the road.

The cowboys and guides were watching us. As we strung out along the trail they rode backwards and forwards, inspecting saddles, examining stirrups, seeing that all were comfortable and safe. For even that first day we were to cross Mount Henry, and there must be no danger of saddles slipping.

Quite without warning we plunged into a rocky defile, with a small river falling in cascades. The shadow of the mountain enveloped us. The horses forded the stream and moved sedately on.

Did you ever ford a mountain stream on horseback? Do it. Ride out of the hot sun into a brawling valley. Watch your horse as he feels his way across, the stream eddying about his legs. Give him his head and let him drink lightly, skimming the very surface of the water with his delicate nostrils. Lean down and fill your own cup. How cold it is, and how clear! Uncontaminated, it flows down from the snow-covered mountains overhead. It is *living*.

Presently the trail began to rise to the tree-covered "bench." It twisted as it rose. Those above called cheerfully to the ones below. We had settled to the sedate walk of our horses, the pace which was to take us over our long itinerary. Hardly ever was it possible, during the days that followed, to go faster than a walk. The narrow, twisting trails forbade it. Now and then a few adventurous spirits, sighting a meadow, would hold back until the others had got well ahead, and then push their horses to the easy Western lope. But such joyous occasions were rare.

Up and up. The trail was safe, the grade easy. At the edge of the "bench" we turned and looked back. The great hotel lay below in the sunlight. Leading to it were the gleaming rails of the Northern Pacific Railway. We turned our horses and went on toward the snow-covered peaks ahead.

The horses moved quietly, one behind the other. As the trail rose there were occasional stops to rest them. Women who had hardly dared to look out of a third storey window found themselves on a bit of rocky shelf, with the tops of the tallest trees far below. The earth, as we had known it, was falling back. And high overhead Howard Eaton, at the head of the procession, was sitting on his big horse, silhouetted against the sky. The first day was to be an easy one—twelve miles and camp. "Twelve miles?" said the experienced riders. "Hardly a Sunday morning canter!"

But a mountain mile is a real mile. Possibly they measure from peak to peak. I do not know. I do know that we were almost six hours making that twelve miles, and that for four of it we led our horses down a mountain path of shale. Knees that had been fairly serviceable up to that point took to knocking together. Riding-boots ceased to be a matter of pride, and emerged skinned and broken. The horses slid and stumbled. And luncheon receded.

Down and down we went. Great granite clips of red and blue and yellow loomed across the valley, but no luncheon. We were conscious of a great glow of moving blood through long-stagnant vessels, deep breaths of clear mountain air, a camera dropped on the trail, a stone in a horse's foot—but no luncheon.

Two o'clock, and we were down. The nerv-

Continued on page 90.

Preferred Shares

A purchase of industrial cumulative preferred shares of high standing Companies is the best form of investment yielding a high return. Safety and in many cases the promise of a mild increase in price can be obtained.

We have compiled in letter form, information covering the best of these issues. We shall be pleased to send you this information on request.

F. H. DEACON & CO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

INVESTMENTS

97 Bay Street

Toronto

Canada

15

LET us explain to you
Our Service for Safe
Investment.

Ask for our New List of
Conservative Investment
Bonds.

W. F. MAHON & CO.

Investment Bankers

HALIFAX - CANADA

THE Financial Post of Canada

The Canadian Newspaper for Investors
\$3.00 PER YEAR

Buy a copy of the current issue from your newsdealer, and make a careful examination of it. Ask your banker or broker about "The Post." Get independent opinions regarding it from the professional classes who handle money. Sample copy on request.

One advantage which subscribers have is the service of the Investor's Information Bureau of "The Post," where special information and advice are provided, without any fee, by personal letter.

Published by

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



Our Prosperity and Extravagance

THE PEOPLE of Canada are living extravagantly. There can be no doubt on that score and it is the one feature of the situation which causes uneasiness. Business is remarkably brisk, so brisk in fact that the extravagance of the public is to some extent justified. The danger of the spending orgy into which Canada seems to have plunged lies in the fact that our imports are growing by leaps and bounds. In other words we are sending more money out of the country than we should in time of war.

Taking the figures issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce in October it is found that the imports for the preceding twelve months totaled \$716,930,113, as against \$421,677,217 for the previous twelve months. This is approximately \$300,000,000 increase and the total is startling enough to make every Canadian stop and think. The increase is partly explained by the advance in prices—but not entirely. After due allowance is made for advancing costs, there still remains a wide margin that can only be explained on the ground of larger buying.

Another explanation is that people are demanding quality in what they buy. The "flush" condition of the average household purse has removed the scruples which once attached to buying the best. People are now demanding the best and are quite ready to pay for it.

THE INCREASE in imports is reflected, of course, in domestic consumption. Manufacturers cannot turn out the goods fast enough to fill their orders. Wholesalers are in the same case and the retail merchant is so busy that the mere selling of goods has become the least of his troubles. This, of course, is an eminently satisfactory state of affairs. "Better business than usual" is a motto that will help to win the war as it means increased circulation, increased production and increased optimism. But when it leads to a sudden upheaval in imports, so large that our favorable balance of trade is threatened, it becomes evident that prosperity is beginning to act like old wine. It is time to call a halt. We cannot afford any further enlargement of our buying abroad. The war situation demands conservation.

A DISTURBING factor also is the advance in living costs. The most staple articles of food are going up almost to prohibitory prices. Butter and eggs are becoming luxuries; and at their present rate of skyward flight will soon be found only on the tables of the very rich. Bread, milk, sugar, everything is volplaning at a rate that spells fortunes, perhaps, for a lucky few and privation for the many.

The advances have caused a cry of "combine" from one end of the country to the other. Newspapers are loudly demanding enquiries and their columns are full of suggestions that, for the most part, are so unpractical as to be almost ridiculous. The explanation after all is not so hard to find. It is a case of supply and demand. When the latter exceeds the former prices go up. Canada cannot sell so much to Great Britain and keep prices down at home. It is very illogical for the farmer, for instance, to complain of the price of flour when he is getting record prices for his wheat. The city man has to pay the high price of bread without the consolation that the farmer has, but then he is probably earning more than he ever did before.

It is not intended to assert that the present high prices are justified. It is not to be denied that some men are making huge fortunes by profiteering at the expense of the public. With our present very much involved systems of distribution, however, an era of high wages and



—Rogers in the New York Herald.
War Prosperity.

heavy demand is bound to become a time of high prices. A policy of retrenchment only on the part of the public would bring prices down.

In the meantime it should be possible to evolve some measures to restrain the upward tendency; but any discussion of the means is beyond the scope of this article. The fact remains that the high cost of living is the most striking outward manifestation of the present prosperity of

the country. People who were not enjoying a measure of prosperity could not live where the bare necessities of life were so high.

Yes, Canada is prosperous. Men are earning wages much larger than ever before, especially those engaged in work



—Thurlby in the Seattle Times.
To Resume.

on munitions. It is stated as a fact that some men on piece work are earning \$8 and \$10 a day who formerly earned little more than that per week. Women and girls who went into munition work for patriotic reasons are in many cases only too glad to stay for purely pecuniary considerations. Their earnings are surprisingly substantial.

The measure of our prosperity will be told in the volume of Christmas trade; and it bids fair to be enormous.

INVESTMENTS

A Government Bond

THE QUESTION is very frequently asked as to what a Government bond actually is. "What do I get for my money?" is the just question of the uninitiated investor.

A Government bond is a promise on the part of a Government to pay a definite amount on a specified date and likewise to pay at regular intervals throughout the term interest at a stated rate. This promise takes the form of a bond which resembles somewhat a promissory note and which bears the seal of the Government and the signatures of certain officials. It states the exact amount that the Government will pay the holder and the day when the payment will be made. At the date of maturity, which will be anywhere from one to thirty years, the holder can present it to the Government for payment, or, as is always done, deposit it in the bank for collection.

Attached to the bond are coupons. There is a coupon for each interest payment due from the time the bond is purchased until maturity. Suppose the bond has eight full years to run and interest is payable half yearly. There will be sixteen coupons attached and each coupon will bear the date when it is to be presented and the amount to be paid. Thus, if the bond is a \$1,000, 5 per cent. bond, the holder will get \$25 each six months when he presents his coupon. At the date of the retirement of the bond, he will be paid

Why not Invest your Savings in Canadian Government and Municipal Bonds?

Whether you have much or little to invest, no form of security would make a more satisfactory investment. They can be secured in amounts of \$100 and upwards, and insure to the holder safety of principal with an attractive, dependable income return, varying from 5% to 6%.

Write us to-day for particulars. Your request will receive our careful attention.

Wood, Gundy & Company

C.P.R. Building, Toronto

Montreal

New York

Saskatoon

DARLINGS STEAM APPLIANCES

OUR PRODUCT

Heating Appliances
Air Washers
Steam Pumps
Air Compressors
Power Pumps
Electric Pumps
Centrifugal Pumps
Bilge Pumps
Feed Water Heaters
Hot Water Heaters
Hot Water Generators
Feed Water Filters

Receiving Tanks
Pressure Reducing Valves
Back Pressure Valves
Oil Extractors
Steam Separators
Grease Traps
Steam Traps
Exhaust Heads
Blow-Off Tanks
Pipe Bends
Expansion Joints
Pump Governors

Damper Regulators
Tank Regulators
Dirt Strainers
Air Traps
Air Line Valves
Pressure Gauges
Lubricators
Water Columns
Oil Filters
Valve Reseating
Machines

DARLING BROS., LIMITED

ENGINEERS AND MANUFACTURERS
MONTREAL, CANADA

Branches: Toronto and Winnipeg Agents: Halifax, St. John, Calgary, Vancouver



Protection

is the predominant thought in the construction of G. & McC. Co. Safes and Vaults.

When you install a Safe or Vault you do so with the idea of protecting those valuables such as your Accounts, Deeds, Bonds, etc., on which you cannot get insurance.

It is of the greatest importance that you install the Best, not the cheapest.

G. & McC. Co. Safes and Vaults have passed successfully through all of Canada's Great Fires for forty years without a loss. They have proven their worth to these hundreds of others and will do the same for you.

ASK FOR OUR BIG SAFE CATALOGUE NO. M-32.

The Goldie & McCulloch Co., Limited

Head Office and Works:—GALT, ONTARIO, CANADA

Toronto Office—

1101-2 Traders Bank Bldg.

Western Branch—

248 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg, Man

The Man with the Money

CANADIAN farmers in Canada

have been coining money since the war began. They have been getting war prices for grain, stock, cheese, fodder and other products. As a consequence they have doubled production. Debts and mortgages have been paid off since the opening of war that aforetime were a long and heavy burden.

Canadian farmers are spending their surplus very freely, mainly on farm improvements. More and better implements, new and better buildings, improved stables and dairies, pedigreed stock, power equipments, lighting and water

systems, more comfortable homes, more labor-saving devices in homes, more indulgences—these are the things that Canadian farmers are spending money on to-day to a greater extent than ever before.

A definite, stimulating factor in directing this new condition is

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

It is different. It has made its own place. It is edited and produced for the progressives among Canadian farmers. Up-to-date methods, equipments and supplies of all kinds have been installed, and new houses and out-buildings erected and fitted up, on suggestions in its columns. It has a practical farmer and a farmer's daughter as co-editors, each of whom is a graduate of a Canadian college. Its contributors are authorities and leaders.

(Monthly)

Its Circulation

is procured by advertising and salaried representatives (the publishers have thirteen other publications and maintain a strong all-the-year-round soliciting staff). Premiums are never used. Subscribers pay cash, full price (\$1 a year). Circulation is nationwide.

Advertising Rates

are indicated by the minimum page rate, which is \$58.80 (12 times). Type page measures 2 1/2 x 10 inches x 3 columns. Publication date, first of each month.

3-Color Process Covers

numerous illustrations, good paper and superior typography are features of appeal to spacebuyers. Advertisements face reading matter.

Sample copy, and advertising rates on application

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Montreal Winnipeg New York Chicago Boston Cleveland
and London, England

his full \$1,000 and the interest on the last coupon which will be due at the same time. The coupons, as they fall due, are cut off and can be presented to the Government for payment, or simply deposited at the bank. In the latter case they are credited to the depositor, the same as if he had handed in a cheque.

Government bonds are secured by the credit of the Government and its power to levy taxes on all taxable property. Only by a nation going bankrupt would payments on a Government bond be defaulted. It follows that a Government bond is perhaps the safest investment that can be found, provided, of course, that the Government issuing it is not an ephemeral Central American republic or an impoverished kingdom on the slopes of the Balkans.

Bonds are mostly sold in units of \$1,000, though as low as \$100 can sometimes be bought. They are highly negotiable and can be converted into cash at almost any time. Loans can also be secured on them from banks or loan companies, as they constitute the most satisfactory form of collateral.

QUESTIONS

A Six Per Cent. Bond

1. Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 1.—"I have just disposed of some E.D. bonds and have some money on hand that I want to place at a good return but with the best security. Can you recommend anything in the way of good 6 per cent. bonds?"

Answer.—It is not a difficult matter to secure bonds that will yield from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., and the element of risk in no case is large. The best bonds, however, yield from 5 per cent. to 5 1/2 per cent. We would suggest that you endeavor to secure municipal bonds as close home as possible. You can secure, for instance, 6 per cent. gold bonds issued by the city of Edmonton at a price which will yield close to 6 per cent. As a resident of Edmonton, you will be able to appreciate the surety of this investment.

Russian War Loans

Toronto, Nov. 26.—"Would you recommend placing funds in Russian war loans? The return is very attractive, but how about security?"

Answer.—We would not, of course, recommend Russian internal loans, as they are payable in Russia and will be subject to any taxes on investments that the Imperial Government sees fit to levy. It is a fact that there has been considerable buying of internal loans, both in this country and the United States, but it has been largely speculative. On external loans this point does not apply, as they are payable at London, New York, or some point outside of Russia, and are not subject to any tax. The yield, as you say, is attractive, but the speculative element enters in again here owing to the uncertainty of exchange. On the whole, Russian external loans offer a large yield and there does not seem to be reason to doubt the ability of the Czar's Government to meet its obligations.

United Kingdom

3. Hamilton, Nov. 27.—"I have an opportunity to place some money in United Kingdom (war loans) which I understand are secured in New York. Can you explain this to me?"

Answer.—This loan is covered by securities

deposited by the British Government with a trustee in New York. The collateral placed equals \$1.20 of the par value and this proportion will be maintained until the date of retirement against any increases in the market value. The security is, therefore, most

exceptional. The securities are placed in New York as the offering is made on the American market. The yield, which at present quotation, will be about 5.8 per cent., is so good that the investment can be regarded as a gilt-edged one in every sense of the word.

Jordon is a Hard Road

Continued from page 12.

and went quickly into the room from which she had come.

From the hallway Minden heard the blinds pulled down, and presently a lighted lamp was placed on the round centre-table which held a Bible and a photograph album.

"She'll scratch—maybe bite," he said to himself, "but she's all right. She only wants handling. I've got to get what I come for."

Presently the set, assertive figure of the woman made its appearance again. "You can come in now," she said with no kindness in her voice.

DETERMINED goodness was written in her face. Her forehead was a little too high for generosity, a little too narrow for benevolence, yet from the somewhat peaked crown to the watchful brown eyes there were veneration and will quietly enthroned. Precision, routine, sober neatness marked everything she was and everything she did. Her hair carefully crimped and partially covering her ears showed some acute strain of vanity still actively alive. The big cameo brooch at her throat suggested an acquired social position which lay between, say, the seamstress and the druggist or perhaps the girl clerk and the big storekeeper. She was dressed as though "prepared for company," as the Askatoon people called it; yet it was only part of her regular life and custom. She was always "prepared for company." She washed dishes with a cloth tied to the end of a stick, she made fires with gloves on. She was the very pattern of precision.

There was something forbidding about her and yet something also which made Minden's eyes light up with satisfaction. He had seen her several times since he came to Askatoon, but nearly always at a distance. Once or twice he had passed her in the street, but she had given him no chance of addressing her. Once he went to the Methodist meeting-house on the chance of seeing her. She had, however, only come for the prayer-meeting, not for the regular service beforehand; and as it was not for him to stay to the prayer-meeting he had had only a glimpse of her as she went softly yet austere to her pew, the position of which accurately defined her social status in Askatoon.

Bill had never till now got her absolutely into his eye since his arrival in Askatoon. A wonderful shining look of approval came into his face, as he took her all in with the trained eye of one who had so much lived by its training, by the deftness of the hand and the courage of the mind.

"What do you want?" she asked, looking at him steadfastly now.

He shrugged his huge shoulders good-humoredly. "You know, when you say that in the light like this it sounds sharper than when you said it in the dark. Couldn't you turn down the lamp a bit? I'd like to hear you talk," he added. "I

haven't heard your voice for twenty-two years. I don't think it's changed any; but if you wasn't so religious and so particular, I'd say you'd more bones in your stays than you used to—a bit stiff, Missus, a bit stiff to an old friend."

A slight flush passed over her face. She resented the reference to her stays, but she waved her hand vaguely into the space around her, as it were, and said "Where be you goin' to sit?"

HE LOOKED at the horse-hair sofa which had as little attraction for him as it had for the pretty school-teacher, Cora, whose clothes and the wearing of whose clothes suggested taste, and he shook his head.

"I'd like the rocker, if I could take the lace curtain off it," he said pointing to the crochet-work antimacassar covering the back of the rocking-chair.

"Oh, it washes," she answered drily, "and I see you don't oil your hair! Leave it be."

He beamed over her, grinned broadly, and lowered himself comfortably into the capacious rocker. "Say, you've kep' your word 'Liza Finley,'" he said presently. "My gracious goodness, yes, you've kep' your word. You earned them three thousand dollars—you earned them, and three times three thousand dollars you earned. My, what you've gone and done and been to that girl—to that blessed babe I put into your arms twenty-two years ago!"

"It wasn't hard to do my duty by her. If you have a daughter you do your duty by her," said the other with a face that relaxed somewhat, but with underlying antagonism in her tone.

The good-natured smile died away from Minden's lips. "You needn't rub it in," he said huskily. "Course she's your daughter. I give her to you twenty-two years ago, because I was a law-breaker, an' her mother was dead, an' I knew I never could run straight, an' I couldn't bring her up proper. I give her to you because I couldn't bear that when she grew up she'd know that her father was what he was going to be—a jail-bird. I knew it had to come, an' it did. So I give her to you an' your Steve with the last money I had—three thousand it was—for you to love her an' bring her up to be yours evermore. An' you done it because you had no child of your own, an' you wanted one an' Steve wanted one, an' you couldn't give him one. It looked as if my wife died just to give you hers. Mebbe that's how it was, for though she had a wide mind she couldn't have lived with me without having her pride hurt. An' I've kep' away from you, an' I've kep' my word for twenty-two years—now, haven't I? An' ain't she a flower of the prairie? Ain't she worth all you've done for her, 'Liza Finley? You look like a graven image, but you've got the heart the mother of Moses didn't have; you've got the heart of Pharaoh's daughter."

She made a sharp effort to stand him

Night Disappears

Wherever This Lantern Goes



The Handiest Lantern in the world—Get It


Here is the lantern that will take you anywhere in the dark in safety. The "Franco" Square Hand Lantern is a dandy, it turns darkness into daylight with its brilliant white light. You can use it for hours at a time or intermittently as the need may be. The Safest, Cleanest, Quickest Light-giving Lantern on the market.

Awarded the Highest Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915, in competition with all the world.


Get one from your Hardware, Electric or Sporting Goods Dealer. If they cannot supply you, write us direct.



The Interstate Electric Novelty Company of Canada, Limited
220 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.



Genuine Diamonds
CASH OR CREDIT
TERMS—20% Down
and \$1-\$2-\$3 Weekly
We treat any honest person
Write for catalogue to-day.
Jacobs Bros., Diamond
Dept. A. 15 Toronto Arcade
Toronto, Ontario



BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
AND HOW TO FEED
H. Clay Glover, V.S.
18 W. 31st St., New York, U.S.A.
Mailed FREE
to any
address by the
author



When the cold snow is falling

why not have the house inside looking cheery, comfortable—clean?

There is no better time than now to begin brightening things up indoors with a good, durable paint that can be applied without muss or fuss

Jamieson's Prepared Paints Ready for Use

Jamieson's Pure Prepared Paints and Varnishes are just the thing. The quality is extra good. Colors last long without fading, and a novice at painting can get surprisingly good results without fuss or muss.

Fifty years in demand—a good paint

TRY IT



ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER

R. C. Jamieson & Co., Limited
Montreal Established 1858 Vancouver
Owning and operating P. D. DODS & CO., Limited

off. "You had no business to come; you've broken your word; you've got no rights here. Cora believes she's my child, and mebbe I love her better than any child I might have had, just because she had no mother of her own, and my duty said I must be more partic'ler for her because she was a trust. When she come back from school and told about a strange man speaking to her the first day you come to Askatoon, I knew it was you. You can make up your mind"—again her lips became set, her face hardened, her figure stiffened—"you can make up your mind you're not going to have her."

MINDEN half rose from his seat, but fell back with a helpless outward gesture. "What are you talkin' about?" he protested. "D'you think I don't know what's good for her? I've been in jail three times since I handed her over to you. You've brought her up like a lady—like a lady; you've give her a good schoolin', you've made her the choice and special fruit of this here garden. D'you think I'm not proud of it an' of her an' of what you've done? Do you think I don't sit right down and say, 'Bill Minden, you done the right thing when, bein' sure you was goin' to the devil, you put your little gal on the heavenly path?'"

"What have you come here for, then?" persisted the apprehensive woman, not relaxing her rigidity.

He waved an ingratiating hand to her. "Haven't I told you? Just to look at her an' be near her; just to see what Bill Minden himself might ha' been if he'd took it in his head to go right at the start. 'Liza Finley, I've got a good heart an' I've got a good head, an' my feelings belong to the holy way, but my tastes and habits get loose en route an'—'"

"On the broad path that leadeth to destruction," she interjected in dull and broken accents.

He would not be provoked. "I tell you, 'Liza Finley, I understand every holy feeling you've got an' that my girl's got."

Again she protested. "Not your girl, but my girl, that for twenty-two years I've cared for, from the day I unpinned her and put her in her cot till now when I tuck her in at night, and she says 'Bless you, mammy!'"

MINDEN'S eyes blinked. As he himself said, he had a good heart. "I know all that," he remarked. "You don't need to say it. But I'm getting old and lonely an' sick of the broad, stony highway. I want peace. I've got enough money to keep me till the end of the trail, an'—"

"But how did you get the money?" she interjected scornfully. "How did you come by it? Do you think an honest girl or any honest man or woman would share your stealings?"

"Don't be so hard," Bill replied soothingly. "You don't know how I got it; and anyway your own Methodist church took two hundred dollars of it the other day for the new organ, an' the Baptists an' the Presbyterians an' the Holy Romans have took what I give them, to say nothing of the hospitals an' the charity plants. They all grab it, however I got it; an' anyway ain't it right they should? If it was got dishonest, why not give it to honest people, to the good people, to the prayer-people? See here, 'Liza Finley,

what I've got I've got, an' it can't be give back. What's the good of trying to give back a lot of money to a lot of people that robbed a lot of other people, that stole from their bosom friends, that burgled their grandmothers! Don't you see, you can't trace back the origin of what I've got?"

Mrs. Finley shook her head in repudiation. "Suppose they all were thieves way back to Adam, that's no excuse why you should be a thief in the sight o' the Lord."

Minden scratched his head, backed his lips, then grinned broadly. "Say, you've got me—like a piece of toast on a fork; but don't you see that's a bill I've got to settle myself, and don't you see that's a bill that I am settlin' myself! Because of what I done, it ain't for me to have the one thing that's worth living for, the one thing that I've got pride in, the one thing that'd make my old age peaceable if not pious—my little darlin' girl. That's what I pay, Missus, and by gosh!—I beg your pardon, I ain't goin' to swear—that's what I pay an' have got to keep on paying."

"If you was only a good man," she remarked, her features relaxing now, "if you only had religion, if you'd only found grace and the Spirit had entered into you, why then—"

BUT now he interrupted with a swift wave of his capacious hand. "No, no, no! What you say now makes me see I care for her ten times as much as you do. D'you think that if I riz' up from the anxious seat to-morrow, an' said, 'I've found it, I've found it, I've got religion, I'm saved!—do you think that'd make any difference? No, no, not any. My gal, my little gal, gosh Almighty!—I beg your pardon twice—no, she ain't never to know that Bill Minden that's done time, that Bill Minden who's plenty notorious, is her father. She's got to think always that Steve, and 'Liza Finley was her father and her mother; she's got to have a clean family history. She's too good to be tarred by me. I know my place. I tell you I know my place, an' I'm up against the everlastin' fact that I got to die without her saying to me once, even once, 'Father!' Don't you be so hard. You're good, but don't you be so shy about givin' the glad hand to them that can't never say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd and I shall not want.' I b'long to them that'll have to go on wantin' and not gettin'."

Now there was a faint tremor of the woman's lips. She was suddenly lost in the atmosphere of a bigger world than she had ever known. "If you don't want to take her away, what is it you do want?" she asked helplessly.

He leaned forward towards her eagerly. "I'd like to be able to come here sometimes, to make friends with you and her—not bosom friends, not like peas in the same social pod, but a bad man with a good heart that you was bein' kind to. That would be enough for me—just to be near her, to watch her, to see her look this way and that, an' speak this how an' that how, an' doin' the little things that show a woman off. That's why I'm goin' to be school trustee, that's why I'm goin' to be mayor, if I can, just to make me look a bit all right in her eyes. 'Liza Finley, I've talked to you more to-night than I've ever talked for thirty years, an' I've let myself go because I couldn't

hold in any longer. Now what are you going to do about it?"

He looked round the room with almost hungry eyes. "I ain't had a home for twenty-two years," he went on. "I've lived inside any old house an' in any old room without reg'lar standin' anywhere; just payin', payin', payin' for anythin' I ever got; payin' for kindness just as I paid for a corn-husk bed, or milk, or old Rye, or a week's washin'. I'd like a home same as this—well, maybe not the same as this every way, for I don't need carpets and antimacassars; but still just a pleasant place same's this, where I'd sit down an' spread out my feet an' look round an' say, 'Now, girls, anything you want to make this home happy is yours.'"

MRS. FINLEY rose to her feet in agitation she could not conceal. "I've got to think it over," she said, "and I can't think right with you sittin' there talking. The way you talk you could almost make the mountains get up and walk; but I've got to do my duty. I'm a Christian, I'm a class-leader, I've got religion, and I don't want any traffic in unrighteousness."

"The world wouldn't be saved if the good people didn't look after the bad," remarked Minden shrewdly.

The woman picked at her skirt nervously—it was strange how this man moved her. "Cora'll be back in a minute," she said anxiously. "It's almost her time, and I don't want you here when she comes."

Minden nodded, and rose slowly from the rocking-chair, the antimacassar clinging to his shoulders. Mrs. Finley stepped quickly to him and relieved him of the ludicrous burden. As she did so, Bill caught her hand, and spoke quickly.

"You saw your duty clear when you took my gal from me an' made your bond, which you've kept like a Christian of the catcombs. Well, you'll see your duty again just as I saw it for you twenty-two years ago. You know that dandy hymn, 'For I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies?' Well, you've got a clear title for that sky-gal that once was mine. She's yours forever; she loves you; an' all I want is a little reservation on the prairie-land your title covers. You can dole out the rations—an' don't be stingy, 'Liza Finley.'"

"I have got to pray over it—that's a fact," she answered. "I've got to take it to the throne of grace."

Bill shrugged his shoulders. "Well, in these days the Throne stoops kindly to democracy an' I'll take my chance," he said as he put on his hat.

It sounded as though he were making light of sacred things, but Mrs. Finley did not misunderstand; it was only "the manner-o' speakin'" of the country.

"You must go," she urged. "Cora'll be here any minute now; but I'll let you know, I'll truly let you know what the Lord tells me to do."

Three minutes later, on opposite sides of the street Bill Minden and his daughter passed each other; but, unlike ships that pass in the night, they did not speak each other in passing. It was too dark for Cora to see who it was, though her father knew, and he listened to her footsteps till he could hear them no longer.

To be continued.

For Quickness

in handling accounts and easy insertions and removals the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is supreme. It enables you to do in seconds what usually takes minutes to perform. It has a capacity for expansion that is almost unlimited and it holds one sheet as tightly as it holds a thousand sheets. Use this binder as often as you will, the sheets will always keep in perfect arrangement. The "Kalamazoo" will do more than any other binder, can do, and its simplicity wins it a permanent place wherever it goes.

Your request for further particulars will be promptly answered

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited

Canadian Manufacturers

King and Spadina

Toronto



Our "Kalamazoo" booklet tells you about the other features that make the "Kalamazoo" Binder unequalled for handling accounts with facility and comfort. Ask for it! Write to-day.

Steel Trucks Save Steps

Steel Equipment have developed some new ideas in office trucks which will save steps, protect all valuable records and speed up your office work.



STEEL TRUCK, STYLE J.

Shipping Weight, 400 lbs.

SEND FOR OUR TRUCK FOLDER

The Steel Equipment Co.
LIMITED

Ottawa - Ontario

FACTORY, PEMBROKE, ONTARIO

JUST OUT

"OUR BRAVE CANADIAN BOYS"

Words and Music by
W. BRAYBROOKE BAYLEY

Composer of
"La Belle Canadienne"
"My Loved Canadian Home"
etc., etc.

All participants, here or "Somewhere," should receive a copy of this eloquent testimonial. Introductory Price 15 cents.

At all dealers or direct from
MUSGRAVE BROS.
Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto

An Impressive Memento of
The Great War

Dramatically themed in telling melodies. Rich in Harmony and stirring expressive contrasts.

Order Early.

Don't Wear A Truss

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands that chafe and pinch. **Shurt's PLAPAO-PADS** are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive to prevent slipping. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Simple Home Treatment. Easy to Apply—Soft as Velvet—Inexpensive. No delay from work. Hundreds of sworn testimonials from those cured. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix.



Do This NOW!

Save Years of Suffering

Write today for **FREE** Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to return.

Please Laboratories,
Block 612 St. Louis, Mo.

A Salesman Always on the Job

IT is the constant dropping that wears the stone away. It is the constant knocking at the door of attention and favor that in the end gives you ready access to the good-will of buyers of your merchandise.

You can keep up a constant knocking—a bid for attention, a reminder of yourself, a spokesman of your message—this by using regularly

The FARMER'S MAGAZINE

No man whose customers and should-be customers are farmers should be absent from their attention. Their will and purpose to buy may mature at any time. The salesman on the spot stands the best chance to get the order.

All this you know, but—do you live up to the behest of your knowledge?

Let us tell you more about **The Farmer's Magazine** in a special letter.

N.B.—Objectionable advertising not accepted. Both editorial and advertising columns are closely censored to keep them clean and decent.

Published by

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

A New Empire—Mitteleuropa

The Plans of Germany for the Building of a Large Super-State.

IN the course of an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, J. A. R. Marriott presents an interesting review of a book recently published in Germany from the pen of Dr. Friedrich Naumann, on "Mitteleuropa." Dr. Naumann is one of the leading economical writers in Germany and his book displays a broadness of viewpoint and a lack of animus which makes it noteworthy, although the plan that he outlines is frankly Pan-Germanic—the establishment of a new empire in Central Europe. Mr. Marriott's review is worth reproducing:

To those who are still squeamish as to accepting the recommendations of the Paris Conference, whether they be collectivists or individualists, Free Traders or Protectionists, Little Englanders or Imperialists, I would venture respectfully to recommend a careful perusal of Dr. Friedrich Naumann's remarkable work on *Mitteleuropa*. The book is now available in an admirable English translation, and I do not hesitate to say that it deserves the close attention of everyone who desires to form an independent judgment as to the policy, economic and political, which in the immediate future this country ought to pursue. Dr. Naumann is no excitable Chauvinist; no arrogant Pan-German. On the contrary, he writes with the studied moderation, detachment, and candour of a scientific historian and economist. He makes no attempt to glose over the faults and shortcomings of his fellow-countrymen. He admits for example, that Austria-Hungary has been much more sympathetic and successful in handling the problem of "nationalities" than has Germany; that both in Alsace-Lorraine and in Schleswig-Holstein, "a great deal that was mean and of which we are ashamed has been done in the name of Germanism" (p. 78); that in Poland, Prussian policy has only very partially succeeded.

Prussia (he writes in a brilliant passage) took compulsion in one hand and material prosperity in the other, and demanded mental adhesion in exchange. She brought about much material good, but discovered no way to the heart of the Polish people. . . . The German schools have made (the Poles) useful and industrially capable bi-linguists, but not German (pages 79-80).

Again he analyzes with relentless accuracy the causes of the comparative failure of German colonies.

The modern Germans, he writes (page 91), almost everywhere in the world are unfortunately bad Germanizers. In my opinion, (he adds with some naivete) this is a result of our best qualities. We are thinkers, men of understanding, engineers, organizers, successful prosaic people, perfect apparatus, invaluable voluntary parts of a machine; but just on this account strange to the children of nature and to average nations. . . . The same ability which opens the markets of the world to us and makes our armies victorious, closes to us the hearts of those who are climbing up out of the mist. Hence, in distant parts of the earth, too, we make only passably good colonists.

He is frank, too, in his recognition of the causes which have made for the success of the British Empire, and fully admits the blunder which led Germans to anticipate its dissolution on the outbreak of war.

The war has shown that loose threads, when they are properly put together, can hold fast. The (British) Empire geographically so varied . . . has remained a unity. There may be shocks in India or Egypt. . . . But a flexible administrative skill reacts even on the entirely foreign races, the subjugated masses of the Asiatic and African territories, and always successfully postpones again the moment of danger (page 184).

He deplores the absence of elasticity among Germans: of

that flexible skill which we find in three different forms amongst Russians, English, and Americans. We are somewhat hard, masterful, taciturn, have but little patience for our slower fellow creatures, and demand that things shall be done precisely as we wish. All this has its good side, but in order to be a leading, directing, economic nation some sort of international oil is needed, the art, the great art of managing men, sympathy with others, the power to enter into their nature and aims. Scientifically we can accomplish the thing irreproachably . . . but practically we have not seldom been schoolmasters of the old style, or non-commissioned officers with pencil and moustachios . . . hence often rude and insolent from want of self-confidence (page 196).

Obversely, he makes the significant acknowledgment that the English were "not illiberal in the exercise of their power during the years of peace," and he pays a remarkable tribute to the solidarity of the British Empire.

One of the facts that have become evident in the war is that Australia, South Africa, and Canada, are English in will and feeling . . . after the war they will not demand separation from Great Britain, but an increasing co-operation in the management of the Empire. . . . Out of a colonising country will develop a state of incomparable self-sufficiency as regards agriculture and raw material, and with its own developing industries.

If Dr. Naumann be, as Professor Ashley assures us, "probably the most widely read political writer in Germany," the people of that country must by now be suffering cruel disillusionment. But the passages so far selected for quotation may be regarded as *obiter dicta*; it is time to examine the capital thesis of the book.

Like the late Sir John Seeley, Dr. Naumann holds that the day of the small state is over; that the world-contest of the future will lie between a very few great Empires, such as those of Britain, Russia, and the United States of America. Can Germany hope to hold its own in such a contest? It is impossible. "Prussia is too small, and Germany is too small, and Austria too small, and Hungary too small. No single state of this kind can survive a world-war." In order to survive it is absolutely necessary that a *Mitteleuropa* should be evolved, or rather created. For it would be an artificial product, not a natural growth. On this point Dr. Naumann is under no illusions. Nor does he imagine that the task of creating it would be easy. On the contrary there are many obstacles to overcome, even if the new super-state should include only Germany, Austria and Hungary; much more if Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, or any of the Balkan States were to be included. Discussion as to the limits of the new *Mitteleuropa* is, however, declined by Dr. Naumann. He states the problem only in its simplest terms, and even so finds it sufficiently difficult of solution. For the formation of *Mitteleuropa* will be opposed from many quarters and by almost all parties: on the one hand by the old Prussian or *Klein-deutsch* party, who in the days of the Frankfurt Parliament (1848-49) strongly resisted the inclusion of Austria in the proposed German Empire; on the other by the "Great Germans," who would favor the inclusion of "German" Austria, but not the "foreign" provinces subject to the Hapsburg Emperor; and not least by middle-class Liberal capitalists who would regard an economic union with States relatively backward as likely to impose a drag upon the commercial and financial progress of Germany.

But if the formation of *Mitteleuropa* is likely to evoke opposition in Germany, still more certain is the hostility of Austria-Hungary. The Slavonic, Rouman, and Magyar subjects of the Austrian Emperor are united only in their dislike of the Teuton, and Naumann does not attempt to disguise the

fact. Nevertheless he holds that *Mitteleuropa* must, and will, come into existence, simply because without it none of the constituent elements would have a chance of surviving in competition with the great world-Empires like Great Britain and Russia.

Assuming, then, that *Mitteleuropa* is certain, because inevitable, it is important to apprehend the form which it will assume. Dr. Naumann has nothing in common with the Pan-German party. There is to be no political absorption; none of the constituent States are to suffer any diminution of their sovereign authority; Central Europe is to be built up by means of treaties freely concluded between States which are absolutely sovereign; it will have no concern with ecclesiastical affairs; with education; with language questions; with electoral qualifications, or the rights of Kings or Parliaments respectively. It is to be a super-State, organized as a unit for war and for commercial and fiscal purposes, but in all else consisting of several, perhaps many, independent sovereignties. On this point Dr. Naumann is explicit: "To what," he asks, "shall these neighboring States" (which he carefully refrains from enumerating) "join themselves?" "To a military union and an economic union," he answers, "everything else is superfluous and hence harmful."

It is impossible within the limits of a single article to examine in detail the arguments with which Dr. Naumann defends and elaborates the main thesis of his profoundly interesting and suggestive work. Both his argument and his conclusion afford indirect testimony to the high estimate which Dr. Naumann has clearly formed of the forces to which Central Europe will find itself opposed. What neither he nor any other German can perceive, or at any rate admit, is that if the war party could have been held in check for a few years longer, Germany would have obtained by the process of peaceful penetration far more than she could ever have hoped to get by the most successful war. As things are, the case put forward by Naumann for an economic union of the Central Empires would appear to be unanswerable.

It is, then, by *Mitteleuropa* that the Entente Allies must expect, after the war, to be confronted. The new super-State, or the predominant partner in the new firm, is already, by Naumann's admission, accumulating munitions for the economic "push." Every move in the strategical plan of campaign is being carefully considered and worked out. Nothing is to be left to chance.

Why Farmers Reap No Profits

The Charming Influence of Organized, Speculative Grain-Buying Interests.

FOR years men in every other business or profession have been lecturing the farmer's head off on how to farm. The *Forum* believes that the man who knows most about farming is the farmer, and has had J. E. Kelly, chairman of the Farmers' Legislative Committee for the Western States, state his case and tell why the farming game does not always pay. Mr. Kelly says:

In the vernacular of the agricultural regions, this has been a late, cold spring. A trip of two hundred miles through the eastern part of the State of South Dakota, a fine agricultural country, on April 15th, revealed the fact that farmers were just entering the fields for the commencement of the sowing of the crop that shall be gathered during the summer of 1916. Yet everybody appeared to be hopeful, bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and farmers, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Close attention is now being paid to the con-



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



For the woman at the switchboard, for man or woman in all employments that call for sustained mental alertness and physical endurance, for all work that pulls tensely on tired nerves

Shredded Wheat


is the ideal food because it supplies the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax on the digestion. For breakfast eat it with hot milk or cream. For luncheon eat it with baked apple, sliced bananas or other fruits. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat. A deliciously nourishing meal for a few cents.

Made in Canada by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company Limited

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO



Esterbrook Pens

ESTERBROOK & CO'S
FALCON PEN

Send 10c for box containing 12 most popular styles...

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
16-70 Cooper St., Camden, N.J.

Since 1860

NEWCOMBE PIANOS

A Good Resolution

Resolve that this year your home shall have the cultivating influence and enjoyment of music rendered on a sweet, pure-toned NEWCOMBE PIANO. The piano with a responsiveness and clarity of tone that is delightful to the most delicate ear. Newcombe Pianos are the embodiment of over half a century's experience and study.

Newcombe Player Pianos have all the latest improvements and a control that is almost human. If it's a player piano you are wanting, the "Newcombe" will give you entire satisfaction.

We pay special attention to mail orders. Let us help you to get just that piano that you have in mind.

Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd.

Head Office and Warerooms:
359 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



A Trial Package of Princess Skin Food

will be sent post-paid on receipt of ten cents and this ad. This sample will give you a good idea of the superlative merits of this wonderful toilet preparation. We will also send you our

Free Booklet D

It is handsomely illustrated and tells all about the famous Hiscott Treatments and Preparations, and contains many valuable hints to women who take a pride in their personal appearance. Our home treatments for those who cannot come to us have proved successful in the worst cases of Skin and Scalp trouble. Write us to-day.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED
59F COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

The present demand for MACLEAN'S makes necessary more representatives. To young men and women of good address and ambition—students, teachers, young people in business—bank and law offices, we offer a real opportunity.

The work is permanent, we help you, co-operate with you. Your earnings are very liberal. If you are genuinely interested, have a broad acquaintance and are of good address, we will tell you all about the plan if you write us at once.

The MacLean Publishing Co.
Limited

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

dition of winter wheat as well as the acreage of spring wheat that is to be sowed. Last year's corn crop was practically a failure throughout the agricultural northwest, north of the southern boundary of Wisconsin. Consequently, a bumper corn crop is needed for the present season, as old-timers say that two failures of the same crop rarely follow in succession.

All of this indicates with unerring accuracy how closely bound up with the success of agriculture is the success of every other business of this country. From and after June 1st, observations become more frequent and apprehension more insistent, lest the efforts of the farmers come to naught through crop failure or partial failure by reason of drouth, hail, hot winds, black rust or chintz bugs. If any of the misfortunes enumerated should befall any considerable agricultural community, the result will be a shrinkage of business transactions; the retail merchant will order less from the wholesale merchant, the wholesale merchant less from the jobber, and the jobber less from the manufacturer, while the manufacturer will consider whether it be necessary to reduce forces or run on half time.

Yet there is a power of existence whose evil influences reach every agricultural community in the United States with the certainty that day follows night—a power that spreads its blighting curse over fields and fireside, that leaves the merchant's bills unpaid and the mortgage unsatisfied, and is rapidly forcing the American farmers into the condition of tenants at will. Such is the influence wielded by the organized, speculative grain-buying interests of this country.

The following tables were prepared from the most reliable market reports, giving the prices of grain in this country and in Liverpool from the opening of the markets last August, 1915, down to April 15th, 1916. These figures show conclusively that the grain interests have the power, through combination, collusion and cunning practices, to make the price to the farmers what they see fit, and that during the first four months after the opening of the markets, during which time the great bulk of the crop, wheat, oats and barley, was marketed, the farmers were given scarcely enough to cover the cost of production, while the grain gamblers revelled in a riot of riches, taking as a clear toll from 41 per cent. to 78 per cent. on oats of the prices the farmers received over all costs of handling.

THE PRICE OF OATS FROM AUGUST TO DECEMBER.

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liv. price	Hnd. cost	Speculator's toll
Aug. 14....	30c.	40c.	73c.	16c.	17c.
Sept. 4....	25c.	35c.	74c.	16c.	23c.
Oct. 30....	26c.	36c.	74c.	17c.	21c.
Nov. 6....	25c.	35c.	74c.	18c.	20c.
Nov. 20....	25c.	35c.	74c.	25c.	14c.
Dec. 11....	30c.	40c.	75c.	27c.	8c.
Dec. 18....	31c.	41c.	75c.	28c.	6c.

In finding the farm price, as given in the above table, 10c. was deducted from the Chicago price. Of course, in some instances farmers will get a little more than this, as they happen to live close to the terminals,

others more remote will receive less. The figures given will be a fair average.

WHEAT PRICES AND THE PORTION THE GAMBLERS TOOK.

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liv. price	Hnd. cost	Speculator's toll
Aug. 14....	\$0.91	\$1.10	\$1.72	29c.	33c.
Sept. 10....	.78	.93	1.63	33c.	37c.
Sept. 30....	.79	.94	1.63	33c.	36c.
Oct. 30....	.79	.98	1.64	35c.	31c.
Nov. 27....	.84	1.03	1.68	35c.	30c.
Dec. 18....	.97	1.16	1.68	51c.	1c.
Jan. 8....	1.03	1.22	1.77	53c.	2c.
Jan. 15....	1.06	1.25	1.76	50c.	1c.
Feb. 11....	.97	1.28	1.92	56c.	8c.
Mar. 4....	.95	1.14	1.83	63c.	6c.
Mar. 18....	.90	1.09	1.68	61c.	0
Mar. 25....	.93	1.12	1.65	58c.	0
Apr. 15....	1.00	1.19	1.65	57c.	0

In the compilation of these tables grain of the same kind and grade has been taken in every instance, as given in the Liverpool, Chicago and Duluth quotations. The table on wheat shows that from August 14th to November 27th, 1915, the speculative interests took from the farmers an average of 34c. per bushel over every known cost of handling, according to prices during the same time prevailing at Liverpool, the world's clearing house for foodstuff.

It will also be observed that by January 8th the toll, on the basis of Liverpool prices, shrunk to 2c. per bushel, and by the middle of March had entirely disappeared, and so continued down to the 15th of April. Thus while the bulk of wheat and oats was being marketed, the speculative interests forced prices down through manipulation so that they realized a profit on oats of 78 per cent. and a profit on wheat of 41 per cent. over all costs of handling, according to Liverpool quotations.

The mouthpiece of the grain speculators tried to justify these wholesale robberies at the time they were being enacted, but is it not plain that if grain be handled and exported during the months of December, January, February, March and April on a commission of 2c. or 3c. per bushel, or even less at times, that the taking of 34c. per bushel on an average during the months of August, September, October and November, when the rush of grain came to market, was nothing more or less than the artistic accomplishments of a hold-up artist? In other words, the grain gamblers skinned the farmers during those earlier months by forcing prices down; they later skinned the consuming public by forcing prices up.

CORN PRICES FROM SEPTEMBER TO MARCH

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liverpool price	Handling cost	Speculator's toll
Sept. 11....	60c.	76c.	\$1.17	32c.	9c.
Oct. 9....	49c.	65c.	1.16	36c.	15c.
Nov. 20....	42c.	58c.	1.27	43c.	24c.
Dec. 24....	51c.	67c.	1.27	38c.	22c.
Jan. 15....	52c.	68c.	1.43	47c.	28c.
Feb. 19....	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 11....	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 18....	50c.	66c.	1.38	61c.	11c.

Corn does not come to market as early as wheat and oats. Accordingly we see that while the heavy tolls on the latter were during August, September, October and November, the heavy tolls on corn did not commence till November 20th, and from this time down to February 19th, the heavy marketing season for corn, 55 per cent. of the price the farmers received at the local station was taken, over all handling costs, according to Liverpool markets.

Barley cannot be figured with the accuracy

READ "Cabinet Control"

By H. F. GADSBY

IN THE
February Issue

of wheat, oats and corn, for the reason that barley is not quoted on foreign markets; but those who have paid any attention to the markets will know that barley fared no better than other crops, and that the loss on barley on account of price manipulation and doctoring of grades was not less than 20c. per bushel, and at times as much as 25c. per bushel.

Estimating that farmers marketed within the time of depressed prices four hundred million bushels of wheat, five hundred million bushels each of corn and oats and 160 million bushels of barley, and deducting from the tolls, as indicated on the tables, 4c. for wheat and corn and 3c. for oats and barley, as legitimate profits, which is more than they ever admit taking, and the loss to the agricultural interests of the country reaches the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, through price manipulation alone, without counting the hundred and one lesser tricks of the trade the grain gamblers use to relieve the farmers of their hard-earned cash.

Is it any wonder that the Armours, the Patens, the Leiters and their associates are approaching the billionaire mark, while the thinking people of our country are becoming more concerned as year succeeds year because of the rapid increase of tenant farmers?

Yet, to control this mighty octopus that reaches out in all directions is a herculean undertaking. It controls all trade journals, is able to silence nearly all of the agricultural papers and its influence is ever potent with a majority of the metropolitan press.

From each of the great terminal markets a well-trained army of solicitors circulates through tributary territory disseminating such news as is deemed advantageous to the speculative interests, pleading the cause of their masters to farmers, merchants and local elevator men with fluency, determination and effect. Its far-reaching power determines the policy of great cities, wields a potential influence upon the action of states and reaches even the capitol at Washington. Farmers should organize to crush this monster combine that preys alike on producer and consumer.

Should Students Study?

Why Many Students Prominent in "College Life" Turn Out to be Half Men in the World.

THE motto "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education" has a prominent place on the walls of many a student's room. It is his semi-humorous way of expressing his semi-conviction that studies do not count, that the thing to go in for is "College Life." William Trufant Foster, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, writing in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, holds to the light the other side of the question. The author's well-grounded, practical views and the timeliness of the subject make the article of far-reaching interest. He says in part:—

In academic circles, this is not merely an academic question. The boy who goes to college faces it, in one form or another, again and again. Indeed, before he dons his freshman togs, his father has told him to get an all-round education, and may even have given him to understand that deficiencies in scholar-

What Is Auto-Intoxication--- And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest.

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective

at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they, therefore, "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligations, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 246, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.

Every Day IS PAY DAY

THAT'S RIGHT—every day you work our plan, your pay is given you. "Pay yourself first" that's the idea of our representative plan. When you devote ten hours daily acting as our representative—your pay is sure and certain.

We need a hustling representative right in your district. A young man capable of producing good business, preferably one with salesmanship experience. The position will pay big money to one with enthusiasm, energy and ability. Do you know, or are you such a man?

If you *are* and are willing to exchange *your spare time*, representing our publications, *we will* show you how that same spare time, properly used, *will produce* for you as much *cash* as your regular income.

Does this interest you, if so write us **TO-DAY** and we will tell you all about it.

**The MACLEAN
PUBLISHING CO., LTD**

143-153 University Avenue
TORONTO, CAN.

ship, which do not end his college career, will be overlooked if he makes the football team. He observes the boys who return from college; he finds that their language and their clothes bear marks of a higher education. He hears accounts of initiations and celebrations. His chum's big brother takes him aside and tells him confidentially just how he must conduct himself in order to be rushed for the right fraternity. Everybody tells him he must be a "good fellow"; few discourse upon the joys of the curriculum. Whether students should study may remain with him an open question, but he begins to doubt whether students do study.

With his mind set on going to college, he reads all that comes to hand on the subject. The newspapers give him vivid details of the games, big and little, with full-page pictures of the heroes. They report night-shirt parades, student riots, dances, beer-nights—anything but studies. Now and then they do give space to a professor, if he has been indiscreet, or has appeared to say something scandalous, which everybody in college knows he did not say, or if he is sued for divorce. They even spare him an inch or two if he is awarded a Nobel prize.

The lad reads stories of college life. How they glow with escapades! His mind becomes a moving-picture of thrilling escapes, of goats enthroned on professorial chairs, of freshies ducked in chilling waters, of battalions of rooters yelling with the precision of a cash-register. Now and then there is mention of lectures and examinations, for it appears that the sophisticated youth knows many devices for "getting-by" these impediments to the unalloyed enjoyment of college life. Surely the high-school teacher who spoke with such enthusiasm about the lectures of "Old Socrates" must be hopelessly behind the times. Surely nobody goes to college nowadays for lectures.

After entering college the boy continues his studies in the philosophy of education under the tutelage of a sophomore. His tutor informs him that the object of education is the all-round man. The faculty and the curriculum, he explains, are obstacles, but the upper classes rescue the poor freshman from pentagonal and other primitive shapes and round him out with smokers, hazing, initiations, jamborees, and visits to the big city, where he makes the acquaintance of drinks and ladies far more brilliant-hued than those of his somber native town. He is told that he is "seeing life," and that college will make an all-round man of him yet, if the faculty do not interfere with his education.

If this sophomore philosophy leaves any doubts to puzzle the freshman, they may be cleared away by the alumni who return to warm up the fraternity-house with stories of the good old days. And, of course, the lad joins a fraternity before giving his course of study a thought. For what is college to a non-fraternity man? Merely an institution of learning. To the man with the Greek-lettered pin the fraternity is the *sine qua non* of higher education, the radiant whole of which the college is a convenient part, providing for the fraternity a local habitation.

And so the undergraduate stretches his legs before the hearth and hears the wisdom of the "Old Grad." In his day, it seems, things were different. The students were not such mollycoddles, the beer flowed more freely, and the faculty did not try to run things. No, sir, in the good old days the faculty did not spoil college life. What a glorious celebration after that 56 to 0 game, when every window in old West Hall was broken and the stoves were thrown down-stairs!

"I tell you, boys," cries the Old Grad, warming his feet by the fire and his imagination by the wonder of the freshmen, "it is

not what you learn in your classes that counts. It is the college life. Books, lectures, recitations—you will forget all that. Nobody cares after you graduate whether you know any Latin or algebra, unless you are a teacher, and no man can afford to be a teacher nowadays. But you will remember the college life as long as you live."

Some of the alumni would have a different story to tell, no doubt, but they do not get back often for fraternity initiations. Perhaps they are too busy. And, again, they may have been nothing but "grinds" during their college days.

Whatever we may think of the "Old Grad's" remarks, the idea does prevail in many a college that the most important enterprises are found in the side-shows, conducted by the students themselves, while the faculty present more or less buncombe performances in the main tent. Woodrow Wilson said something to this effect before he gave up trying to make boys take their studies seriously in favor of the comparatively easy job he now holds. Professor Churchman, of Clark College, declares that success in athletics and the social life of the college "seems to be the honest ambition of an appalling proportion of fathers and mothers who are sending their sons to fashionable colleges, in the same spirit that accompanies their daughters to fashionable finishing schools." One father whose son triumphed on the gridiron and failed in his studies said to the Dean of Harvard College, "My son's life has been just what I wanted it to be."

Many students look upon scholarship as a menial servant in the household of college life, tolerated for a time in order that the abode may be free to welcome its convivial guests. They regard the social light of the fraternity and the hero of the gridiron as the most promising candidates for success in life. The valedictorian appears to them too confined in his interests to meet successfully anything beyond the artificial tasks of the classroom. He—poor fellow—is supposed to be doomed to failure in real life. Wherefore the respectability of "The Gentleman's Grade"—the sign of mediocrity in scholarship. Wherefore the epithet "grind," with its superlative "greasy grind," which sums up the contempt of the "good fellow" for the man who makes hard study his chief collegiate interest.

In many a student group the boy who thus speeds up and passes his fellows is treated as a "scab." And in many a faculty group the idea seems to be:

'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all.

Such ideas find fertile ground in the high-schools, and the seed spreads even to the virgin soil of the kindergarten. The new tree of life—the painless education, by the do-what-you-please, when-you-please, how-you-please method—is said to have been imported from Italy. But its foliage is much like our native stock of the American college variety.

Even upon the correspondence schools are grafted some branches of the tree of college life. It is said that a father in Hood River, Oregon, found his son standing on his head in the crotch of an apple-tree, waving his legs in the air and giving a college yell.

"Come down, boy," he cried. "Are you crazy?"

"No, father; leave me alone," said he. "I have just started my correspondence-school course, and the sophomores have written me to go and haze myself."

On the other hand, President Hyde voiced the common idea of college teachers when he said, in an address to freshmen: "Put your studies first; and that for three reasons:

first, you will have a better time in college. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. Second, after the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear to be cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows; but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. Third, your future career depends upon it."

But does your future career really depend upon it? That question may well be answered by college faculties with something more than their opinions. On this subject teachers are regarded as prejudiced authorities. They are supposed to believe in the importance of their own jobs. They may exhort students to study on the ground that success in undergraduate studentship leads to the kind of achievement that men desire in the life beyond commencement. But boys think they know better. I know that this is so, for I have recently visited a hundred or more colleges, from the University of Maine in the northwest to the University of Redlands in the southwest.

I am speaking, always, of the central tendencies of groups—of the mode, as sociologists would say, and not of the few extreme cases in the surface of distribution. Nearly every college has its distinctive feature, which balks classification. I venture one generalization: students of the younger Western colleges are more worthy of the name than those of the older Eastern colleges. They come through greater sacrifices and with more serious purposes. This is what history tells us to expect of the frontier. It is, moreover, the usual report of those who have taught in the East and in the West. Eagerness for knowledge is one manifestation of the enthusiasm of youth in a younger country. In many of the older seats of learning, responsiveness to the efforts of instructors is in bad form. To do more than the assigned lesson, or to tarry after the lecture for more help, is to risk one's reputation. "Harvard indifference" is not Harvard indifference; it is the attitude toward studies of young men anywhere who go to college as a matter of course, with no dominant purpose beyond the desire to enjoy college life. They find that there is little in it; even their interest in intercollegiate athletics has to be coaxed by rallies and organized into cheers. They find out that a man who has nothing to do but amuse himself has a hard job. Spontaneous delight over anything is not to be expected. To increase in years and in resources and yet retain the splendid enthusiasms of poverty and youth appears to be as difficult for institutions as for men and women.

Is high scholarship worth the effort? In other words, have colleges devised courses of study which bear any relation to the probable careers of their students? Is there any evidence that a man who attains high marks is more likely to achieve success after graduation than a man who is content with passing marks?

If there is any such connection between success in studies and success in life, it

Continuation of
**Canada's Boom in
Shipbuilding**
on page 89



Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

Fairy Soap is white—pure—made with expert skill from carefully selected materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

**60% OF TYPEWRITER RACKET \$4.00
PERMANENTLY REDUCED**

GET 10 DAYS' USE FREE—RETURN IF NOT SATISFIED

The UNIVERSAL SOUND ABSORBER

LIVENS UP THE KEYBOARD AND MAKES THE ENTIRE OFFICE QUIETER FOR CLEARER THINKING

Permits typewriter to be instantly touched or removed—saves ribbon, carbon paper, platen and repairs—prevents creeping of machine.

Is sanitary—permits cleaning under the machine

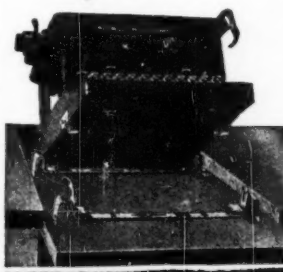
It is to typewriters what springs and tires are to automobiles.

The only Scientific Device for Absorbing Shock and Sound.

It softens the touch. Reduces fatigue. Makes better work. Reduces type cleaning 50%. Improves stencils.

Send your order now, enclosing \$4.00 for the UNIVERSAL SOUND ABSORBER. After using it for 10 days, if you like it keep it. If the device does not prove satisfactory you may return it at our expense and your money will be fully refunded. We welcome your inquiries, write.

CANADIAN
OFFICE APPLIANCE
AND SUPPLY CO.
66 BOND ST. TORONTO





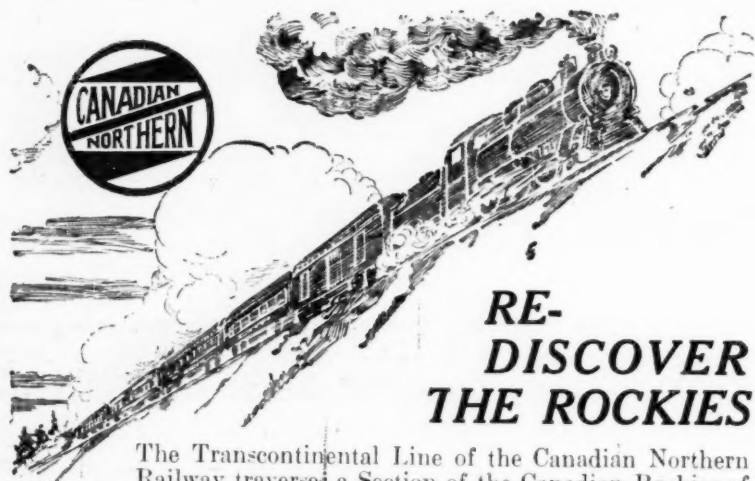
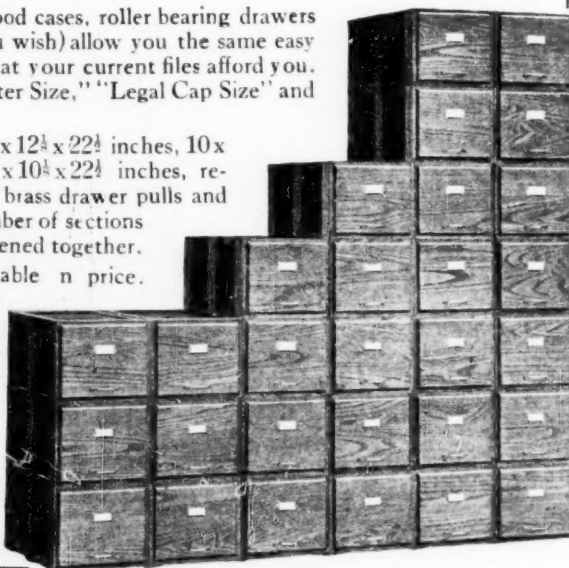
W-K Transfer Cases Preserve Your Office Records Safely and Conveniently

The dust proof, hardwood cases, roller bearing drawers and follow block (if you wish) allow you the same easy reference to contents that your current files afford you. They are made in "Letter Size," "Legal Cap Size" and "Invoice Size."

Inside dimensions are 10 x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 10 x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, respectively. Fitted with brass drawer pulls and label holders. Any number of sections may be stacked and fastened together.

They are very reasonable in price. Consult your nearest stationery or furniture dealer and write for our Free Booklet "Filing Suggestions."

**THE
KNECHTEL FURNITURE
COMPANY, LIMITED**
HANOVER, ONTARIO



The Transcontinental Line of the Canadian Northern Railway traverses a Section of the Canadian Rockies of exceptional grandeur, possessing characteristics absolutely distinct from those of older and more Southerly Routes.

Those who are travelling to Vancouver, whether on Business or for Pleasure, will find themselves well repaid for their Patronage of our Line by the opportunity of traversing a new Section of Canada, and of recovering that thrill aroused by their first glimpse of towering, Snow-capped Peaks and Rugged Canyons.

For Literature and information, apply to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

TRAVEL CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

should be possible to measure it by approved statistical methods, and thus arrive at conclusions of more value as guidance to the undergraduate than the opinion of any man. Both the professor and the sport are in danger of arguing from exceptional instances—each is likely to find striking cases in proof of his preconceived notions; each is inclined to scorn the opinion of the other.

But conclusions drawn from large numbers of cases, not subject to invalidating processes of selection, and employing terms that are adequately defined for the purpose at hand, must command the respect of all men. If such conclusions do not support the contention that it pays to study, there is something radically wrong with the professor's part of college affairs; different kinds of achievement should receive academic distinction and new tests should be devised. If, on the other hand, present standards for rating students predict their future success with any degree of accuracy, the facts should be discovered and used everywhere to combat the prevalent undergraduate opinion. Whatever the outcome of such studies, we should have them in larger numbers, in many places, protected by every safeguard of scientific method. We may well ask, first, whether promise in the studies of one period becomes performance in the studies of a later period. In over eighty per cent. of cases on record it does. Of course, a boy may loaf in high-school and take his chance of being the one exception among five hundred. But he would hardly be taking a sporting chance; it would be rather a fool's chance.

But what is success in life? Concerning the value of *Who's Who* as a criterion of success in life, we may say at least this, that it is a genuine effort, unwarped by commercial motives, to include the men and women who have achieved most worthy leadership in all reputable walks of life. Whatever flaws it may have, it is acknowledged to be the best list of names for such uses as we are now making of it—and such changes in the list as any group of competent judges might make would not materially affect the general conclusions we have drawn.

It is well known that the universities of England and the English people generally have much more respect for scholarship than is common in the United States. One reason is doubtless the eminence for centuries in the Old World of leading university scholars. Of the 384 Oxford University men called to the bar before 1865, 46 per cent. of those who received first-class honors at Oxford subsequently attained distinction in the practice of law, as indicated by the offices they held. Of the men who were content with pass degrees, only 16 per cent. attained distinction. The list follows:

- Of the 92 who received first-class honors, 46 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the 85 who received second-class honors, 33 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the 67 who received third-class honors, 22 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the 61 who received fourth-class honors, 20 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the 271 who received pass-degree honors, 16 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the 58 who received no degrees, 15 per cent. attained distinction.

No student who fell below the second group of scholars at Oxford attained a political distinction of the highest class.

A similar correlation is found between the degree of success of undergraduates at Oxford and their subsequent distinction as clergymen.

- Of the first-class men, 68 per cent. attained distinction.
- Of the second-class men,

37 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the third-class men,
32 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the fourth-class men,
29 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the pass-degree men,
21 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the no-degree men,
9 per cent. attained distinction.

Success in the Oxford final schools is thus seen to give fairly definite promise of success at the bar and in the church. In very truth, the boy is father of the man.

A knowledge of all these facts will hardly make thinking as popular as a motion-picture show, but it ought to silence some of those who seek to excuse their mental sloth on the ground that it doesn't matter.

Now let the student profit by the experiences of the thousands who have gone before and greet his next task with the words of Hotspur before the battle of Shrewsbury: Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortness basely were too long. If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Canada's Boom in Shipbuilding

Continued from page 19.

mits for the construction of these ships, one condition being that during the war they should not engage in any enemy trade, and another that no demand should be made on Great Britain for materials, machinery or labor to build them.

THERE are also some shipbuilding developments to note on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. At New Glasgow, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. are now building one steel freighter, designed for their own use and they have recently announced that they will also build a second vessel. Colonel Cantley, president of the company, has expressed himself very strongly on the question of building up a Canadian marine. He believes that now is the time for Canada to take action and by starting a steel shipbuilding industry at New Glasgow, he is putting his beliefs into practice.

At the Wallace Shipyards at Vancouver a steel steamer is now under construction for a Japanese shipping concern. She will be a single deck, single screw cargo boat, 315 feet long, 48 feet beam and 22 feet depth of hold, with 4,500 tons dead weight carrying capacity. In addition to this ship the yard has sufficient orders in hand to keep the plant busy for the next two years. Other plants at Vancouver, New Westminster and Prince Rupert are also reported as having orders for several Norwegian boats, on the construction of which they will start immediately.

This, then, summarizes the present shipbuilding activities in Canada—an entirely unexpected revival of the old wooden shipbuilding industry and a concentration of effort on the part of the builders of steel ships on the construction of standard freighters for Norwegian shipowners. It is a peculiar situation, the outcome of which will be watched with interest.

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



To Beat the Time Clock

BIG BEN men are *all* there men when the day begins at the works. They make the time clock *boost* their game—put them in strong with the boss.

For, everywhere, it's factory talk that Big Ben starts the day—he gives the boys their breakfast call long before the whistle toots. They used to pound the pillow right up to the last dot—till Big Ben showed 'em a better way, as the paymaster soon found out.

Just give Big Ben a trial, *yourself*; make *your* roll-over-time pay. To have extra time about the house, and beat the last minute bunch.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.50 in Canada. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U.S.A.

Western Clock Co.

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad.

Makers of Westclox

The Man With Money

In Canada, if you are a man with money, or called upon to advise others in regard to money matters, you will find it to your advantage to read a sanely edited, broadly informed and clear-visioned financial newspaper, such as "The Financial Post of Canada." The Financial Post is, beyond question, Canada's most authoritative newspaper serving investors and those concerned with the money market. The wide organization and many papers of The MacLean Publishing Co., together with the experience and ability of the Editors, make this pre-eminence possible.

THE FINANCIAL POST OF CANADA *THE CANADIAN NEWSPAPER FOR INVESTORS*
\$3.00 PER YEAR

One advantage which subscribers have is the service of the Investor's Information Bureau of "The Post," where special information and advice are provided, without any fee, by personal letter. This service is very valuable to investors.

We suggest that you buy a copy of the current issue from your newsdealer, and make a careful examination of it. Ask your banker or broker about "The Post." Get independent opinions regarding it, from the professional classes who handle money. Sample copy on request.

Published by **THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited**, 143-153 University Ave., **TORONTO**

The Wonderlands of the Rockies

Continued from page 75.

ous woman who had never been on a horse before was "cinching" her own saddle and looking back and up.

The saddle tightened, she sat down and emptied her riding-boots of a few pieces of rock. Her silk stockings were in tatters.

"I feel as though my knees will never meet again," she said, reflectively. "But I'm so swollen with pride and joy that I could shriek."

That's what it is, partly. A sense of achievement, of conquering the unconquerable. Of pitting human wits against giants and winning. Every mile is an achievement. And, after all, it is miraculously easy. The trails are good; the horses are steady and sure-footed. It is a triumph of endurance, rather than of courage.

If you have got this far you are one of us, and you will go on. The lure of the high places is in your blood. The call of the mountains is a real call. The veneer, after all, is so thin. Throw off the impediments of civilization and go out to the West. Ride slowly so as not to startle the wild things. Throw out your chest and breathe, look across green valleys to wild peaks where mountain sheep stand impassive on the edge of space. Let the summer rains fall on your upturned face and wash away the memory of all that is false and petty and cruel. Then the mountains will get you.

Above the timber line we rode along bare granite slopes. Erosion had been busy here. The mighty winds that sweep the crests of the Rockies had bared the mountain breasts. Beside the trails were piled high cairns of stones, so that during the winter snows the rangers may find their way about. This is North-Western Montana, and the Canadian border is only a few miles away. Over these peaks sweeps the full force of the great blizzards of the north-west.

The rangers keep going all the winter. There is much to be done. In the summer it is forest fires and outlaws. In the winter there are no forest fires, but there are poachers after mountain sheep and goats, opium smugglers, and "bad men" from over the border.

All summer these intrepid men go about on their sturdy horses, armed with revolvers. In the fall—snow begins early in September, sometimes even in August—they take to snowshoes. With a carbine strung to his shoulders, matches in a waterproof case, snowshoes, and a package of food in his pocket, the Glacier Park ranger covers unnumbered miles, patrolling the wildest and most storm-ridden country in America. He travels alone. The imprint of a strange snowshoe on the trail rouses his suspicion. Single-handed he follows the marks. A blizzard comes along. He makes a wickie-up of branches, lights a small fire, and plays solitaire until the weather clears, for, like himself, the prey he is stalking cannot advance. Then one day the snow ceases. The sun comes out. Over the frozen crust his snowshoes slide down great slopes with express speed. Generally he takes his man in, but sometimes the outlaw gets the drop on the ranger first, and gets away.

The winter before last one of these rangers froze to death. He was caught in a blizzard, and he knew what was coming. When at last he sat down beside the trail to wait for death, he placed his snowshoes, point upward, in front of him. The snow came down and covered him, and they found him the next day

by the points of his snowshoes sticking up beside him.

In the summer the snow melts on the meadows and in the groves, but the peaks are still covered, and here and there the trail leads through a snow-field. The horses venture out on in gingerly. The hot sun that blisters one's face seems to make no impression on these glacier-like patches, snow on top and ice beneath. Flowers grow at their very borders, and striped squirrels and whistling marmots, much like Eastern wood-chucks, run about, quite fearless, or sit up and watch the passing of the line of horses and riders, so close that they can almost be touched.

We passed through great spaces and cool, shadowy depths in which lay blue lakes. Above us were mountain sides threaded with white, where from some hidden lake or glacier, far above, the overflow falls a thousand feet or more. Over all was the great silence of the Rockies. Nerves that had been strained for years slowly relaxed. There was not much talking. The horses moved along slowly. Someone, shading his eyes with his hand, proclaimed that there was a mountain sheep or goat on a crag overhead. The word passed back along the line. Then some wretched electrical engineer or college youth or sceptical lawyer produced a pair of field-glasses, and announced it to be a patch of snow.

Here and there we saw "tourist goats"—rocks so shaded and situated as to defy the strongest glass. The guides pointed them out, and listened with silent enjoyment to the resulting acclamation. We adopted a safe rule after that discovery. Nothing was a goat that did not move. Long hours we spent while our horses wandered on with loose reins, our heads lifted to that line, just above the timber, which is Goat-land.

The first night out of doors I did not sleep. I had not counted on the frosty nights, and I was cold. The next day I secured some woollen pyjamas from a more provident member of the party. Clad in these, and covered with all the extra items of my wardrobe, I was more comfortable. It takes woollen clothing and bed socks to keep out the chill of those mountain nights.

One rises early on these expeditions. No matter how late the story-tellers have held the crowd the night before around the camp fire, somewhere about five o'clock our leader came calling among the silent tepees.

"Time to get up!" he called. "Five o'clock and a fine morning. Up with you!"

And everybody got up. There were basins about, and each one clutched his cake of soap and his towel, and filled his basin from whatever lake or stream was at hand. There is plenty of water in Glacier Park, and the camps are generally beside a lake. The water is cold. It ought to be, being glacier water, cold and blue. The air is none too warm. A few brave spirits seek isolation and a plunge-bath, but the majority are cowards.

Now and then a luxurious soul worries the cook for hot water. They tell of a fastidious lady who carried a small tin pail of water to the cook-tent, and addressed the cook nervously as he beat the morning flapjacks with a savage hand.

"Do you think," she inquired, nervously, "if—if I put this water on your stove it will heat?"

He turned and eyed her.

"You see, it's like this, lady," he said. "My father was a poor man, and couldn't give me

no education. Blest if I know. What do you think?"

Before one is fairly dressed, with extra garments thrust into the canvas war-sack, or duffle-bag, which is each person's allowance for luggage, the tents are being taken down and folded. The cook comes to the end of the big tent.

"Come and get it!" he yells, through hollowed hands.

"Come and get it!" is repeated down the line of tepees.

That is the food-call of the camp. Believe me, it has the butler's "Dinner is served, madam," beaten anyhow.

There is no second call. You go or you don't go. The long tables under the open end of the cook-tent are laden—bacon, ham, fried eggs, flapjacks, round tins of butter, enamel cups of hot coffee, condensed milk, and sometimes fried fish. For the cook can catch trout where the most elaborate outfitted Eastern angler fails.

The horses come in with a thudding of hoofs, and are rounded up by the men into the rope corral. All night they have been grazing quietly in mountain valleys, watched by night-herders. There is not much grass for them. By the end of the three-hundred mile trip they are a little thin, although otherwise in good condition. It is the hope of the superintendent of the Park and others interested that the Government will soon realize the necessity for planting some of the fertile valleys and meadows with grass. There are certain grasses that will naturalize themselves there, and beyond the first planting they would need nothing further. And, since much of the beauty of this region will always be inaccessible by motor, it can never be properly opened up until horses can get sufficient grazing.

Sometimes at night our horses ranged far for food—eight miles, and even more. Again and again I have watched my own horse nosing carefully along a green bank, and finding nothing at all, not a blade of grass it could eat.

With the second day came a new sense of physical well-being, and this in spite of a sunburn that had swollen my face like a toothache. Already telephones and invitations to dinner and face powder belonged to the forgotten past. I carried my saddle over and placed it beside my horse, and a kindly and patronizing member of the staff put it on and "cinched" it for me. I never learned how to put the thing on, but I *did* learn, after a day or two, to take it off, as well as the bridle and the red hackamore, and then to stand clear while my buckskin pony lay down and rolled in the grass to ease his weary back. All the horses rolled, stiff-legged. If the saddle did not come off in time they rolled anyhow, much to the detriment of cameras and field-glasses and various other impedimenta trapped thereon.

Day after day we progressed. There were bright days and days when we rode through a steady mist of rain. Always it was worth while. What matters a little rain when there is a yellow "slicker" to put on and no one to care how one looks? Once, riding down a mountain side, with water pouring over the rim of my old felt hat and pattering merrily on my "slicker," I looked to one side to see a great grizzly bear raise himself from behind a tree trunk and, standing upright, watch impassively as my horse and I proceeded. I watched him as far as I could see him. We were mutually interested.

The path had gone on ahead. For a long time afterwards I heard the cracking of small twigs in the heavy woods beside the trail. But I never saw Mr. Bear again.

Start on the first $\frac{1}{4}$ turn.



Champion
Priming Plug
Price
\$1.25

Cold weather starting is just a matter of the first few explosions.

And the one sure way of getting those first few explosions is to put the gas right at the spark so that something *has* to happen.

Champion Priming Plugs enable you to do the trick with neatness and dispatch.

There is no other way so reliable.



Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Priming Plugs

Champion Guarantee

Complete satisfaction to the user, free repair, replacement, or your money back.

Are necessary winter equipment for every automobile. They are on sale everywhere and cost only \$1.25 each. They are simple, effective and can't get out of order. They are made in the world's largest spark plug factory, under the same

exact methods as all Champion Dependable Spark Plugs. They carry the same sweeping guarantee. Get your set of Champion Dependable Priming Plugs to-day. See that the name 'Champion' is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, 702 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.



Copyright, Canada, 1916
by Canadian Postum
Cereal Co., Ltd.

